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RAW MATERIALS: A CHALLENGE TO THE CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY JULIAN L. SIMON



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A Brake on Spending

The mood of the citizenry seems clear, both from the results of the 1980 elections and public opinion polls taken since then. Rein in big government, people are saying. Get control of federal spending.

At last, it's sinking into the national consciousness that flinging public money at every conceivable social and economic need hasn't really worked to bring about the kind of society that most people want. What it *has* done is help plunge America into the doldrums of economic sluggishness, unchecked inflation, unemployment, and budget deficits.

The cost of government has been barreling out of control since the mid-1960s. It took us as a nation some 185 years to reach \$100 billion in federal spending in 1962. It took only nine years to raise outlays by the second \$100 billion; only four years to add another \$100 billion; and only two years to pile up still another \$100 billion.

During the last two decades, while the nation's population rose 23%, the federal budget soared by more than 500%.

We're living beyond our means — and paying for it with the cruel, concealed tax of inflation. Long gone is the time when we demanded that government keep its spending in line with its income. Even as tax revenues have risen year after year, spending has gone up even faster. The result: deficit stacked upon deficit, fueling inflation.

In good times and bad, the government has been supplementing its tax revenues by borrowing money. It thus competes with its own citizens for, and drives up

the cost of, available money. It siphons off funds that could be used for private investment in productive activities to create jobs.

Meanwhile, all the borrowing has sent the public debt ballooning upward. Right now it's closing in on *one trillion dollars*.

Among the new folks in power in Washington, there's a heartening resolve to put our fiscal house in order. President Reagan is determined to work toward a balanced budget as part of his efforts to get the economy moving. And there is a sense of receptivity on the people's part. In a major national poll earlier this year, 70% of the public said they'd prefer a balanced budget to a tax cut if it came to a choice.

Matching federal outgo to income will take time. The profligacy of decades can't be undone in a year or two. It will demand steadfastness, political courage, and a toning down by all of our tendency to turn to the government to fund solutions to almost every problem. Nor should budgetary restraint be achieved at the expense of people genuinely in need. They must be protected.

Still, no program or department of the federal government should be immune from scrutiny to determine where money can be saved, projects deferred, payrolls tightened, activities reduced, efficiency improved.

The belt-tightening will pinch. Coming to grips with the size, cost, and complexity of the federal government will require sacrifices by virtually everyone — business included.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CIVILIANIZED ARMY

Re James Fallows's article "The Civilianization of the Army" (April *Atlantic*): 1) If, by pushing a million middle-class boys into the Army, we push a million poor boys out, what are they going to do? After all, they went into the Army because there was nothing better, or nothing else, to do. What other choices would Mr. Fallows offer them?

2) When a young Swiss goes into national service, he knows he is not going to be sent to Southeast Asia, or Central America, or Angola, or the Middle East, or anywhere else where the Swiss government may imagine it has "national interests." His job is solely to defend Switzerland if anyone should attack it. It is most unlikely that the Swiss would accept national service on any other terms.

3) The greatest danger of a draft is that it would arouse such resistance that the government would pass some kind of law making it a crime to promote or advocate draft resistance. We can imagine how the Nixon-Burger Court would interpret such a law. It would be the end of free speech and political dissent in this country. We should not forget that it took only one law, the Suppression of Communism Act, to turn South Africa from what had been a constitutional democracy into a dictatorship. What one law did there, one law could do here.

JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

When, except for brief periods, have we had other than a volunteer Army in peacetime? When did the enlisted ranks draw from other than the dispossessed and the disadvantaged?

LEONARD RICH
Miami, Fla.

James Fallows's report on the contemporary demographic condition of the U.S. Army confirms the conceptually obvious: the Army is no place for an intelligent man.

GERALD MCHUGH
Baton Rouge, La.

James Fallows replies:

To answer Leonard Rich's first question, we had "other than a volunteer Army" from the end of the Korean War until the mid-sixties. This may be a "brief period," but it is more closely comparable to our current situation than are the peacetime volunteer armies of the pre-World War II era, when the United States assumed that it had essentially no military responsibilities overseas.

As for John Holt, his first argument is one he will not want to cling to upon reflection. Suppose the current administration had advanced the same reasoning, using slightly different terms. To those who said that cutting the federal budget would worsen the prospects for black teenagers, the budget director, Mr. Stockman, might reply, "Let them enlist." The outcry about "callousness" and "immorality" would be enormous, and I would be surprised if Mr. Holt were not in the lead. Yet such a policy is what we are endorsing with the volunteer Army. The emergence of an unasimilated, unemployable class is a major threat to our society; it is not, however, a proper justification for the military as employer-of-last-resort.

Mr. Holt's assumption that a draft will encourage foreign adventurism seems to me the height of naiveté. A more representative military, whether it makes foreign intervention either easier or harder, will ensure that the consequences of any military policy are borne and considered by the same public that must ultimately give its assent.

Many who oppose the draft do so very strongly; even more than abortion, this is an issue with the capacity to fracture the nation. Unless that changes—whether because of debate and persuasion or because international tensions grow worse—I am close to agreement with Mr. Holt that it is an extremely powerful argument against the draft.

A SCIENCE OF MAN

When Lewis Thomas, in his essay "Medicine Without Science" (April *Atlantic*), describes psychothera-

THREE SURVEYS REVEAL AN EMERGING CONSENSUS ON THE NEED FOR AMERICA TO BE MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

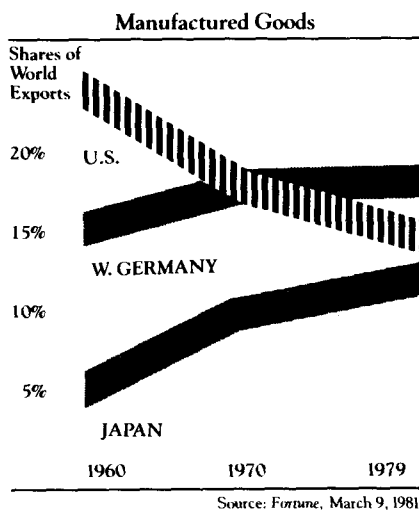
For the past year and a half, Union Carbide has been monitoring American opinion on a wide array of economic issues. In three separate surveys conducted between September 1979 and January 1981, Americans expressed strong concern about the American economy and an awareness that America has to do a better job of competing in the world.

The public's concern over the vitality of the American economy is supported by the facts. The United States ranked last among the major industrial nations in productivity growth in manufacturing in the last decade. Our plant and equipment is older than those of both West Germany and Japan. And we trail most industrial nations in the share of GNP we are investing in new plant and equipment.

While America's share of world export markets has declined, West Germany has become the world's leading exporter of manufactured goods, and Japan has passed the U.S. in the amount of such goods that are exported to less developed countries.

1979: ECONOMIC GROWTH IS NECESSARY.

The first indication of a new consensus emerged from our September 1979 survey (*The Vital Consensus*). In that survey we explored the "growth vs. no-growth" issue and found over 80% said that it would be best for the country if the economy grew significantly in the next five years. Almost two-thirds said that the federal government should do more than it is doing to help business grow and create new jobs.



1980: BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT MUST COOPERATE AS ALLIES...

In a June 1980 survey (*Adversaries or Allies*), we found that Americans wanted economic growth and also wanted government and business to work more closely together to shape economic policies—as allies instead of adversaries.

Americans, by a margin of 8 to 1, also said that making American business and industry more competitive with foreign business was either important or very important.

1981: ...TO MAKE AMERICA MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

In the third poll (*The Emerging Consensus*), conducted in January 1981, we found that over 80% think that trade is a two-way street and that 73% favor new U.S. government programs that would encourage American business to export more products. This survey also found that strong majorities want American businesses treated fairly in international trade and believe that the U.S. should shape its economic policies so that our problems at home and abroad are both taken into account.

America can no longer afford to be the only major industrial country without an integrated economic strategy that takes into account both foreign and domestic realities. The American people understand and endorse the need for such an integrated strategy, as do many of our nation's leaders.

In his economic address before Congress on February 18, President Reagan said, "It is time to create new jobs, to build and rebuild industry, and give the American people room to do what they do best"—in order, as the President later put it, "... to make America competitive once again in world markets."

Union Carbide supports the Administration's new economic program as the essential first step in making America more competitive. And our new survey on public attitudes toward international trade shows that by a strong majority Americans agree that the time has come for the U.S. to shape its economic policies so that they take our problems both at home and abroad into account.

For a free copy of the latest survey report—*The Emerging Consensus: Public Attitudes on America's Ability to Compete in the World*—or the two previous surveys, please return the coupon.

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py as no more than "plain friendship," he is liable to be misleading. Real friendship is not plain. Thomas Aquinas, with penetrating simplicity, wrote that a friend is someone who wishes you well, which requires some knowledge of what is good for you and what is not. Most people, when asked, define a friend as someone who supports you no matter what, defends you "against the world," as Dr. Thomas notes. Someone may in fact be ill-served by the therapist who always takes his side, as he blames others for his misfortunes.

Dr. Thomas recalls that the first recorded therapist was described by Homer, but the real basis of analytic psychotherapy can be found in a fragment of Heraclitus: "Everyone has the capacity to understand himself and act with moderation."

Moderation and freedom from irrational passion require reflection and self-knowledge, but one may need help to know oneself. Freud's great discovery was to chart unconscious resistances to self-knowledge and propose techniques for understanding and overcoming them.

The best psychotherapy is a project of understanding. A good therapist must wish his patient well, but much more is required of him if the project is to be successful.

MICHAEL MACCOBY
Washington, D.C.

While I agree with Dr. Thomas that we in psychiatry are mostly ignorant and are only at the beginning of knowing what may be possible to know, that we lack science and a philosophy, and that we are mightily subject to fads, I believe that a few competent psychotherapists practice with a body of knowledge that is scientific. By science I mean not only biological science but also social and psychological science, together with what integrates the three, a growing science of man.

RALPH M. CROWLEY
New York, N.Y.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

Your new typographic design is ugly, amateurish, and perverse. Only rank ignorance of the designer's craft can account for wandering page numbers that the hapless reader must track from the outer margins of some pages

to the centers and even the gutters of others.

G. R. PATERSON
Evanston, Ill.

Your new format design retains the feel of authority and reflects a security of longevity, as well as the generosity for creative efforts in fiction and poetry, for which *The Atlantic* long has been noted.

FREDERICK A. RABORG, JR.
Bakersfield, Calif.

I have read *The Atlantic* from cover to cover for thirty years. I have paid my subscription until 1993, which shows my confidence in continued enjoyment. The April issue makes that seem like a bad decision.

BARBARA MARSHALL
Silver Spring, Md.

I just bought your April issue and am delighted with it.

TOM PARRETT
New York, N.Y.

Just received the April issue. Why, why did you do it?

MAC BOUCHMAN
Chicago, Ill.

ARE TAX CUTS INFLATIONARY?

Robert B. Zevin ("The New Economic Faith," April *Atlantic*) writes that a tax cut will be inflationary, because the nutty taxpayers will rush out and spend any additional money they find in their pockets. In his words, "... still more money will be chasing roughly the same supply of goods." Why? Doesn't money taken by the government chase goods? Or does it just disappear? The facts are that taxpayers save quite a bit, while the worst spendthrift in the country lives in Washington.

LAWRENCE F. BESTE
Rapid City, S. Dak.

Robert Zevin replies:

Mr. Beste duplicates the deliberate ambiguity of Ronald Reagan's campaign rhetoric. The government is a colossal spendthrift precisely because it borrows whatever it wants to spend in excess of tax revenues. A tax cut by itself is inflationary because government spending is maintained with a larger deficit while consumer spending

is increased by some fraction of the tax cut. Mr. Beste's letter is not about a tax cut at all but about an implied simultaneous reduction in taxes and spending. It does not help matters to defend Kemp-Roth with arguments based on a different strategy.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In your April, 1981, "Letters" column I a Robert R. Chapman responds to Harvey Cox's treatment of Islam as a "relative" of Christianity (incidentally, more than an analogy, since Moslems see themselves as historically and prophetically related to Christianity) by raising the old accusation of Islam as a Christian heresy. By this reasoning, Christianity itself must be a Jewish heresy, Judaism a Hebraic heresy, and Hebrew religion a heresy of either Egyptian monotheism (e.g. Aten worship) or a Kenite heresy. I have no idea how far back to go in order to discover the people who would claim the Kenite or Aten faiths as heresy.

The presence through history of those who wish to see Jesus as human rather than divine does not inevitably give rise to religious traditions, such as Islam, that exist in their own integrity. It seems more a mark of the desire to maintain a sense of Christian superiority than of either Christian humility or historical fairness (and perhaps accuracy) to insist on seeing Islam as anything other than itself.

J. JERMAIN BODINE
Henniker, N.H.

In his rendition of the standard apologetic for modern American music ("Contemporary American Composers," April *Atlantic*) Allen Shawn nevertheless wrote a sentence that holds the key to the music's unpopularity: "One must adjust not only to the way today's composers put notes together but also to the aesthetic purpose that determines their arrangements." For much of this century, "aesthetic purposes" have reigned supreme and the notes, or, rather, the musical phrases made up of those notes, have become mere adjuncts to those considerations. Aesthetic theory may be interesting in essays, but it quickly becomes boring in the concert hall.

CHARLES AMENTA III
Champaign, Ill.



REPORTS & COMMENT

TELEVISION

THE BIRTH OF A MEDIA MYTH

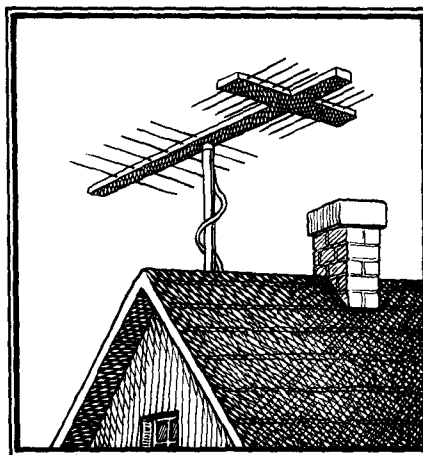
Someone seems to have miscounted in checking the roll at the electronic church



“STARTING IN THE predawn hours of each Sunday morning, the largest religious gathering in America takes place, drawing almost 130 million people to their radio and television sets.” So began Ben Armstrong’s book, *The Electric Church* (1979). So also began a major media myth. Perhaps because Armstrong is a minister, a good man, and the executive director of the National Religious Broadcasters, most people who have written about or commented publicly on the phenomenon of electronic evangelism seem to have taken Armstrong at some version of his word. His estimate of the size of the weekly audience for broadcast religion has been repeated uncritically by people who should have known better. Similarly impressive figures on specific television evangelists—Jerry Falwell is a prime example—have been accepted as truth and, depending on one’s point of view, allowed to stir either unrealistic alarm or false hope.

In an August, 1980, series on the “electronic church,” the *New York Times* quoted Armstrong’s figure of 130 million without challenging it, though the *Times* did note that some estimates for individual ministers, including Falwell, appeared to be inflated. Earlier in

the year (January 21, 1980), the *Times* had credited four television ministers with a total audience of 47 million. The *Wall Street Journal* said on July 11, 1980, that “every week television evangelists like Oral Roberts, Pat Robertson, and Jerry Falwell reach an estimated 128 million viewers.” *U.S. News & World Report* referred in its September 15, 1980, issue to “TV gospel shows beamed to 50 million viewers each week by evangelists such as Falwell, Robertson and [James] Robison.” In a December 8, 1979, story, United Press International estimated that “about 115 mil-



lion persons listen to at least one religious radio show and about 40 million watch at least one religious TV show each week.” An article in the October 6, 1980, edition of *New York* magazine not only set the membership of the electronic church at 130 million but also asserted that “contributions to telecommunications may be measured in the billions”—a figure far above the \$500 million that newspapers and magazines usually attribute to the fund-raising

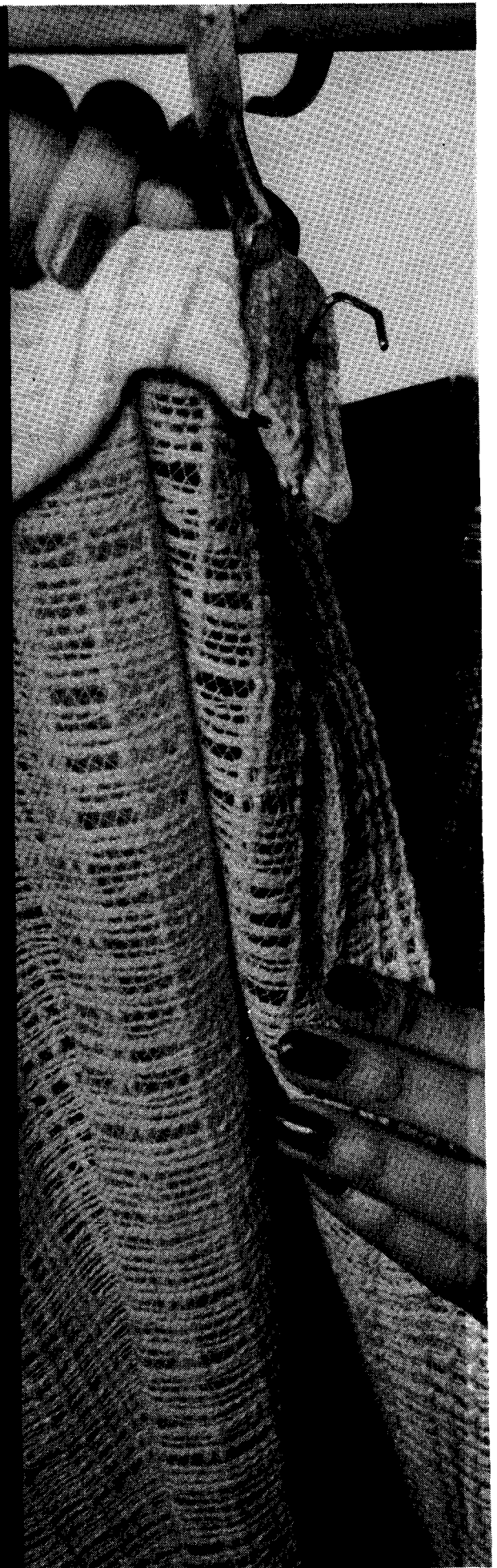
enterprise of all radio and television ministries combined. The same article credited Rex Humbard with “playing to an audience of 100 million worldwide.”

Since early last year, most media attention to the electronic church has focused on Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority. Though few reporters claimed to know any Falwell supporters personally, they were sure the woods and towns and cities were full of them. In a strident article about the New Right, *Penthouse* set the audience for evangelical television at between 40 and 60 million, and *Playboy* reported that “each week as many as 30,000,000 Americans tuned in to Jerry Falwell’s *Old-Time Gospel Hour*.” Jimmy Breslin whittled Falwell’s audience down to 25 million; the *Today* show and Bill Moyers gave him only 20 million; and Joseph Sullivan and Anthony Lewis, of the *New York Times*, various reporters at *Newsweek*, and the Knight-Ridder newspapers seemed finally to settle on 18 million as the appropriate estimate. On occasion, however, the *Times* has noted that Falwell’s actual audience might be as small as 6 million.

Such estimates appall main-line church leaders, who are already anxious over the willingness of television stations to broadcast paid evangelical programs instead of providing free time for programs produced by more liberal religious bodies. One of the most persistent critics of electronic evangelism has been William Fore, head of communications for the National Council of Churches. Despite his extensive acquaintance with religious broadcasting, Fore wrote in *TV Guide* (July 19–25, 1980) that “some 47 per cent of Americans see at least one religious

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**INFLATION AND
HEALTH CARE COSTS**

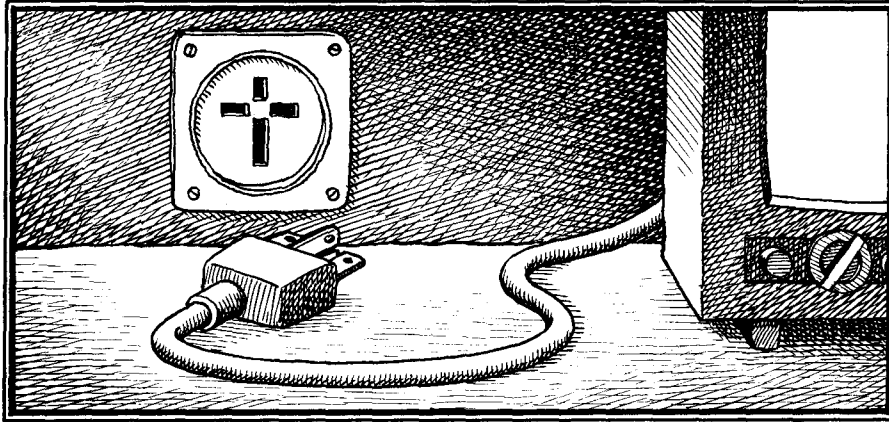
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program a week on TV." Another influential main-liner, James M. Wall, editor of *The Christian Century*, wrote in the October 22, 1980, issue of that publication that "these fundamentalist television preachers now reach over 100 million persons each week." (Wall's editorial, ironically, was based on Richard Hofstadter's essay "The Paranoid Style in American Politics.")

Some TV ministers avoid such claims, but others have given new meaning to the phrase "evangelistically speaking"—an insider's reference to the tendency of some preachers to count arms and legs instead of heads. Jim Bakker, for example, has claimed that his *PTL Club*, a television talk show, has an audience of 20 million, even though fretful *PTL* associates declared to the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer* that the figure was "a total fabrication." Rex Humbard's press materials once claimed that his program was seen by "up to 100 million"; his current promotional literature makes the more modest claim of 1.4 million. Jerry Falwell's *Faith Aflame* magazine has estimated his audience at 15 million, although Falwell admits he really does not know how many people watch and hear him. Publicists for James Robison claim that his television show has a potential audience of 50 to 60 million people, though they fail to note that fewer than a million actually tune in. In a recent fund-raising letter, Robison stated, "Over ten million homes are reached and helped each week by our TV program." Other evangelists make even more extravagant claims. Early this year, Frances Swaggart asked supporters of the ministry of her husband, Jimmy, to send money to buy TV equipment that would "reach approximately 300 million people with God's love in 1981." But no electronic preacher out-

strips Bert Clendennen, who has often told his radio listeners that his program reaches "one out of every two people on the face of this earth."

CLAIMS SUCH AS these would be understandable if we had recourse to nothing more substantial than faith, hope, and guesswork. Fortunately, we can do better. In the course of a decade of research on the electronic church, I have examined a substantial number of audience surveys, some conducted by academics, some by the Harris and Gallup organizations, and some by private market-research companies. I have also looked closely at several years of audience data published by Arbitron and Nielsen, the two major rating services for broadcast media. The results are remarkably uniform, and the conclusion to which they point is that the audience estimates cited above, however much they may differ from one another, have one feature in common: they are all absurd.

Several polls have indicated that between 45 and 50 percent of adult Americans listen to some type of religious radio program at least once a year, but the regular audience is much smaller. A 1978 survey, conducted by the Gallup organization and published in a series of articles in the evangelical journal *Christianity Today* in 1980, found that only 5 percent (7.75 million) claim to listen as much as three hours a week. Another Gallup poll, conducted in 1980 for the American Research Corporation, of Irvine, California, and published in a report titled "Profile of the Christian Marketplace," showed that only 15.5 percent (24 million) said they had tuned in on a radio preacher during the previous thirty days. Similar findings obtain for religious television. Perhaps as many as 40 million adults

watch some religious programs on a reasonably regular basis, and 12 percent (18 million) say they watch two or more hours per week. Many of these, of course, watch denominational programs and local church services instead of or in addition to the programs of the nationally syndicated ministries listed in the table accompanying this piece. But since these national ministries have generated most of the interest in the electronic church and its audience, I shall focus specifically on them.

Both Arbitron and A. C. Nielsen provide extensive information about each of approximately sixty syndicated religious programs—taped or filmed series available for telecast by individual stations. Like all survey data, their figures are estimates, based on samples and sampling procedures that, as the rating services freely acknowledge, are subject to minor error. Further, the total audience for the electronic ministries is somewhat larger than indicated, since the ratings reflect average audiences—not all viewers who ever watch a given program or viewers who watch periodic prime-time specials produced by some of the ministries. Also, no audience figures are supplied if fewer than one percent of the television households in a given market were tuned to the program in question, with the result that a small number of viewers are not counted. Finally, the rating-service estimates do not include figures for audiences viewing the programs over some cable systems. Though several electronic preachers make much of their cable outlets, claims of enormous audiences for cablecast religious programs should be regarded with great skepticism. Only 16 million American homes were receiving cable television in mid-1980. Available data on cable audiences indicate that most subscribers use cable primarily to improve reception of programs on VHF and UHF stations, and to receive entertainment and sports programs available only on cable.

As the table makes clear, the weekly audience for syndicated television preachers is small, with only Oral Roberts and Robert Schuller attracting viewers in as many as 2 percent of the households in the areas in which their programs are broadcast. Fewer than 10 million households containing television sets were tuned during November of 1980 to one of the top ten programs produced by independent (nondenomi-

national) ministries. Even this figure may be high, since it assumes no overlap between audiences—an assumption no one familiar with the electronic church would make. The stars of the movement appear on the same programs, speak at the same rallies, and, increasingly, cooperate in various ventures, with clear confidence that they are appealing to the same people. Fund-raising organizations sell mailing lists of people known to contribute to more than one ministry. And the Gallup/*Christianity Today* poll revealed that about half the “Orthodox Christians” who watch religious television watch at least two hours a week, indicating that they watch more than one program.

Examination of Sunday-morning viewing patterns, in a random sample of market areas surveyed by Nielsen, provides good circumstantial evidence of audience overlap. In city after city, regardless of the numbers involved, religious programs typically draw quite small audiences between 7:00 and 8:00 A.M., then pick up sharply for two or three hours, after which most syndicated preachers abandon the field to *Meet the Press*, *Face the Nation*, and various local shows. This pattern suggests that many viewers of religious

television get up at about 8:00 A.M., turn the set on, and watch whatever appears until it is time to leave for church. To be sure, they discriminate among programs—Oral Roberts and Robert Schuller almost always outpoint the *Kroeze Brothers' Crusade* and the *R. A. West Revival*—but they are favorably disposed toward religious programming, and are likely to watch whatever is on. Demographically, this audience is predominantly female, over fifty, working- and lower-class, and, true to stereotype, likely to live in rural areas, towns, and small cities in the South and Midwest. It is also composed almost entirely of believers, most of whom are members of conservative Protestant churches.

If the hypothesis of multiple-program viewing is valid, and I have no doubt it is, the average weekly audience for the top ten programs is considerably smaller than the 13,767,000 cumulative viewers ascribed to them by the Nielsen service. A figure of 7 to 10 million seems fair. Perhaps two to three times that many watch the programs on an occasional basis, an estimate that squares with a Harris Poll survey placing the audience for television preachers at approximately 23 million.

Whatever the true size of the total audience for the leading television preachers, that audience does not appear to be growing. On the contrary, it seems to have reached its peak and begun to shrink. Last November, nine of the ten most popular television ministries were reaching fewer households than in February of the same year. Losses suffered by these nine ranged from Jerry Falwell's minimal 2.3 percent decline, during a period of enormous publicity, to declines of 21 percent for Rex Humbard and Oral Roberts. In the case of the top six ministries, all had recorded larger household totals prior to 1980; thus, these figures are not an aberration but part of a continuing decline. Oral Roberts, for example, has lost more than 40 percent of the audience he had in February of 1977. The average number of viewer-households per station has also declined in the case of each of the ten ministries.

These findings have several implications, but three are particularly noteworthy. First, they make clear that the impact—political or otherwise—of television ministries such as Jerry Falwell's and James Robison's is based more on organization, dedication, and diligence than on overwhelming numbers. Second, though the electronic ministers have been able to raise astonishing sums of money from their generous and committed followers (at least four television ministries have acknowledged annual incomes in excess of \$50 million), the money pool appears to be finite and fund-raisers may already have approached its limits. This could prove especially significant to ministries committed to courses of action that presuppose continued growth. Jim Bakker's *PTL Club* had to scale down an ambitious building program to avoid financial chaos; Oral Roberts's City of Faith medical complex in Tulsa appeared to be in fiscal danger before the evangelist reported his vision of a 900-foot Jesus who gave the enterprise His blessing, which stimulated a flow of cash gifts; and one hears rumors that other organizations have overbought and overbuilt without taking sufficient thought for the morrow, and that this has forced them into ever more desperate appeals for funds.

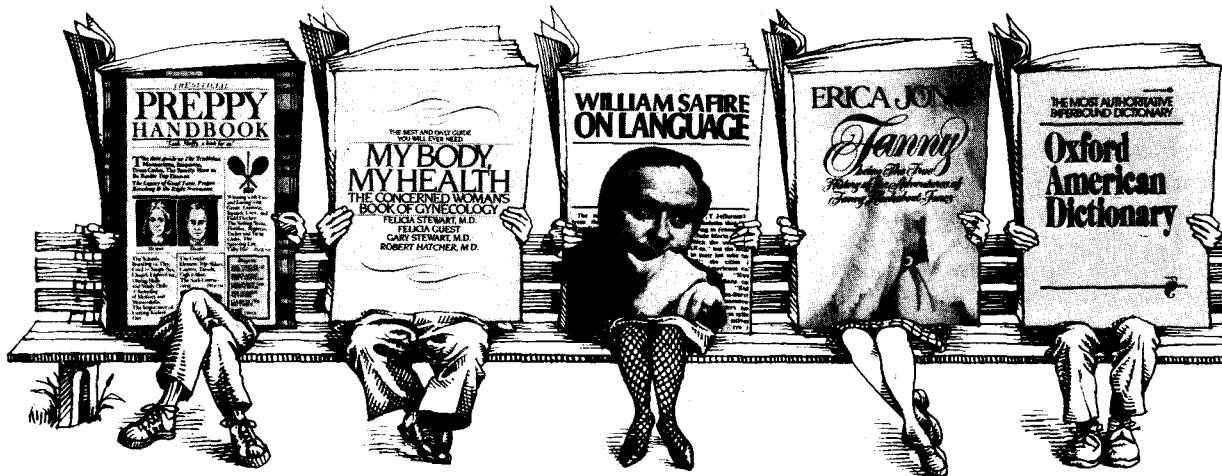
Finally, because the audience for evangelical broadcasts is not only modest but composed largely of active church members, and since, accord-

AUDIENCE DATA ON TEN SYNDICATED TELEVISION MINISTRIES

Ministry	Stations	Rating (% of viewer households in coverage area)	Total Audience	Total Households	% Change in Total House- holds since February, 1980
Oral Roberts	177	2.1	2,351,000	1,553,000	-21.6
Robert Schuller	161	2.0	2,130,000	1,427,000	-3.6
Rex Humbard	209	1.8	2,079,000	1,308,000	-21.0
Jimmy Swaggart	207	1.5	1,789,000	1,148,000	-10.0
Jerry Falwell	244	1.35	1,440,000	986,000	-2.3
Day of Discovery	180	1.3	1,267,000	879,000	-14.1
PTL Club	193	1.3	1,050,000	776,000	-11.9
700 Club	123	.9	705,000	569,000	-4.7
James Robison	69	1.2	575,000	383,000	+7.3
Ken Copeland	69	.7	381,000	277,000	-14.4
			13,767,000	9,306,000	

SOURCE: A. C. Nielsen Company, *Report on Syndicated Programs* for February and November, 1980. Used with permission. Arbitron data are similar, but tend consistently to report slightly smaller audiences than Nielsen.

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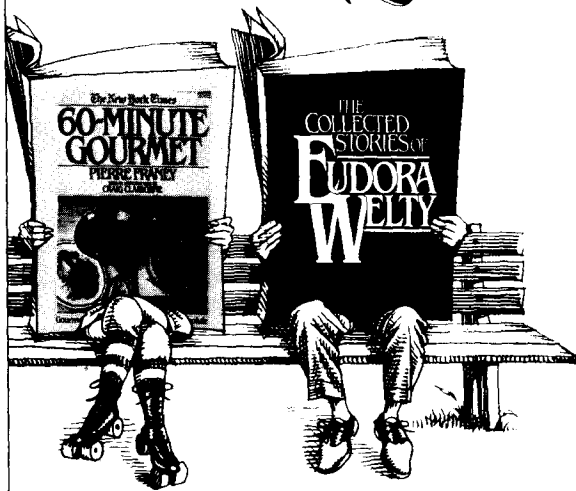
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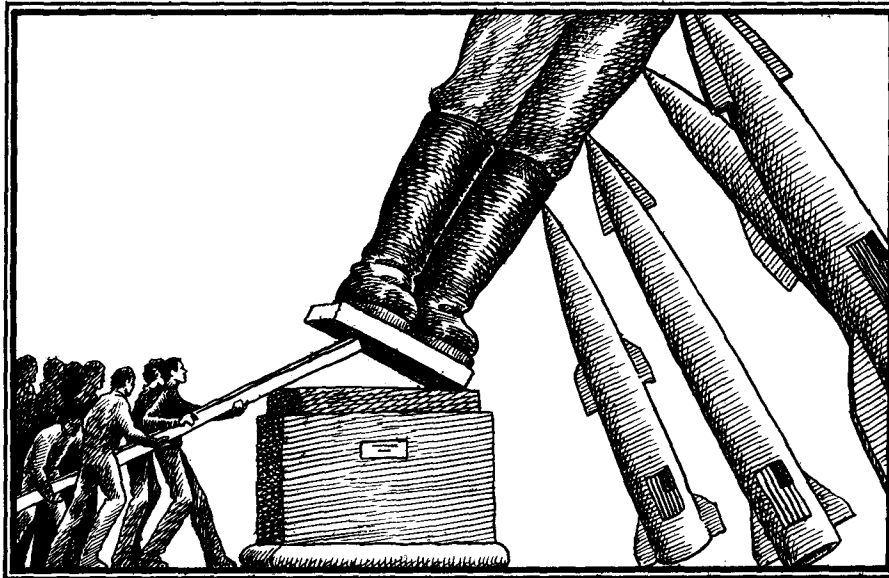
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ing to a Gallup survey, fewer than 5 percent of the 61 million Americans not affiliated with any church could recall ever having watched a television preacher other than Oral Roberts (12 percent) or Billy Graham (11 percent), the usefulness of the broadcasts as tools of evangelism—the primary justification used to raise money—must be seriously questioned. This is not to say, however, that the electronic church is dying, or that it brings no benefits to the evangelical community. Religious broadcasts doubtless strengthen and deepen the faith of listeners by providing them with instruction, exhortation, inspiration, hope, encouragement, entertainment, example, and opportunity for service. They also serve a symbolic

function of considerable importance. As evangelicals notice that virtually all the religion on radio and television is their kind of religion, that the secular media are fascinated by it, and that liberal Christians are panicked by it, their confidence is buoyed, and their hearts cheered. They realize that they are no longer a beleaguered, backwater minority but a significant and thriving part of mainstream American Christianity. And that may well assure the electronic church a congregation that is sufficient to keep the cards and letters coming.

—William Martin

William Martin teaches sociology at Rice University and writes often about religious matters.



PAKISTAN A RISKY BET ON GENERAL ZIA

*State Department officials
are worried that Reagan
may be making a major change
in U.S. non-proliferation policy*



WHEN PRESIDENT ZULFIKAR Ali Bhutto was deposed in 1977, Pakistan lost the one political leader capable of preserving the precarious balances on which the country's security depends—among the superpowers, the Soviet Union, China, and the United States; with its neighbors, Afghanistan and India; and among a dozen contending

political parties, secessionist tribesmen, religious sects, unruly military officers, and jealous bureaucrats.

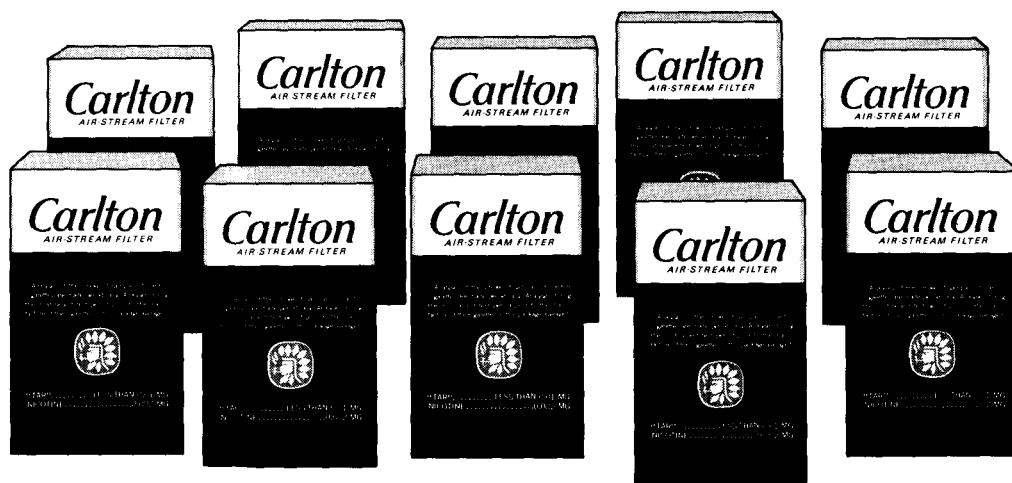
In Bhutto's place came General Zia ul-Haq, the army chief of staff, who later had Bhutto tried and executed on trumped-up murder charges. General Zia is short on admirers, within his country and overseas. But the Reagan Administration apparently has decided to make a major and risky investment in Zia—an investment involving money, arms, and perhaps even a basic change in American policy on nuclear proliferation. It does not matter that State Department officials used to dealing with the General have described him as “an extraordinarily weak ruler with extraordinarily weak legitimacy.” Zia is in charge at a moment, when, in the White House view, Western strategy in the region is being sorely tested.

Apart from aid to Europe, the United States has spent more for military and economic assistance to Pakistan—about \$5.8 billion from 1946 to 1980—than for all but four other countries (Israel, Korea, India, and Turkey). From time to time, Pakistan has been unruly and unresponsive enough for U.S. and international aid officials and foreign lenders to lose their patience and impose tough conditions for further credit or grant assistance. In recent years, the most trying of these occasions involved Pakistan's determination to develop its own nuclear bomb, to match the capability possessed by its traditional enemy, India. Before Bhutto was overthrown, he had been pursuing nuclear weaponry, with financial support from Libya. When General Zia met with officials of the U.S. Embassy shortly before the coup in 1977, he promised that he would not go so far as to test a nuclear bomb, nor allow the technology to fall into Arab hands. In 1979, President Carter cut off all military credits and economic assistance to Pakistan, invoking a congressional prohibition against aid to countries that persist in unrestricted nuclear-technology development. This embargo is still in force.

After the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, Pakistan's shortcomings were forgiven, first by the Carter Administration and then by the Reagan Administration. U.S. military advisers now call for lifting the embargo, sending large-scale military reinforcements, and perhaps even signing a mutual-security treaty.

An unclassified report by Francis Fukuyama, a military analyst with the Rand Corporation last year and now a member of the State Department Policy Planning Staff, reveals what Zia and his Joint Staff Headquarters are demanding in assistance. One proposal would involve the U.S. in financing and equipping an entirely new corps with two infantry divisions, to be deployed along the Afghan border in Baluchistan and the Northwest Frontier province. In addition to tanks, artillery, and anti-tank missiles, the proposal calls for an elaborate air defense—radar, an anti-aircraft missile system, F-16 aircraft to counter Soviet MiGs, and advanced helicopters with anti-tank weaponry. Appended to this proposal is a request, similar to ones already accepted from Turkey, Egypt, and Greece, for U.S.

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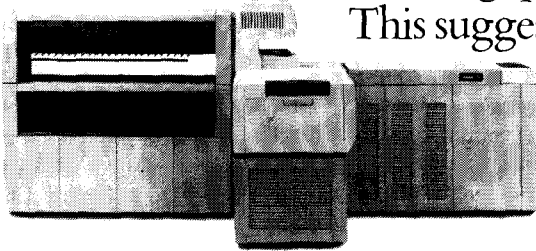


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assistance in setting up a Pakistani defense industry.

Other sources suggest that Pakistani and American officials have been discussing a second proposal, which would provide for substantial improvements to naval facilities at Karachi and at points farther along the Baluch coast, making them suitable for the storage of ammunition, heavy equipment, fuel, and other supplies for the movement of an American rapid-deployment force to the Persian Gulf. Pakistan has offered from time to time in the past to make naval-base facilities available. Now, as a member of the Non-Aligned Movement, Islamabad would prefer to avoid an overt foreign military presence while still accepting such American assistance as might appear justified for Pakistan's defense needs.

In addition, Pakistan has agreed with Saudi Arabia and other Arab Gulf states to make a division of troops available for emergency deployment in the event of a crisis in the Gulf. In their negotiations with the United States, the Pakistanis have requested sophisticated new military equipment to strengthen this division "as a proxy force fighting in the Gulf."

PAKISTAN'S PROPOSALS WOULD cost no less than \$1.5 to \$2 billion, and, even if spread over five years, they would represent an American military commitment to this country that is far more concentrated and riskier than before.

Why make such a commitment? In the view of the National Security Council staff, Pakistan must be reinforced against a Soviet threat that might come either across the Afghan border or from India, which some officials say might be "acting as a Soviet proxy." Richard Pipes, the Harvard professor who has often warned about the dangers of Soviet expansionism and is now responsible for Soviet policy on the National Security Council staff, told a Senate committee last year: "I attach very strong importance to the seizure of Afghanistan as a stepping-stone to the Strait of Hormuz." Geoffrey Kemp, the NSC official now responsible for Pakistan, has said that the U.S. and Pakistan might have to collaborate in meeting several contingencies—Soviet intervention in Iran, in Saudi Arabia, or elsewhere in the Middle East. Pakistani military officers say that Soviet forces

might stage border attacks on Afghan guerrilla sanctuaries in the Northwest Frontier province of Pakistan, or even that the Soviet Union and India might launch a coordinated attack on Pakistan from both west and east. They are reluctant to estimate the probability of either occurrence.

Zia's political opponents dismiss this as scare talk intended to divert public attention. "If Zia's generals believed this," one says, "then why haven't they shifted any troops to the west to meet the [Soviet] threat?" Not only has there been no redeployment of Pakistani forces since the invasion of Afghanistan but American officials involved in supplying weapons to the Afghan guerrillas have been infuriated by Pakistan's unwillingness to allow them to receive shipments of heavy weapons that would be effective against Soviet tanks or helicopters. Such shipments might upset Islamabad's secret effort to work out a political accommodation with the Soviet Union and the Karmal regime in Kabul.

Even the Rand report by Fukuyama, which bristles with military-contingency plans that suit the Reagan perspective on solving problems in the region, admits that the "recommendation of the professional military" in Islamabad is "to avoid half-hearted military options and seek a political solution with Pakistan's enemies instead." Christopher Van Hollen, a former State Department deputy assistant secretary for the area, says the same thing. He wrote a year ago that the U.S. should not "let itself be pressured into providing weapons to counter a phantom military threat." Van Hollen warned emphatically against "becoming too closely identified with [Zia's] military regime."

This outlook remains strong within the State Department and the U.S. mission, under Ambassador Arthur Hummel. Critics of a military-assistance program say that even if the Reagan Administration gives Zia what he wants, such assistance will not help the General survive domestic opposition, which has become more unified and vocal since the end of 1980. Zia has been unable to exorcise the ghost of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who is more powerful in death than he was in life. His wife, Nusrat, and his daughter, Benazir, have led the Bhutto political organization into Pakistan's first all-party coalition,

with groups that actively worked for his downfall in 1977. Last February, the coalition, calling itself the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy, issued a public manifesto demanding "full, free, and fair" elections within three months. Along with several hundred other political activists, the two Bhutto women have been jailed. Bhutto's sons, Murtaza and Shahnawaz, who live in exile in Kabul, were behind the successful hijacking of a Pakistan Airlines jet and the subsequent prisoner exchange that took place in March. The remaining daughter, Sanam, led demonstrations at Bhutto's grave in April.

The effect of a sudden lifting of Washington's arms embargo, together with a public embrace of Zia by the Reagan Administration, would do much to unify the disparate elements of the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy, adding anti-American zeal to opposition to Zia. Anti-American feeling has been highly inflammatory in the past. General Zia, it might be remembered, did nothing to prevent angry student protesters from burning the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad in November of 1979 (an incident that took the life of one Marine guard). Assaults on Americans on the streets of Islamabad, Rawalpindi, and Lahore have been reported in recent months.

SOME OFFICIALS IN the State Department have also expressed concern over President Reagan's apparent intention to reverse or relax the long-standing American policy against nuclear proliferation. They say that Zia's promise not to test nuclear weapons, like his promises to reinstate the constitution and restore free elections, cannot be trusted, and they warn that the Reagan Administration is contemplating quiet approval of Pakistan's step toward nuclear weaponry.

Even in the last year of the Carter Administration, some American officials had concluded that it might be impossible to block Pakistan's nuclear plans. Thomas Pickering, the assistant secretary of state for scientific affairs, discussed this problem during a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on March 18, 1980. "Pakistan" he said, "has given two significant assurances concerning their nuclear program: that it will not develop a nuclear weapon, and that it will not transfer sensitive



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nuclear equipment, materials, or technology to other countries. There remains a crucial ambiguity, however, concerning the possibility of a so-called 'peaceful nuclear explosion.'"

It has been widely believed that, at least until Bhutto's hanging in 1979, Libya was financing several phases of the Pakistani nuclear program, and may in addition have provided supplies of uranium "yellowcake" for use in the enrichment processes that Pakistani engineers had set up. Washington's insistence that Pakistan promise not to transfer its nuclear technology to other countries reflected concern about Libya's ambition to acquire nuclear weapons. Reports circulated in the British press early this year indicated fears that Saudi Arabia might also seek access to Pakistani nuclear technology as the price for the substantial financial support it has offered to Zia's regime.

Officials of the Reagan Administration continue to insist that Pakistan is committed not to transfer its nuclear technology to other countries, but even the promise not to test a nuclear device is no longer regarded as credible in Washington. Intelligence briefings for congressional committee members have indicated that the Pakistanis are moving steadily toward a nuclear explosion. On January 20, the Soviet news agency, Tass, reported that satellite photographs had detected preparations for a Pakistani nuclear explosion in the Gholistan Desert, near the Indian border. To judge from publications and from conversations with officials, the Soviet and Indian governments expect a blast by the end of this year.

In this situation, Reagan Administration officials have hinted at a shift in their attitude. Highly secret U.S. intelligence operations indicate that Pakistani nuclear officials have been negotiating with Turkish government officials, with the apparent objective of obtaining a Turkish site for a Pakistani nuclear test. Reports of these negotiations have gone only to senior intelligence and White House officials within the American government, and there are indications that they are encouraging the Pakistani-Turkish consultation. When the Turkish foreign minister, Ilt'er Turkmen, visited Washington for talks at the beginning of April, officials at the State Department and the Pentagon told him they wanted to see increased collaboration between Pakistan

and Turkey on defense and military planning.

(Military collaboration between the two countries actually goes back many years. As members of the now-defunct Central Treaty Organization [CENTO], Pakistan and Turkey have had active military connections since 1955. During Pakistan's war with India in 1965, Turkey reportedly helped service Pakistani aircraft involved in the fighting. After the downfall of the shah of Iran, American officials encouraged closer contacts between Pakistan and Turkey to replace the loss of Iran as an ally.)

It is impossible to confirm the role the Turks may play in Pakistan's nuclear-test plans, or what benefits Turkey would get for its help. The Turkish military government has ambitious plans for building a sophisticated defense industry, for which the United States has pledged financial and technical support. It would not be surprising if the Turks were to seek an exchange of know-how with the Pakistanis in the one area where the latter have excelled. It would be highly speculative, however, to conclude that the Turks are planning to leap from conventional to nuclear arms, and that the Pakistanis are willing to make the technical transfer they have sworn not to permit.

The intelligence reports about Pakistani-Turkish cooperation cannot be doubted, and they suggest that whatever terms have been struck between those nations, the arrangement has almost certainly been sanctioned by the Reagan Administration. The administration may view this as a way of appeasing Zia's determination to proceed with a nuclear test while sidestepping the congressional requirement that Pakistan stop short of detonating a bomb. This remains one of the conditions that congressmen and senators who opposed military assistance to Pakistan laid down in return for votes to lift the 1979 embargo.

The White House plan is apparently that when Pakistan's blast finally comes it will appear to be of undetermined origin, at a location that does not obviously reveal the connection to Pakistan. The scope for ambiguity in detection has already been demonstrated in two blasts in the southern Atlantic Ocean, on September 22, 1979, and on December 16, 1980. There had been a report from Tass in August of 1977 that the South Africans were preparing to

test a nuclear bomb in the Kalahari Desert, and American and international pressure had produced a promise from South Africa that the site would not be used for a test. Some American intelligence agencies identified the blasts in the ocean as low-yield nuclear detonations, but others disagreed. Official government reports on both events claimed that they were non-nuclear in origin.

If the Reagan Administration has secretly indicated its willingness to go along with a charade by the Pakistanis as they reach the nuclear threshold, then the nonproliferation policy of the past is indeed dead.

As for the conventional military weaponry that General Zia is negotiating to receive from the U.S., Indian officials say that no matter what he promises, Zia will deploy American military equipment on the border with India, raising the prospect of yet another military confrontation between the two countries. If Zia's domestic position worsens, he might view a showdown with India as a way to save himself.

By making public in April their intention to produce plutonium for the manufacture of nuclear warheads, the Indians have signaled that they are willing to escalate the confrontation to the nuclear level—which poses yet another dilemma for the administration: can it hope to waive the non-proliferation policy to aid Zia if it does not also lift the restrictions that have held up U.S. shipments of enriched uranium for India? There is a danger that Washington will find itself fueling both sides of a regional nuclear-arms race.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS SAY that the United States cannot afford to let Zia down, however disagreeable and expensive supporting him may be. They say that if Zia were overthrown by Nusrat Bhutto, Pakistan's military command would be decimated, as happened in Iran after the revolution, and they emphasize that President Reagan could not tolerate the takeover of Pakistan by an intensely anti-American civilian group allied to "the Middle Eastern radicals and the PLO." But administration officials will have no one else to blame if in wagering on the uncertain Zia ul-Haq they shorten the odds on his downfall.

If Zia identifies himself too closely with the Reagan Administration's strategy for the region, he may find that with relatively little effort and at low cost, the Soviet commanders in Afghanistan can restart the Baluch insurgency and leech his army's blood in a manner that no amount of help from Washington will stop. Although this is widely understood in Pakistan, and among American officials familiar with the fragility of Islamabad's hold on its tribal territories, the preoccupation of the new Reagan appointees with their strategic posture has all but blinded them to the unsuitability of the battlefields they have chosen.

Despite their bitterness, there are many opposition leaders in Pakistan who are willing to preserve what Benazir Bhutto has called "good and correct

relations with all the three superpowers." In a book written in jail in late 1977, she echoed her father's conviction that, notwithstanding past differences, "a creative relationship could be restored between Pakistan and the United States." No one in Pakistan, not even Zia's partisans, doubts that if elections were to be held now, the Bhutto party would sweep to victory. How it would act toward the United States after victory would depend on what had happened before. Much therefore hinges on how far the Reagan Administration decides to go in propping Zia up against the political will of his people.

—Claudia Wright

Claudia Wright is the Washington correspondent for the London paper New Statesman.



LIBERIA A REVOLUTION, OR JUST ANOTHER COUP?

Liberians are still waiting to see whether their lot will improve under Master Sergeant Doe



ON MARCH 10, 1980, George Boley was arrested on the street in Monrovia. Boley, in his early thirties, was one of Liberia's promising young men, an outsider who was becoming a provisional member of the ruling establishment. That establishment consisted almost entirely of "Americo-Liberians," the descendants of freed American slaves who settled the country early in the

nineteenth century. Boley, however, was one of the "country people," those who did not have roots in America. He had managed to get to the United States for an education, and won a Ph.D. from the University of Akron. With his American wife, he returned to Liberia and soon became an assistant minister of education in the government of President William R. Tolbert, Jr. But Tolbert's agents kept an eye on Boley, and found that, even as he was working for the government, he was associating with its opponents, members of the Progressive People's Party. Joseph Chesson, the minister of justice, charged him with treason and sedition and locked him up, along with some twenty other suspicious characters, in the post stockade at the Barclay Training Centre, a military base on the Atlantic in downtown Monrovia.

For a month Boley did not see his family. He was given twenty-five lashes

every morning. He had no bath the entire time, and he slept on the bare cement floor of the cell, which he shared with several others. Eating only one scant meal a day, he lost fifty pounds and became very weak. Then came the rumor that on April 14, the first anniversary of nationwide riots to protest an increase in the price of rice, he and the other political prisoners would be executed.

Tolbert was serving his term as chairman of the Organization of African Unity, and to protect his reputation, he had waffled on the issue of dissent. At first he had responded to the riots with force, calling the organizers "wicked, evil, and satanic men," and ordering the army and the police to fire into the crowds. (Dozens were killed and hundreds injured.) But then, following the advice of one half of his entourage, Tolbert had rescinded the price increase (from which he stood to gain personally), released most of the arrested demonstrators, and seemingly liberalized the political system. As soon as he realized that his opponents were more defiant than grateful, Tolbert, on the advice of the other half of his team, reverted to repression. It was at this point that Boley and the others were arrested. Tolbert wanted to use the anniversary of the rice riots to teach an important lesson, by having some of his most articulate opponents shot.

On April 12, 1980, two days before his scheduled execution, George Boley was released from prison. A group of young army enlisted men—hungry, angry, illiterate soldiers—had killed the President, announced over Liberian radio that they had charge of the country, and then unlocked the gates of the post stockade. To the utter amazement of the intellectuals who had tried to remove Tolbert through a democratic process, guns now succeeded where reason had failed. And the soldiers wanted the intellectuals to help them run the country. Their leader was Master Sergeant Samuel Kanyon Doe, then twenty-eight, a native of the same region of the country as Boley and one of Boley's former English students in night classes at the Marcus Garvey School, in Monrovia. Doe, who had never been out of Liberia and spoke only halting English, asked his mentor to become his minister of state for presidential affairs.

For ten months, George Boley sat in

an office next to Doe's in the executive mansion. He gained back his weight, and on his bulky frame he wore stylish suits hand-tailored from locally woven cloth. In the top drawer of his desk he kept a revolver and thick files of documents detailing the corruption of the Tolbert regime. "The Chief" rarely made a move without consulting him. Then, in February, while Boley was in the United States, others who resented his power persuaded Doe to demote him. Now he is minister of posts and telecommunications.

AFRICAN COUPS ARE many and varied. In Dahomey, before it went Marxist and changed its name to Benin, coups were occasionally accompanied by sex scandals. In Upper Volta, union discontent has led to the downfall of two of its three presidents since independence. In Uganda, after Idi Amin a pathetic succession of rival politicians struggled for position as the country declined further. In Mauritania, the issue is whether the country will support Morocco or the Algerian-backed Polisario guerrillas in the war over the western Sahara. In places such as the Central African Republic and Equatorial Guinea, when a tyrant finally falls everyone simply hopes that the new ruler will not be just as tyrannical as the old.

Some African nations, such as Zaire, constantly teeter on the brink of upheaval and civil war but their governments somehow survive, amazing observers near and far with their resilience. Other nations, such as Nigeria, have a civil war and recover. And a few African countries—Kenya, the Ivory Coast, Senegal, and, until the spring of 1980, Liberia—despite economic difficulties and social tensions, seem virtually coup-proof, able to handle the agonies of development without serious political strain.

Liberia is the oldest republic in Africa, the only country on the continent never to have been a colony or part of an empire, a staunch American friend with the strongest possible cultural and financial ties to the United States. This is what makes Liberia's coup special. Few outsiders—especially those in the U.S.—thought it was possible for this sophisticated African political dynasty, so schooled in the ways of the West, to be overthrown. Liberia had a reputa-

tion as an outpost of stability in a continent of chaos. Its American-style institutions and the familiar idiom in which the country conducted its business made it easy for Americans to have confidence that Liberia would avoid the crises so many other African nations faced.

Yet, in retrospect, rarely has an explosion anywhere in the world been so inevitable. For the fact is that for 133 years, a settler elite—a black-settler elite—which made up no more than 4 percent of Liberia's population, had monopolized all political power and controlled access to the country's resources. Its methods and its attitudes made those of the later-arriving white-settler elite in Rhodesia seem mild by comparison.

When the explosion came, it was violent, and it revealed the almost uncontrollable rage felt by the country's majority. The angry band of soldiers broke into the executive mansion, rushed upstairs, and surprised Tolbert in his luxurious quarters. They shot and killed the President, disemboweled him, stuck a bayonet through his head, and tossed his body into a mass grave.

Ten days later, in a ceremony recorded by television and still cameras, the army took thirteen of the wealthy Americo-Liberian officials who had been arrested (including Minister of Justice Joseph Chesson), marched them nearly naked through the streets of Monrovia, to ensure that they lost their dignity, tied them to seaside posts at the Barclay Training Centre, and executed them at point-blank range. A crowd of thousands cheered, and by all accounts there was jubilation throughout the country.

The executions took place within sight of Master Sergeant Doe's new home, the enormous executive mansion, and perhaps thirty yards from his old one—a roofless hovel the size of a tool shed, with no door, no plumbing, a dirt floor, and windows without glass. There he had lived with his wife and four children.

Many other soldiers who had lived in similar places suddenly felt released from their condition. They moved into the palatial homes of Americo-Liberians who had fled—sometimes three or four military families to a single house—and, in the name of the revolution, confiscated their Mercedes-Benzes and other possessions. They harassed

businessmen and merchants and freely brandished machine guns to get their way.

"THE LOVE OF LIBERTY brought us here." That was the motto of the early settlers of Liberia, who believed they were not only leaving behind the bonds of slavery in America but also undertaking a civilizing mission by returning to the continent of their origins and imparting Western knowledge. Liberia was actually a creation of the American Colonization Society, a quaint institution founded in 1816. The Society sought to emulate Sierra Leone, just to the west of Liberia, which was developing as a haven for freed British slaves (including blacks who had fought on the British side during the American Revolution and later retreated to Nova Scotia). Encouraged by President James Monroe (hence Monrovia), the first group of adventurous freedmen landed at a West African harbor in 1822 and obtained some land from local "native kings," in exchange for a collection of weapons, trinkets, utensils, and drink. Those who survived the many diseases rampant in the land formed a community that was at first ruled by white governors on behalf of the Colonization Society but in 1847 became the Republic of Liberia, governed by the American-style True Whig Party.

For many years—even well into the twentieth century—the government of Liberia controlled only a narrow strip of land along the coast, while the Hinterland (as it was officially known) remained in the hands of traditional chiefs. President Edwin Barclay made news in the early 1930s when he journeyed deep into the countryside, bringing word of the Monrovia government. When Graham Greene made his pilgrimage by foot through Liberia in 1935, which he described in *Journey Without Maps*, he found himself welcomed in some areas "because I was a white, because they hoped all the time that a white nation would take the country over." If this was not precisely a yearning for colonial rule of the sort practiced by the French in Guinea and the Ivory Coast or by the British in Sierra Leone, it may have been a sign of contempt for the self-perpetuating regime in Monrovia.

One president, Edward J. Roye, a native of Ohio, ended up in jail, and

drowned while trying to escape the country in a canoe. Another, Charles Dunbar Burgess King, was forced to resign after the League of Nations found that he was implicated in the slave trade on the island of Fernando Po and also in appalling labor practices within Liberia, among them forcing country people to "pawn" their children or other relatives if necessary in order to obtain the money to pay fees and fines levied by the government. King's lawyer during many domestic and international legal proceedings was William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman, who eventually served as president from 1944 through 1971. It was after Tubman's death that Tolbert, an ordained Baptist minister who had been vice president for twenty years, came to power. (The two men were also linked in a kind of Liberian royal family: one of Tubman's sons is married to one of Tolbert's daughters.)

Because of its origins, Liberia has always had special ties to the United States, and particular importance for American blacks, many of whom have relatives in Liberia. But the contrast between the official egalitarianism enshrined in its constitution (written at the Harvard Law School) and the harsh realities of life was cause for embarrassment. Part of Liberia's pose as a black republic was its racist rule that only blacks could be citizens and own land.

Practically speaking, that meant that a small number of people in the aristocracy owned enormous amounts of land and, at the expense of their fellow Liberians, made outrageous deals for its use and exploitation by outside, generally white-controlled economic interests. (The agreement that brought the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company into Liberia in 1926 gave it the right to lease up to a million acres for ninety-nine years at six cents an acre. Meanwhile, one of its subsidiaries profitably lent the Liberian government large sums of money.) Over the years, the deals improved in subtlety, but not in character. The elite, while proclaiming religious principles and dedication to African decolonization, lived a decadent, colonial life, which could be preserved only as long as the country did not develop too far or too fast. Successive American governments of both parties knew all this, but shrugged, and took advantage of the special relation-

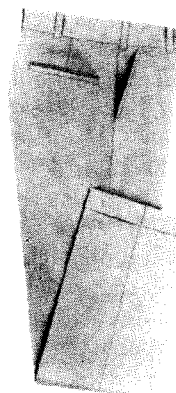
ship to build Voice of America transmitters, sophisticated navigation stations, and the like.

IN THE FIELD OF corruption, Liberia became a genuine leader in Africa and the Third World. Under Tubman's benign despotism, there were apparently some limits. It is an old saw of Liberian politics that "When Tubman stole a dollar, he would give ninety cents back to the people," in the form of food or minor amenities; as for Tolbert, "He would return ten cents." Tolbert "didn't let a crumb drop from the table," says one American businessman. "He got into everything." So did his son, Adolphus B. Tolbert, a lawyer, and they set an example for many other Americo-Liberians in and out of government. Tolbert's daughters were not overly sensitive to conflicts of interest either; one, an assistant minister of education, controlled the sale of all textbooks in Liberia. Another, a representative in Monrovia for the World Health Organization, was in the pharmaceutical business. The President himself was thought to have as much as \$200 million stashed away in the United States. The Tolbert family's greed was a key factor in the downfall of a system that might otherwise have survived for another generation.

Documents now in the possession of the new Liberian government trace the sale to foreigners, especially Germans, of dozens of Liberian diplomatic passports (which would permit people to travel around the world without having their baggage opened or inspected). In one instance, a woman paid half a million dollars for her title of "financial consultant" to Liberia and for other unspecified favors. One man paid \$150,000 for an eight-year appointment as Liberia's honorary consul in Rome. Others established "foundations" in their own names in Monrovia, to which they would send "contributions" whenever they wanted something from the Liberian government. In an extraordinary letter, handwritten on an airplane, Adolphus Tolbert told a European business associate who had recently been in Liberia: "I expect to meet you in London during the first week in June to discuss the gold, diamond, and uranium project. . . . Bring along the Rolls-Royce. . . . Please transmit the balance on that amount given to me last

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night. Also send the papers for the two cars. . . . Make sure that a secretary is awaiting my arrival in London. . . ." Astonishingly, the Tolberts kept photocopies of the passports they sold, issued receipts for the payments, and in some cases even made videotapes of the transactions.

In 1977, Tolbert published his economic theory. He called it "humanistic capitalism"; under its terms, rich Liberians were to distribute their income to poor Liberians, through the traditional African extended-family system. By that time Tolbert was one of the wealthiest men in Liberia. When he was deposed, three years later, the average annual per capita income of Liberians was \$419.

PEOPLE GO TO Monrovia mostly for reasons of business and family ties, or by mistake. The main trans-African service of Pan Am includes a stop at Robertsfield—the gigantic international airport, some forty miles from town but adjacent to Firestone Rubber's 77,863-acre Harbel Plantation—and some American travelers have thought that Monrovia might be a restful interlude on the way to or from the difficult cities of Lagos and Kinshasa or the tourist paradise of Nairobi. It is not. It is a steamy, grimy, torrid port city, where the poor are less escapable than in some other African capitals. Malaria is endemic and rampant, the air is dense with industrial and automobile pollution, and one is liable to be mugged or robbed night or day. The youngsters who have streamed into the capital from the underdeveloped countryside—where few villages have electricity and few huts have running water—look as if their expectations have dwindled into a constant search for the next meal.

While the Americo-Liberians still held sway, much of this was concealed by an overlay of elegance and pomp: top hats and limousines, pillared mansions and debutante balls, a marble Masonic temple that would look right at home in an American town. The temple was sacked, and its statuary destroyed, during the coup, but its shell still looms on a hill at one end of Monrovia, as if it were an official monument to American influence in Liberia. Other symbols of that influence abound in the capital. The country's red, white, and blue flag—a single star and eleven

stripes—looks like a junior model of the American one. The Roxy Theatre is just next door to the Travolta Boutique, where you can find a "Fonz" T-shirt without any trouble. Bacon cheeseburgers are on nearly every menu. And Monrovia even has a "strip," on Gurley Street, where nightclubs and discos with American names (the "California," the "Phoenix") blare out the latest from Donna Summer and other American stars; outside, prostitutes parade and young toughs alternately jostle strangers and offer to protect them for a price. As a counterpoint, the Baptist Church remains strong, and Monrovia has a religious radio station on which Oral Roberts or the Reverend Ike would be perfectly comfortable.

The old regime built a remarkably faithful rendition of the U.S. Capitol, complete with House and Senate chambers and committee rooms in which a charade of the American system could be practiced, and it stands—of course—on "Capitol Hill." The official currency of Liberia is the Liberian dollar; but in fact there *are* no Liberian dollars, only American ones, and so every financial transaction in the country is carried out in greenbacks—the oldest, most worn ones extant, ready for shipment back to the (U.S.) Treasury. The biggest bank in Monrovia is the Chase Manhattan, and any government of Liberia must maintain the confidence of American business if it is to stay afloat.

During World War II, Liberia's unusually large supply of natural rubber was so important to the United States that it caused a virtual American occupation of the country. Rubber now ranks second to iron ore among Liberia's exports, but it is still important. And Harbel—with more than 9 million trees the largest single rubber plantation in the world—is like a rural American company town (or county) tucked away on the great bulge of West Africa. There Firestone maintains 597 miles of road (forty-one miles paved), 250 hospital beds, twenty-eight school buildings with almost 6,000 students, eight Christian churches, 110 athletic teams using thirty-five playing fields, four Scout troops, and sixteen community organizations. But, so far, no union.

LIBERIA'S COUP BROUGHT to power an odd pairing of forces. On one side is the People's Redemption Council

(PRC), composed of the twenty-seven soldiers who claim to have helped plan or execute the events of April, 1980. They are a ragtag group, mostly semi-literate and in their twenties, ranging in character from Doe and a few other socially conscious types to Harrison Pennue, who has become notorious because he disemboweled Tolbert. Although some of them state in their official biographies that they are descendants of "warriors," they are mostly the children of rural laborers and market women, and they joined Tolbert's army to improve their lot. But the army was hardly an alternative. The soldiers were condemned to live in squalid conditions and were even required to give 10 percent of their salaries to their officers.

On the other side is the civilian cabinet. Some of its members are anomalies, such as Doe's first information minister, Gabriel Nimeley, who used to do play-by-play broadcasts of soccer games for Liberian radio and happened to be on duty when Master Sergeant Doe came to the studio that night in April to break his news on the air. Most, however, like George Boley, are highly educated people in their thirties or forties who obtained American doctorates and worked in junior positions under the old regime but spoke too freely about the need for change. While the members of the PRC give speeches and make promises, the ministers worry about how to deliver from a virtually bankrupt treasury.

THE FIRST MAJOR clash in the coalition came within days of the coup. Togba-Nah Tipoteh, founder of the Movement for Justice in Africa and now the minister of planning and economic affairs, recalls that he and several colleagues stayed awake for four straight days and nights, pleading with the PRC to heed the advice from Washington and elsewhere to stop the summary trial and execution of former officials and wealthy Americo-Liberians, lest the new government be completely ostracized by the world community. After about thirty people had been put to death, Doe announced publicly that the executions were over.

Later it fell to the ministers to persuade the soldiers that they could not possibly carry out all their promises. They could not freeze the price of gaso-

line if the cost of imported oil was skyrocketing; they could not keep increasing the salaries of the military and the civil servants if the government had no new revenues; they could not offer free primary and secondary education throughout the country if they had few teachers and little infrastructure; they could not even freeze the price of Coca-Cola, or the local franchise-holder, a subsidiary of Firestone, would stop producing it.

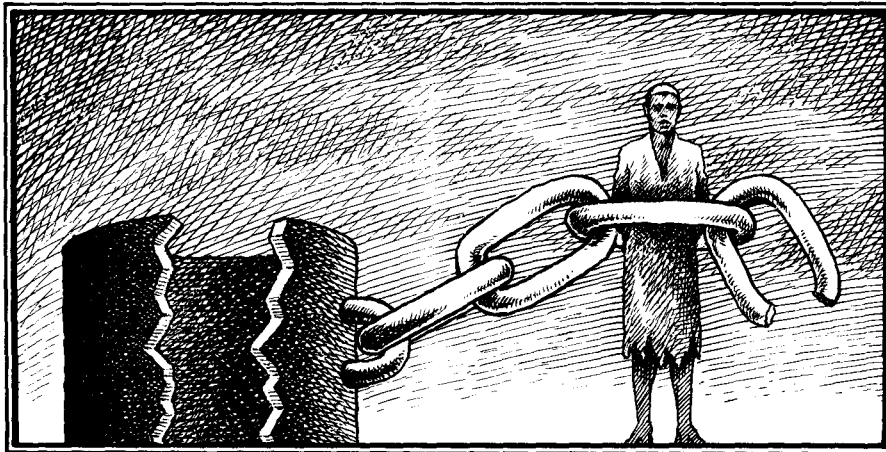
But some members of the PRC are resisting instruction. Intoxicated with their newfound authority, they are inclined to call news conferences, during which they detail their recent travels around the country, deliver harangues on the duty of the ministers to correct various problems, and then upbraid the reporters—Liberians and foreigners

beria functioning, in times of crisis the sophisticates with the American Ph.D.s can easily be overruled by the people who come to work in their military fatigues.

Although the PRC has taken over the Capitol building and constituted itself as a legislature of sorts, complete with speaker and committees, the government headquarters remains in the seven-story executive mansion, where Tolbert held sway. A few bullet holes are left here and there in the heavy metal doors on some floors, but the gold-leaf settees and quaint antique tables still sit under thick oil paintings of Liberia's various former presidents in plush drawing rooms and antechambers. Now the settees are occupied by the ubiquitous petitioners, men and women with weary faces, bearing grievances, sug-

bert era—but some of the trappings of power have crept in. His wife, Nancy, is now routinely called the "First Lady" of Liberia, and she is frequently photographed officiating at dedication ceremonies or announcing her involvement in education projects. Doe himself is now treated as if he were the fount of all wisdom.

BECAUSE OF THE violent beginnings of the regime, Doe initially had trouble establishing credibility outside Liberia. Other African heads of state, old friends and associates of Tolbert's, would not even let an airplane carrying him land in their capitals for meetings. Eventually, the modest, soft-spoken man charmed them, and persuaded them that he was a moderate, restraining influence within the PRC. Crucial to this effort were two speeches, drafted with the encouragement and perhaps the direct involvement of the International Monetary Fund and the American Embassy in Monrovia. The first, delivered last November, warned of Liberia's grave economic situation and criticized excesses among the military. Doe put a freeze on government hiring, required every Liberian wage-earner to forgo at least a month's salary in order to buy new national savings bonds, and removed the "PRC coordinators" who had been supervising the affairs of private businesses. Finally, he declared:



alike—for publishing or broadcasting things they do not like. One of the chief showmen is Thomas Weh Syen, co-chairman of the PRC and Doe's "vice head of state." Before he began his tirade on one such occasion recently, he and several military colleagues behaved like teenagers at play, mugging for pictures they took of each other with a Polaroid camera and then giggling over the results.

The PRC issues a regular newsletter. It includes everything from warnings on the correct spelling of members' names to homilies against "anti-revolutionaries." The PRC's behavior tends to embarrass the civilian ministers, who want to establish international respect for a new Liberia and feel that buffoonery, combined with confiscation of personal property and a lack of respect for due process, will only further damage the country's reputation. But while the council needs the ministers to keep Li-

gestions, or job applications, hoping that some tenuous connection with the new regime will bring them a break.

The man who presides over the awkward new coalition, Master Sergeant Samuel Doe, looks less like a genuine "head of state" than like a student who has won the role of the president in the school play and has decided to act and dress the part with particular originality. On each collar of his camouflage fatigues he wears a gold pin that says "Chairman" (of the PRC). He affects yellow sunglasses and, sometimes, a tilted cowboy hat. He carries a machine gun or a two-way radio, depending on his schedule for the day, and most of his formal pictures show him behind a desk with an official-looking pen set.

Doe has been careful about his image—keeping his military rank of master sergeant while others promoted themselves to general, and preferring simple cars to the limousines of the Tol-

I shall not hesitate to say that the meaning of the Revolution is misunderstood by many of you. Even after half a year, people are still hoping and dreaming of the impossible. They are thinking that the Revolution means instant prosperity; plenty of new jobs; big cars; big houses; and all of the fine things of the world. In other words, they feel that this is a Revolution of Entitlement. While recognizing the growing wave of your rising expectation, I should let you know that the PRC government cannot solve all the nation's problems overnight. . . .

In the second speech, on Christmas Eve, Doe announced the release of many of the political prisoners held since the coup, and, declaring that the PRC remained "committed to our pledge to return to the barracks," said

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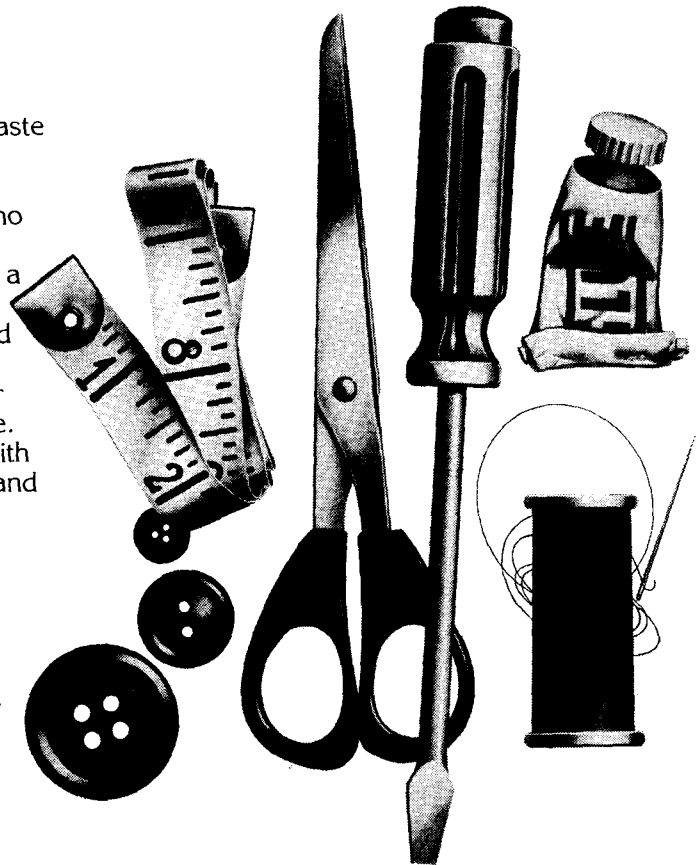
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the council would be appointing a national commission to draft a new constitution for Liberia.

LIBERIA CANNOT POSSIBLY survive on its own. The monthly bill for oil (all imported from Saudi Arabia) is at least \$12 million, and when the bill comes due the lights often burn late in the American Embassy as U.S. advisers try to help the Liberians juggle their accounts. Some \$30 million in capital fled the country after the coup, mostly in the hands of Americo-Liberians escaping to the States. Now Liberia's debt is estimated at \$800 million, and some economists fear a total economic collapse.

The most obvious place to turn for emergency aid, governmental or commercial loans, and new private investment is the country's traditional sponsor, the United States. That was not easy for Doe at first, given the revulsion over the coup among Liberia's American constituency (not to mention an influx of Liberian exiles in the Virginia suburbs of Washington and in several other cities).

The first country to recognize the PRC government was Libya, and Colonel Muammar Qaddafi—who already had his troops in Chad and his eye on other West African nations—launched an immediate friendship offensive, inviting members of the cabinet and the PRC to Tripoli. Several went, but the United States apparently weighed in just in time to persuade Doe not to accept. Foreign Minister Gabriel Bacus Matthews (founder of the Progressive People's Party and a potential future civilian leader of Liberia) thinks it is fine for Liberia to accept American warnings against a change of orientation, but only if Washington backs up those warnings with contributions. Indeed, Matthews warns that aid will be necessary, to protect America's "important interests" in the country, including the complex communications facilities and other installations that the U.S. has built.

Americans who feel that aid to Liberia is important argue that the country's position on the coast of West Africa is strategic and that political and economic instability will tempt international interference. The Reagan Administration took a symbolic step toward maintaining influence in Liberia by sending

a hundred Green Berets and a naval destroyer there on a training exercise in April, on the first anniversary of the coup. It also carried out the plans for some \$2 million in military aid to the Doe regime in fiscal year 1981 and granted an additional \$25 million in economic support funds over the \$7 million the Carter Administration had already budgeted.

HOW MUCH HAS CHANGED or improved in Liberia since the coup? What is the nature of the change and what is it reasonable to expect in the future?

In downtown Monrovia, the soldiers have all but disappeared from the streets. The markets are functioning smoothly, although there have been some shortages. The inflation rate is up to about 20 percent from 14 percent in Tolbert's last days, but that compares favorably with the situation in many developing and developed nations. Already, however, other people are becoming jealous of the soldiers and civil servants, who were the immediate beneficiaries of the coup. Dock workers in Monrovia went on strike recently, and Doe's government responded harshly, jailing the strike leaders and firing others from their jobs. Violent crime has increased, especially in the countryside, and Doe has promised that anyone convicted of murder will be executed. A few Americo-Liberians have managed to stay on, relatively free of harassment, but thirty-five political prisoners (including Adolphus Tolbert) remain in the post stockade at the Barclay Training Centre; government officials say conditions there are much improved, but they will not permit outsiders to verify that claim. The PRC is constantly alert to the threat of a counter coup, and it regularly accuses former officials, including the former vice president under Tolbert, Bishop Bennie Warner, of planning one. (The various exile groups that have taken shape in the United States, among them the Save Liberia Organization, hardly seem capable of anything more than rhetoric.)

Liberians are still debating whether their society has undergone a revolution or just another garden-variety African coup. Many people—including Ellen Johnson-Sirleaf, who was minister of finance under Tolbert, ran the Liberian Development Bank for a time

under Doe, and then returned to an old job with the World Bank—fear that the lot of the average Liberian may not change much, that one elite may simply be replaced by another, defined differently but ultimately no less selfish and ruthless. The Americo-Liberians (now derisively called "the Congo people") are gone from power, but the technocrats and the soldiers who found themselves in the right place at the right time may prove to be equally insensitive and harsh.

ALREADY CORRUPTION HAS become a problem again. Western diplomats claim to know exactly which members of the People's Redemption Council are in charge of the illicit drug trade and other profitable illegal operations. One incident in particular has raised questions. The crew of a Liberian-registered tanker supposedly carrying oil to South Africa was arrested in Senegal and later transferred to a jail in Monrovia. The crew members were released without any judicial proceedings, and the suspicion is that several officials of the new government were paid off; they have refused to comment. The man named finance minister in a cabinet reshuffle in February was previously fired for corruption by both the finance ministry and the Chase Manhattan Bank. A Monrovia banker tells the story that one member of the PRC involved with bank regulation unabashedly approached him and several other bankers with a request that they buy him a car. This banker guesses that the total financial burden of the corruption may be as great under Doe as it was under Tolbert, but the difference is simply that many more people are now sharing in the payoffs.

"In the cause of the people, the struggle continues," according to Doe's slogan, which appears on every document and at the close of every letter written by a government official. But Doe, like William Tolbert, seems to have little doubt about the source of his authority. "God is the one who chose me to be here," he said flatly in an interview; "God knows I can better help the people."

—Sanford J. Ungar

Sanford J. Ungar is host of All Things Considered on National Public Television and a contributing editor of The Atlantic.



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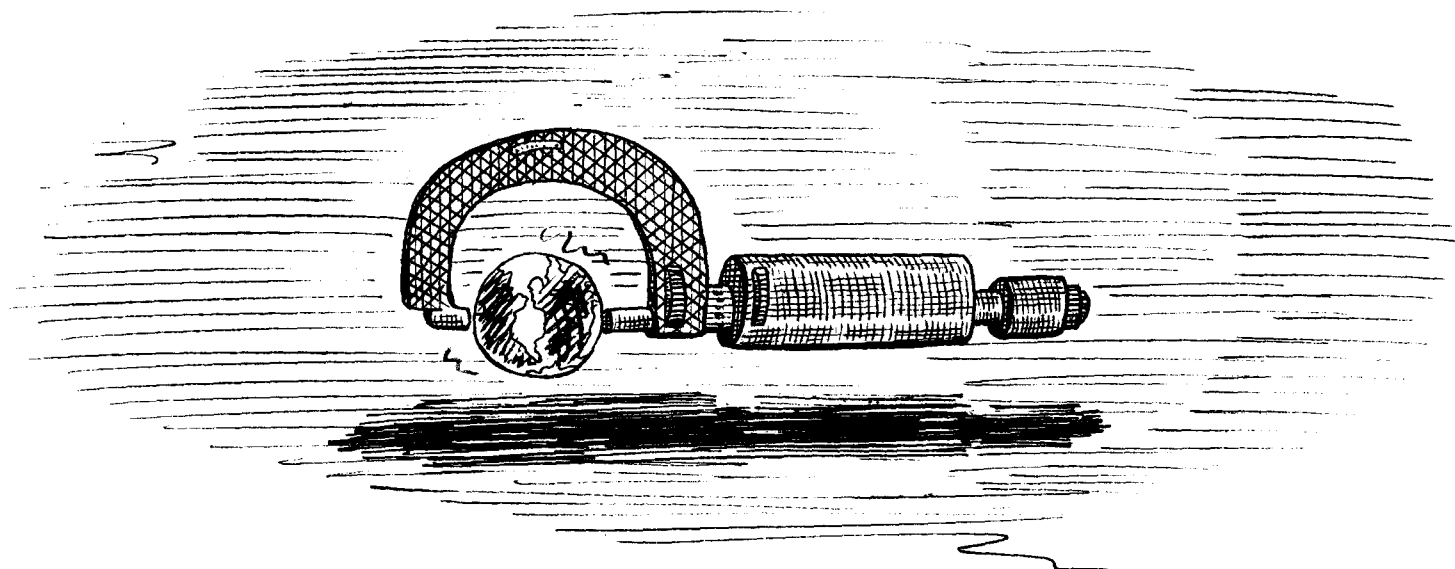
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A challenge to the conventional wisdom

THE SCARCITY OF RAW MATERIALS

BY JULIAN L. SIMON

THE PROPOSITION THAT WE ARE ENTERING AN AGE OF scarce natural resources is constantly recited, with little more evidence than that "everyone knows" it is true. Behind the proposition is the notion that a reservoir of some necessary material—copper, for example—exists in the earth in lodes that become successively harder to mine and that bear ever lower grades of ore as mining continues. According to this reasoning, the price of copper must rise as copper becomes more difficult, and therefore more expensive, to mine. But here is a peculiar fact: Over the course of history, up to this very moment, copper and other minerals have been becoming not more scarce but rather more abundant. In this respect, copper follows the same historical trend as radios, undershirts, and other consumer goods, and with even greater force. This fact requires us to ask: What is scarcity? What would be the signs that a raw material is in short supply? Upon reflection, perhaps one would agree that the thing to look for as a sign of scarcity would *not* be a complete

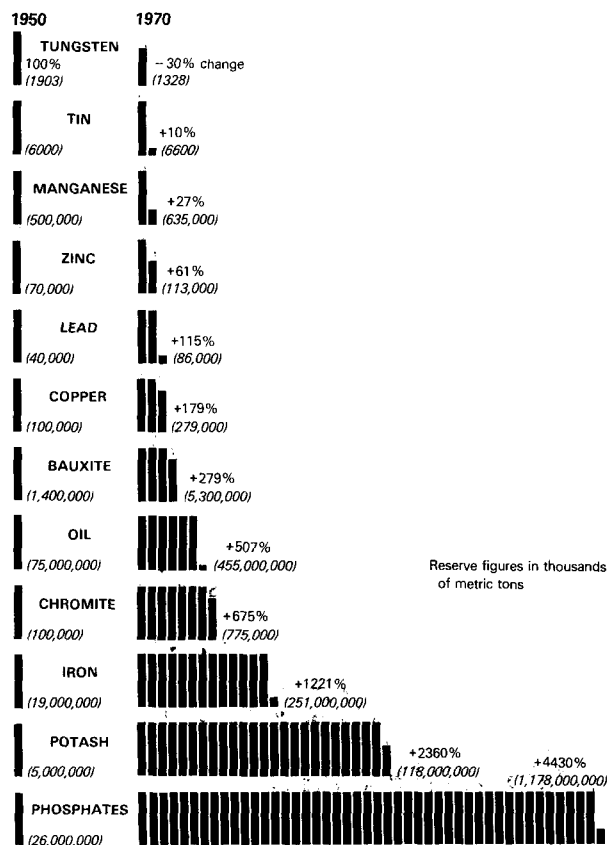
absence of the material. Long before the shelf became bare, businesses, operating purely out of their interest in future profits, would begin to hoard supplies for future resale. Of course, the price of the hoarded material would be high, but there would still be some quantities to be found at some price, just as there has always been some small amount of food for sale even in the midst of the very worst famines.

People tend to think that a commodity has gotten scarce when its price has persistently risen. The relationship between price and supply is not absolute, however. If the price of a raw material is deliberately held down, there may be waiting lines or rationing, and these may also be taken as signs of scarcity. But though lines and rationing can be efficient and fair ways of allocating scarce materials in the short run, in the longer run they are so wasteful that every sort of society tends to prevent them, by letting the price rise above what many buyers will pay. Therefore, we are not likely to see lines and rationing if there is a long-run (as opposed to a temporary) scarcity of a raw material.

In general, then, if a raw material becomes scarce, its price will rise. But the converse need not apply; the price may rise without a true increase in scarcity. For example, a strong cartel may successfully raise prices, as

*Julian Simon is professor of economics and business administration at the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana. The material in this article will appear, in somewhat different form, in Mr. Simon's book *The Ultimate Resource*, which will be published by Princeton University Press.*

"KNOWN WORLD RESERVES" OF SELECTED NATURAL RESOURCES



For each resource represented above, the bar for 1950 serves as the base, against which the bar(s) for 1970 show the percent of increase or decrease. The numbers in parentheses are the amounts, in thousands of metric tons, estimated to exist in known lodes or reservoirs.

OPEC did in 1973, even though the cost of producing oil had not changed. However, unless we have reason to believe that market prices do not reflect production costs, we should consider market prices as our primary measure of scarcity.

An unsophisticated, but often meaningful, test of scarcity is whether we feel that we can afford to buy the material. That is, the relationship between price and income matters. If the price of food remains constant but income falls sharply, then we perceive that food is getting scarce; and if our wages rise while the price of oil remains constant, our fuller pockets persuade us that there is more oil to buy. A related test of scarcity is the importance of the material in our budgets. We are not likely to say that salt has become scarce even if its price doubles, because relative to the rest of our expenses, salt at any price is cheap.

So price, production cost, and share of income seem to be the appropriate measures of scarcity. It follows that to anticipate how scarce or plentiful a raw material will be, one should try to predict what it will cost.

THERE ARE TWO QUITE DIFFERENT GENERAL METHODS for forecasting costs of any kind: the engineer's method and the economist's method. Since the engineer's method is the one commonly used in discussions of raw materials, we shall consider it first.

At the root of the technological view of natural resources is the assumption that a certain quantity of a given mineral "exists" in the earth, and that one can, at least in principle, answer a question such as: How much copper is there? But there is no instrument to measure the quantity of copper or iron or oil in the earth. Instead, there are schemes for extrapolating from samples.

Most common technological forecasts are derived from the sum of "known (or proven) reserves"—that is, from the probable yield of lodes and reservoirs that have actually been prospected. This figure is divided by the current rate of use, and the result is called "years of consumption left." The concept of known reserves is useful as a guide to the decisions a business firm must make about whether it is profitable to search for new deposits, just as a running inventory of a retail store tells the manager when to reorder. But known reserves are not a measure of the resources that will be available in the future. The bar graph in column one shows that the known reserves of various raw materials almost all *increased* over the twenty-year period 1950-1970 as demand for them increased, just the way a store inventory often increases as the store's sales volume increases.

There are other measures of physical reserves, also expressed in years of consumption remaining at the current consumption rate. One, the total amount of a material in the earth's crust, is so far beyond the bounds of possibility as to tell us nothing. Another, a more economically reasonable measure, is that of "ultimate recoverable resources," which the U.S. Geological Survey at present sets at one hundredth of one percent of the amount estimated to exist in the top kilometer of the earth's surface. (These figures are given in the middle column of the table on the opposite page, to be compared with proven reserves and total abundance in the other columns.) Even this "ultimately recoverable" estimate will surely be enlarged in the future, when mining techniques improve or prices rise.

One problem with all the technological methods is that they confuse abundance in the earth with economic availability. Platinum, gold, and silver are far and away the least abundant minerals. But they have never been plentiful, and so even though it has been progressively harder to find these minerals, few people worry about a "shortage" of them.

A second difficulty with technological forecasts stems from this important property of natural-resource extraction: A small change in the price of a mineral generally makes a very big difference in the potential supplies that are economically available—that is, profitable to extract. As expressed in technical economic terms in an article by

Leonard L. Fischman and Hans H. Landsberg (published in the anthology *Population, Resources, and the Environment*): "Mineral supply . . . tends to be highly elastic in terms of price. . . . The addition of currently paramarginal and submarginal resources would increase the 'reserve' category, not by modest amounts, but by multiples of itself." Yet many technological forecasts are limited to supplies of the resource available at current prices with current technology. Given that the most promising lodes will always be mined first, such an approach almost inevitably shows a rapid exhaustion of "reserves," even though this does not portend increasing scarcity.

Third, the technological inventory of the earth's "contents" is at present quite incomplete, for the very good reason that it has never been worthwhile to go to the trouble of making detailed surveys. Why should one count the stones in Montana when there are enough to serve as paperweights right in one's own back yard? This point was made by the World Bank's *Report on the Limits to Growth* (1972):

We do not know the true extent of the resources that exist in, and can ultimately be recovered from, the earth. Nor will we know in the next two years or ten years. The reason why we do not know the absolute limits of the resources we have is simple and does not even require recourse to elaborate arguments about the wonders of technology. We do not know because no one has as yet found it necessary to know and therefore [taken] an accurate inventory.

A fourth difficulty with technological forecasts is that the approaches that do go beyond the known-reserves

concept are speculative, necessarily making strong assumptions about discoveries of unknown lodes and about technologies that have yet to be developed. Technological forecasting depends heavily upon how well the forecaster can imagine the methods of extraction that will be developed in the future. Making the conservative assumption that future technology will be the same as present technology would be like making a forecast of twentieth-century copper production on the basis of eighteenth-century pick-and-shovel technology.

All these difficulties in forecasting resource availability are well known to geologists, even though they are left out of most popular discussions.

DESPITE THESE RESERVATIONS ABOUT TECHNOLOGICAL forecasting, I will briefly survey the conclusions of some of the forecasters. My aim is to show that even with relatively conservative guesses about future extraction developments, many qualified forecasters report enormous amounts of resources available—contrary to the glum stories that dominate the daily newspapers. The problem is deciding which expert to believe. One can easily find forecasters who will give pessimistic predictions. For example, the geologist Preston Cloud has written that "food and raw materials place ultimate limits on the size of populations . . . such limits will be reached within the next thirty to one hundred years." *Famine—1975!*, a book by Paul and William Paddock, was a best seller when it was published in 1967. In their book, *The End of Affluence* (1974), Paul and Anne

NUMBER OF YEARS OF CONSUMPTION POTENTIAL FOR VARIOUS ELEMENTS

	Known Reserves ÷ Annual Consumption	U.S. Geological Survey's Estimates of "Ultimate Recoverable Resources" (= .01% of Materials in Top Kilometer of Earth's Crust) ÷ Annual Consumption	Amount Estimated in Earth's Crust ÷ Annual Consumption
COPPER	45	340	242,000,000
IRON	117	2,657	1,815,000,000
PHOSPHORUS	481	1,601	870,000,000
MOLYBDENUM	65	630	422,000,000
LEAD	10	162	85,000,000
ZINC	21	618	409,000,000
SULPHUR	30	6,897	na
URANIUM	50	8,455	1,855,000,000
ALUMINUM	23	68,066	38,500,000,000
GOLD	9	102	57,000,000

SOURCE: William D. Nordhaus in *American Economic Review*, May, 1974, p. 23.

Three different methods are commonly used to estimate the supply of a resource, in years, and their results are compared above for each of ten resources. Each method divides an amount of a raw material estimated to exist—for "known reserves," in prospected

sites; for "ultimate recoverable resources" and for the total in the earth's crust, on the basis of samples—by the rate of consumption for a single recent year. The result is the number of years the estimated supply of a resource will last, if consumption remains the same.

Ehrlich speak of "the dark age to come" as a certainty.

A very different assessment of the raw-materials situation was made in 1976 by Herman Kahn and his associates at the Hudson Institute. Examining the evidence on the twelve principal metals that account for 99.9 percent of world and U.S. metal consumption, they classify the metals in two categories—"clearly inexhaustible" and "probably inexhaustible"—and find *none* that is likely to be exhausted by a date pertinent to contemporary decisions. They conclude that "95 percent of the world demand is for five metals which are not considered exhaustible": iron, aluminum, silicon, magnesium, and titanium.

In a comprehensive survey of natural and technological resources for the next hundred years, published in 1957, Harrison Brown—a respected geochemist, who would not be described as an optimist by anyone who knows his work—looks forward to a time when natural resources will become so plentiful that "mineral resources . . . will cease to play a major role in world economy and politics."

Writing in *Science* magazine in 1978, H. E. Goeller, a chemical engineer, and A. M. Weinberg, a physicist, considered possible substitutions for raw materials that are now essential to civilization and arrived at a "principle of 'infinite' substitutability":

With three notable exceptions—phosphorus, a few trace elements for agriculture, and energy-producing fossil fuels (CH_4)—society can subsist on inexhaustible or near-inexhaustible minerals with relatively little loss of living standard. Society would then be based largely on glass, plastics [from carbon in limestone and hydrogen in water], wood, cement, iron, aluminum, and magnesium.

They conclude:

. . . dwindling mineral resources in the aggregate, with the exception of reduced carbon and hydrogen, are per se unlikely to cause Malthusian catastrophe. But the exception is critically important; man must develop an alternative energy source. Moreover, the incentive to keep the cost of prime energy as low as possible is immense. In the Age of Substitutability energy is the ultimate raw material. The living standard will almost surely depend primarily on the cost of prime energy.

Further, Goeller and Weinberg speculate that with some combination of breeder, fusion, solar, and geothermal power, it will be possible to develop "satisfactory inexhaustible energy sources" at costs that will not disturb society.

Vincent McKelvey, until 1978 the director of the U.S. Geological Survey, said in an official report on United States mineral resources, in 1973, that he was "confident that for millennia to come we can continue to develop the mineral supplies needed to maintain a high level of living for those who now enjoy it and raise it for the impoverished people of our own country and the world."

WE HAVE ALREADY SAID THAT PRICE IS THE APPROPRIATE measure of raw-material scarcity. The economic approach to forecasting assumes that prices will rise or fall in the future according to the patterns they have followed in the past. Considerable data on trends in raw-material prices are available, and they show clearly that costs for extractive materials have fallen over the course of recorded price history. Thus, the economist's first-approximation forecast is that these trends toward less scarcity should continue into the foreseeable future.

But how can one judge whether a historical trend is a sound basis for a forecast? Specifically, how can we judge whether data showing declines in raw-material costs in the past are a legitimate basis for prediction? A prediction based on past data is likely to be sound if the past and the future can reasonably be assumed to belong to the same statistical universe—that is, if one can expect conditions that held in the past to remain the same in the future. Therefore, we must ask: Have conditions changed so drastically in recent years that data from the past are now meaningless?

The most important elements in raw-material price trends have been the rate of movement from richer to poorer ores and mining locations—the phenomenon of "exhaustion"—and the continuing development of technology. The latter force has dominated the former, as shown by the fall in the costs of natural resources, decade after decade and century after century. This trend should shake us free from the idea that increasing scarcity is the world's fate. It should point us toward recognizing that technological changes are induced by the demand for resources and for the services they provide. Scarcity and technological advance are not two unrelated competitors in a race; rather, each influences the other.

The last major U.S. governmental inquiry into raw materials was made by the President's Materials Policy Commission (Paley Commission), organized in response to fears of raw-material shortages engendered during and just after World War II. In 1952, the commission warned:

There is no completely satisfactory way to measure the real costs of materials over the long sweep of our history. But clearly the man-hours required per unit of output declined heavily from 1900 to 1940, thanks especially to improvements in production technology and the heavier use of energy and capital equipment per worker. This long term decline in real costs is reflected in the downward drift of prices of various groups of materials in relation to the general level of prices in the economy.

[But since 1940 the trend has been] soaring demands, shrinking resources, the consequent pressure toward rising real costs, the risk of wartime shortages, the strong possibility of an arrest or decline in the standard of living we cherish and hope to share.



Yet for the quarter-century covered by the commission's forecast, production costs and market prices declined rather than rose. The reasons that the Paley Commission's cost predictions were topsy-turvy should help keep us from making the same mistakes. First, the commission reasoned from the notion of finiteness and from a static technological analysis. Second, it put too much emphasis on the trends of costs over the short period from 1940 to 1950, which included World War II and was therefore almost inevitably a period of rising costs, instead of examining the longer period from 1900 to 1940, during which, as the commission said, "the man-hours required per unit of output declined heavily."

My point is that we should look at price trends (and production costs, in cases where they diverge sharply from price, as with oil) for the longest possible period. The OPEC-led price rise in all resources after 1973 is as frightening for us as the temporary 1940-1950 wartime reversal was for the Paley Commission. But the long-run trends make it very clear that both the cost and the scarcity of materials continuously decline with the growth of income and technology. These trends do not mean that a rosy future is guaranteed. There will always be temporary shortages where there are strife, political blundering, and natural calamities—that is, where there

are people. But the natural world allows, and the developed world promotes through the marketplace, responses to human needs and shortages such that one backward step leads to 1,001 steps forward, or thereabouts. There is no convincing economic reason that such modest progress should not continue indefinitely.

IT IS REASSURING TO SEE HOW ENERGY "SHORTAGES" have been worrying analysts for centuries. In 1864, W. Stanley Jevons, one of the nineteenth century's truly great social scientists, wrote a careful, comprehensive book predicting that England's industry would soon grind to a halt with the exhaustion of England's coal. "It will appear that there is no reasonable prospect of any relief from a future want of the main agent of industry," he wrote. "We cannot long continue our present rate of progress. [This] check for our growing prosperity . . . must render our population excessive." Jevons's investigation also proved to him that there was no chance that oil would eventually solve England's problem.

Because of the future need for coal perceived in England and because of the potential profit in meeting that need, prospectors searched out new deposits, inventors discovered better ways to get coal from the earth, and transportation men developed cheaper ways to move the coal. Other countries did the same. In fact, the proven reserves of coal in the U.S. are enough to supply a level of use far higher than at present for hundreds or thousands of years. In some countries—Germany, for example—the use of coal is subsidized. This suggests that if more coal had been mined in the past, the present generation would be better off, not worse. As for England now (according to a report in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1979): "Though Britain may reach energy self-sufficiency late this year or early next, with its huge reserves of North Sea oil and gas lasting well into the next century, the country is moving ahead with an ambitious program to develop its even more plentiful coal reserves."

The statistical history of energy supplies in the United States, based on figures from the census and other government sources, reveals that the trend has been toward plenty rather than toward scarcity. As for other raw materials, the appropriate measures are the production costs of energy as measured in time and money, and the price to the consumer; and the data are meaningful only over a long period. The prices for coal, oil, and electricity, relative to the average hourly wage of factory workers (a fair index of the trend for all wages), have followed a sharp and steady decline through the decades. Relative to the prices of other commodities, as registered by the Consumer Price Index, the prices of these energy sources also have shown a clear, though a more gradual, descent. Thus:

—In the 1970s, the average hourly wage for factory work would buy approximately fifteen times more coal than

the equivalent wage in 1800. Relative to the prices of other consumer goods, the price of coal has fluctuated, but for most of the years since 1800, the trend has been downward.

—In the 1970s, the average hourly factory wage would buy around twenty times more oil than it would around 1870, the earliest period for which prices are available. Relative to the prices of other consumer goods, oil was about four times cheaper in 1970 than in 1870.

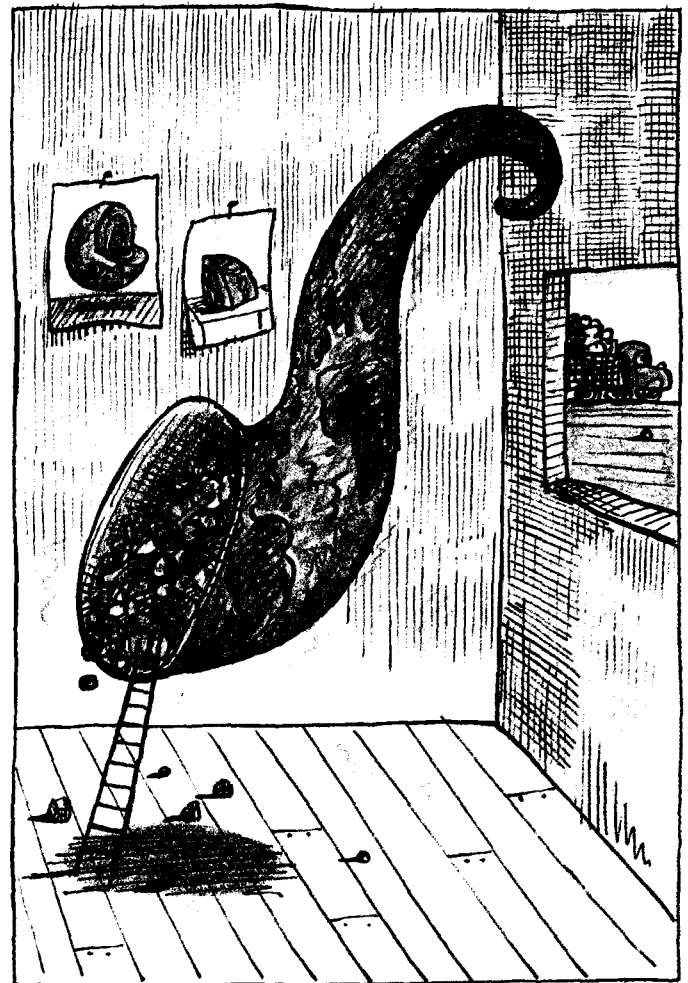
—Since the 1920s, the earliest period for which data are available, the average hourly factory wage has come to buy about eight times more electrical power. Relative to other prices, the price of electricity, like the price of oil, was more than twice as cheap in the 1970s as in the 1920s.

The price history of electricity is particularly revealing, because the price of electricity is the price to the consumer, at home or at work. That is, the price of electricity is closer to the price of the service we get from energy than are the prices of coal and oil. And the costs of the services we want interest us more than the costs of the raw materials themselves. The trend from year to year in the ratios of the price of electricity to the average wage in manufacturing shows that the quantity of electricity bought with an hour's wages has steadily increased. Because each year an hour's work has bought more rather than less electricity, this measure suggests that energy has become ever less troublesome in the economy over the recorded period, no matter what the price of energy in current dollars.

Geologists and engineers, however, do not consider price-trend data in their forecasts of energy supplies. We have considered the concept they do use, that of known reserves, with respect to other resources. Now let us discuss it with respect to oil.

KKNOWN RESERVES OF OIL ARE DEFINED AS THE total amount of oil in areas that have been well prospected. Individuals, firms, and governments create known reserves by searching for promising drilling areas far enough ahead to allow preparation time but not so far ahead that the investment in prospecting costs will not yield a satisfactory return. The key idea here is that it costs money to produce information about known reserves, and therefore people will create only as many known reserves as are profitable at a given moment. The quantity of known reserves at any moment tells us more about the expected profitability of oil wells than it does about the amount of oil in the ground. And the higher the cost of exploration, the lower will be the known reserves that it pays to create.

Known reserves are much like the food we put into our cupboards at home. We stock enough groceries for a few days or weeks—not so much that we will be carrying a heavy, unneeded inventory that ties up an unnecessary



amount of money in groceries, and not so little that we may run out if an unexpected event, such as a blizzard, should descend upon us. The amount of food in our cupboards tells little or nothing about the scarcity of food in our communities, because it does not as a rule reveal how much food is available in the retail stores. Similarly, the oil in the "cupboard"—the quantity of known reserves—tells us nothing about the quantities of oil that can be obtained in the long run at various costs. This explains why the quantity of known reserves, as if by a miracle of coincidence, stays just a step ahead of demand.

The sharp downward trends in the prices of coal, oil, and electricity relative to average factory wages, and the more gradual decline of these prices relative to the prices for other commodities, cover a very long span of history, and they may mask major changes in the past few years. Therefore, let us analyze the recent course of energy costs with special emphasis on the proximate cause of concern—oil.

The sharp rise of crude-oil prices in the 1970s does not contradict the long-run conclusion that energy will become more available and less costly. The recent rise was clearly caused by the cartel agreements of OPEC. It is the result of political power rather than of rising extraction costs. When the consumer is reaching into his

pocketbook, of course, he is concerned about the market price of oil, not about the production costs. But if one is interested in whether there is, or will be, an *economic* shortage of oil, or if one wants to know about the world's capacity for producing oil, the appropriate indicator is the cost of production and transportation—and that cost, since the first OPEC embargo in 1973, has been only a small fraction of the world-market price.

During the years of the “energy crisis,” the cost of oil production has not risen at all. It is far less than one percent of the selling price of crude—a cost of perhaps five to twenty cents a barrel, in comparison with a selling price of somewhere around \$35 a barrel in 1980. For perspective, we should remember that energy prices to the consumer have been falling not only over the very long haul but also in the recent past, since World War II. Before the OPEC cartel went into action, oil prices had been declining relative to those of other commodities. The price of Iranian oil fell from \$2.17 a barrel in 1947 to \$1.79 in 1959, and the price of oil at Rotterdam was at its lowest point in history in 1969; an adjustment for inflation would show even more decline. The economist Edward Mitchell has devised an overall index of energy prices, weighted by their dollar values in the economy and deflated by the Consumer Price Index. It shows a steady decline, at an ever-increasing rate, from 1950 to 1973, as follows: 1950, 100; 1955, 96.9; 1960, 93.3; 1965, 87.2; 1970, 79.7; June of 1973 (shortly before OPEC imposed its embargo), 75.3.

In a cartel such as OPEC, the members press for their different interests, and they find it hard to agree to compromises that maximize profit for the cartel as a whole. There is a great temptation for individual countries to sell more than the quotas that have been given them. Furthermore, a sharp increase in price reduces consumer demand. The result is likely to be an oversupply of the commodity that the cartel has to sell and an underutilization of production facilities—a surplus of oil rather than a scarcity—and this is exactly what has happened to the oil market. Even as early as 1974, a reporter for *Near East Reports* could write that

in the face of a world-wide oil surplus, Saudi Arabia and several other OPEC nations have cut their oil production by 10 percent this month in order to prop up oil prices. Industry sources attribute the decision to cut production to ARAMCO, owned jointly by Saudi Arabia, Exxon, Texaco, Mobil and Standard Oil of California. ARAMCO officials, however, blamed “weather conditions” for the slash.

By March of 1975, *Newsweek* reported: “Growing oil glut . . . sagging Western demand for oil has forced OPEC members to cut production sharply to maintain the current high price of crude.” By 1976, the price of fuel oil and gasoline had apparently fallen in real terms (adjusted for inflation), and OPEC members were fighting among themselves about whether to raise prices. At the

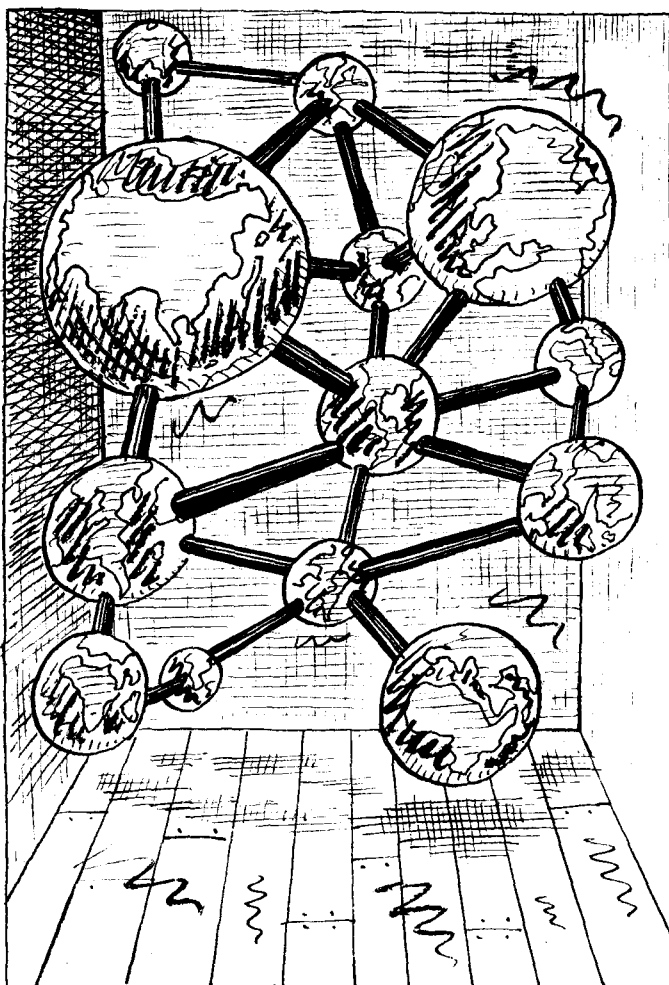
beginning of 1978, OPEC decided not to raise prices at all, despite inflation, which meant a fall in the relative price of oil. Newspaper headlines again referred to an “oil glut.” The executive director of the International Energy Agency, though choosing not to speak of glut, foresaw that OPEC and oil-producing countries “will face a slight overcapacity problem all the way into 1981-1982 . . . because of inadequate demand for OPEC's oil for some years.” Such news is now typical.

THE ARGUMENTS ABOUT THE STATE OF ENERGY resources in the United States are so contradictory that an attempt to sort them out would require a whole book. Vast areas of the subject will never be free from dispute. Until deregulation of oil prices early this year, the system of federal regulations governing oil was so complex that even professional economists could not understand it without much study. The regulations controlling natural gas remain in force, and they are just as snarled.

In the oil market, for example, the price that oil producers were allowed to charge depended upon how long ago the well was drilled; this device was an attempt to keep “old” oil wells from getting a windfall gain from the rise in world oil prices since 1973, and at the same time to provide an incentive for drilling new wells. Then there were “entitlements,” or rights to process price-controlled oil. The government issued a fixed number of them, and required refiners to buy and sell them among themselves at a price that was also fixed such that the costs for “old,” “new,” and imported oil would be equalized. This system was a patchwork quilt that hid the facts of oil supply from view.

The economist George Stigler once remarked that a business firm is a collection of devices to overcome obstacles to profit. Consider: for *interstate* delivery, the price of natural gas is controlled far below the market price for an equivalent amount of thermal energy from oil. But before 1978, *intrastate* gas prices were not controlled. The regulatory structure within which oil companies have operated and gas companies still flounder has been filled with such obstacles to profit. Each obstacle, however, has provided opportunity for some firms just as it has blocked others; it has been an invitation to finagle. Thus the *Wall Street Journal* could report that as of last August, “[The Energy Department] has filed some 200 actions accusing the 15 top oil companies of violations amounting to more than \$10 billion since 1973, and seeking restitution. This ‘is the only good publicity we’ve got,’ says an official of the Energy Department.” (At this writing, it is not clear whether the government will press its suits against violators of rules that no longer exist or will give them up.)

Who benefits from changes in energy policies? In 1978, the White House said that the deregulation of the



domestic oil market would bring windfall profits for the big oil companies. Others (including the *Wall Street Journal* editorial writers) argued that the regulations provided a subsidy for OPEC—a transfer of funds from American consumers to Middle East princes—that deregulation would check. Rather than multiply the details of who has said what, let us try to get a feeling for the interests that have governed the energy market and that govern it still. Let us imagine how it has felt from the inside, in some of the many different and conflicting roles within the market, as it was until recently. The exercise is worthwhile, because even though some of the pressures and constraints on the actors have changed, their objectives, and the rhetoric that conceals their objectives, have remained the same.

Let us imagine, for example, a California oil-well owner before deregulation. He can produce oil at a cost of \$10 a barrel by forcing water down his well under pressure. (Remember, the production costs to OPEC are only five to twenty cents per barrel.) The world price is \$35 per barrel, so he thinks he might sell his oil at a nice profit. But he cannot, because it is “old” oil, whose price is fixed far below the market price by the U.S. government. So he does not produce and sell very much oil, because he hopes that “old” U.S. oil might soon be deregulated. But he is

content with the regulation of natural-gas prices, because if the price of gas were decontrolled, gas that is now kept out of the market would be profitably produced and sold at prices below what he could get for his oil, for the same energy content. Deregulation of gas would mean that he could sell less oil. It would also threaten the stability of the OPEC cartel. In fact, the world-market price of oil might fall—to, say, only ten or twenty times the cost of production and transportation from the Middle East—leaving him without a market at the price he must charge. It might even fall below the government-fixed price per barrel that he would now get for his “old” oil, if he were able to sell it for that price. So he lobbies for the decontrol of oil prices, and he argues that if the price is freed, plenty of domestic oil will be supplied. But he is quite happy that the price of interstate gas is controlled, because that will discourage gas production and lead to a gas “shortage,” to more demand for oil, and thus to political pressure to decontrol domestic oil prices.

Now let us imagine the head of an international oil company—say, Exxon or Gulf. He makes money by “lifting” oil for Middle Eastern governments and then marketing it worldwide. He is happy that the price of “old” oil is controlled in the U.S., because that keeps down the competition—as does the fact that some U.S. oil is less desirable “heavy crude.” So he has a stake in letting people believe that allowing U.S. suppliers to sell at a higher price will *not* produce much additional U.S. oil; he prefers that Americans believe that the world and the U.S. are running out of oil. And so he lobbies against that “greedy” California driller; he wants U.S. oil prices regulated. (The U.S. oil companies see OPEC as simply a new cartel replacing an old one—that being the oil companies themselves. This is evident in a remark of a vice president of Exxon, reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, that “since OPEC now controls the oil spigots, the companies are no longer as free to reduce surpluses as they were when they controlled the fields.”)

Next, let us imagine a firm, like Westinghouse, that specializes in constructing nuclear electricity plants. It wants the price paid for domestic supplies of oil and gas to be kept low by regulation so that there will be “shortages” of oil and gas, a high world-market oil price, and a negative U.S. balance of payments resulting from the expenditures for Middle Eastern oil. Such a situation, together with the anxiety that we are running out of fossil fuels, will induce the government to spend large sums on nuclear-power research and development, which will help the firm produce and sell more efficient nuclear plants in the future.

Now imagine the owner of a natural-gas well in Texas who can profitably produce much gas at the price the market will bear—say, \$1.60 per thousand cubic feet. But say it is early 1977, and the regulated interstate gas price is \$1.45. (The price picture gets complicated here, because much of the cost of gas is transportation and distribution

rather than simply the amount paid to the gas-well owner.) He lobbies for deregulation of gas prices, of course. And he tries to sell his gas within Texas at the unregulated, intrastate price. But he finds that gas is a glut on the intrastate market, because every other Texas producer has the same idea. So he will keep his gas down in the well and wait until the price of gas rises (though this has its risks). If a bad winter hits, and heating oil runs short, he will rebuke the nation for its shortsightedness.

Now let us go even further afield and imagine a merchant seaman—or, better yet, an official of the National Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association. He wants more work for American seamen. So his organization contributes to Jimmy Carter's 1976 campaign. (This is not a hypothetical example.) By August of 1977, the "Cargo Preference Bill" passes the House Merchant Marine Committee. This bill provides that a fixed and rising percentage of all the oil imported to the U.S. must be carried on U.S. ships, despite the fact that it costs much more to operate a U.S.-flag tanker than a foreign-flag tanker. Most of the extra money will come out of government subsidies to U.S. shippers. But if U.S. oil-well owners can sell their oil at a decontrolled, untaxed price, there will be a smaller market for imported oil and, thus, fewer seamen's jobs. Hence, the seamen also have a stake in domestic regulation and high oil prices.

In each of these economic-political roles, we find ourselves fabricating reasons for the government to control the price of every source of energy except the one we profit from, and to finance research in our domain at public expense. The most persuasive reason we can offer is that the "supplies" of the other energy sources will soon run out, which makes our sort of energy the most deserving of support. And we tie our arguments to expected economic and population growth, which will make the other fuels run out faster and make the need for ours that much greater. Is it any wonder that the rhetoric about energy is so impassioned and hard to untangle?

To describe those who believe that natural resources are available in practically limitless abundance, someone has coined the term "cornucopians." The school of thought that I represent is not cornucopian. I believe that human ingenuity, rather than nature, is limitlessly bountiful. I believe that with knowledge, imagination, and enterprise, we and our descendants can muster from the earth all the mineral raw materials that we need and desire, at prices that grow smaller relative to other prices and to our total income. In short, our cornucopia is the human mind and heart. So it has been in the past, and therefore, I believe, so it is likely to be in the future. □



INTRAVENOUS TRIP

Draped on this reeling acropolis by nurse's
One-armed layup, I hang five
Senses out to air. They are no use to me.
Bright sugar is the only thing alive
In my lotus town.

The soft goods are withering; all must go,
Gut and muscle, lymph and bone.
I met a lively skull in the john this morning.
Stingy as a runnel in the stone
Sugar goes to my head,

And gives me nothing to do but freedom
From managing all that meat,
From gland-mediation, turd-manufacture, jawboning
Recalcitrant muscles along the shabby street
Always to depreciated quarters.

And I do freedom drunk with a still
Pure animation in my rocking tower,
Receiving effortless revelations, understanding
The grand machinery of power
Until the needle comes out

For good. Peristalsis must be the dirty trick
God used to confound Lucifer.
Poor bugger. I didn't want to come down either.
Hell is that way, down the corridor.

—Robert A. Brooks

We're doing what has to be done.

Auto Safety.

Crashes kill. They maim and cripple. And they are costly to Society. That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies support safer automotive engineering.

It's nine o'clock at night. Visibility is poor and rain is turning to sleet. You're driving home after an unusually hard day. Preoccupied, you don't realize the road is icy until, suddenly, you reach a curve. You struggle to maintain control, but you can't. You skid off the road at 40 miles an hour and smash head-on into a large tree. The sound of the crash is thunderous.

Then—silence. And you open the door and walk away. Impossible? In today's car, yes. But not in tomorrow's.

Today, automobile accidents injure more than five million people a year... and kill over 50,000. A national tragedy and a national problem.

Many serious accidents involve drinking drivers, youthful drivers, or tired drivers. Human error can never be eliminated. But a great many deaths and

crippling injuries can be avoided by stressing safety in automotive design and engineering.

That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies support the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. IIHS is an independent scientific organization that studies the causes of highway crashes and injuries and then suggests what can be done to reduce them.

IIHS has found that automobile design is a major contributor to crashes and injuries. In frontal crashes, for example, some designs allowed the hood to slash through the windshield and invade the passenger compartment. Partly because of IIHS investigations, the Federal Government in 1977 adopted a performance standard to prevent this.

Another example: after a crash,

many car fuel tanks were prone to rupture or leak, heightening the chance of lethal post-crash fire. Again, IIHS research ultimately led to action: Congressional hearings and adoption of a corrective safety standard.

The Research Safety Vehicle (RSV) is a prototype automobile that demonstrates today's "state of the art." When all cars embody RSV's features, a 40-mph, head-on crash won't have to mean death or even serious injury. That's why IIHS and insurers strongly support the RSV program.

The RSV is stylish, seats 4 comfortably, gets good gas mileage (City 27, Highway 37), would cost approximately \$7,000 to mass produce—and can thoroughly protect driver and passenger in ways no contemporary auto can.

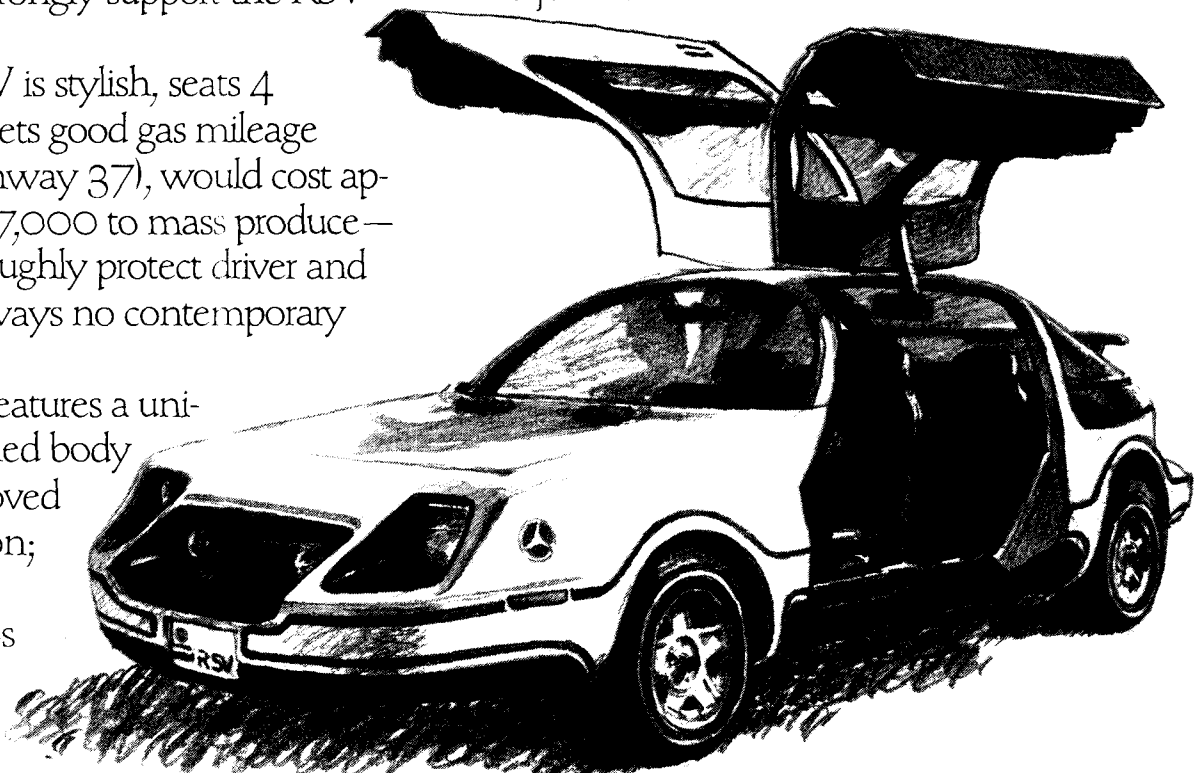
The RSV features a unitized, foam-filled body shell for improved crash protection; an interior 'clean' of knobs and gadgets that can injure and maim; improved protection in a side-impact crash or rollover; plus, seat belts and an automatic air-bag protection system. (The RSV also includes such amenities as air conditioning and citizens' band radio/AM-FM stereo cassette combination.)

You can't buy the RSV today. But

we hope that tomorrow, these improvements in auto safety will be standard in automotive designs.

The IIHS research program and the RSV are positive efforts. They show that tomorrow's cars—the ones being designed right now by the world's auto manufacturers—could be much, much safer than those on the road today.

Obviously, for Property-Casualty insurance companies, auto safety is an area where social responsibility and self-interest are joined.



The RSV. Designed and built for the Government by private industry contractors.

Our primary concern is to save lives and reduce injuries, wherever possible. But we also realize that the fewer claims we receive and the lower the cost of medical bills, the more policyholders will benefit—both from improvements in auto safety, and from positive effects auto safety features have on auto insurance costs.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

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DETROIT SKYLINE, 1949

BY BOBBIE ANN MASON

WHEN I WAS NINE, MY mother took me on a long journey up North, because she wanted me to have a chance to see the tall buildings of Detroit. We lived on a farm in western Kentucky, not far from the U.S. highway that took so many southerners northward to work in the auto industry just after World War II. We went to visit Aunt Mozelle, Mama's sister, and Uncle Boone Cashon, who had headed north soon after Boone's discharge from the service. They lived in a suburb of Detroit, and my mother had visited them once before. She couldn't get the skyscrapers she had seen out of her mind.

The Brooks bus took all day and all night to get there. On our trip, my mother threw up and a black baby cried all the way. I couldn't sleep for thinking about Detroit. Mama had tried in vain to show me how high the buildings were, pointing at the straight horizon beyond the cornfields. I had the impression that they towered half-way to the moon.

"Don't let the Polacks get you," my father had warned when we left. He had to stay home to milk the cows. My two-year-old brother, Johnny, stayed behind with him.

My aunt and uncle met us in a taxi at the bus station, and before I got a good look at them they had engulfed me in their arms.

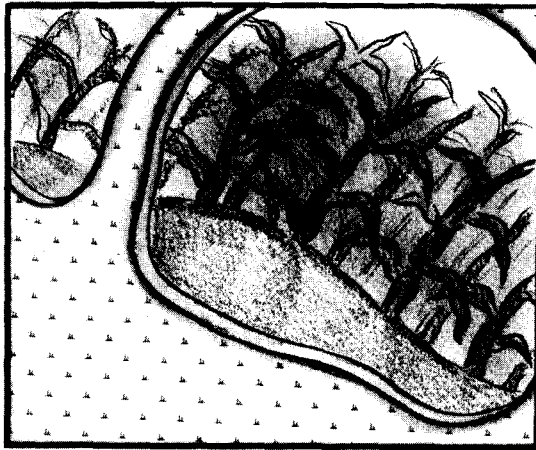
"I wouldn't have knowed you, Peggy Jo," my uncle said. "You was just a little squirt the last time I saw you."

"Don't this beat all?" said Aunt Mozelle. "Boone here could have built us a car by now—and us coming in a taxi."

"We've still got that old plug, but it gets us to town," said Mama.

"How could I build a car?" said Uncle Boone. "All I know is bumpers."

"That's what he does," my aunt said to me. "He puts on bumpers."



"We'll get a car someday soon," Uncle Boone said to his wife.

My uncle was a thin, delicate man with a receding hairline. His speckled skin made me think of the fragile shells of sparrow eggs. My aunt, on the other hand, was stout and tanned, with thick, dark hair draped like wings over her ears. I gazed at my aunt and uncle, trying to match them with the photograph my mother had shown me.

"Peggy's all worked up over seeing the tall buildings," said Mama as we climbed into the taxi. "The cat's got her tongue."

"It has *not*."

"I'm afraid we've got bad news," said Aunt Mozelle. "The city buses is on strike and there's no way to get into Detroit."

"Don't say it!" cried Mama. "After we come all this way."

"It's trouble with the unions," said Boone. "But they might start up before y'all go back." He patted my knee and said, "Don't worry, littl'un."

"The unions is full of Reds," Aunt Mozelle whispered to my mother.

"Would it be safe to go?" Mama asked.

"We needn't worry," said Aunt Mozelle.

From the window of the squat yellow taxi, driven by a froglike man who grunted, I scrutinized the strange and vast neighborhoods we were passing through. I had never seen so many houses, all laid out in neat rows. The houses were new, and their pastel colors seemed peaceful and alluring. The skyscrapers were still as remote to me as the castles in fairy tales, but these houses were real, and they were nestled next to each other in a thrilling intimacy. I knew at once where I wanted to live when I grew up—in a place like this, with neighbors.

My relatives' house, on a treeless new street, had venetian blinds and glossy hardwood floors. The living-room carpet had giant pink roses that made me think you could play hopscotch on them. The guest room had knotty-pine paneling and a sweet-smelling cedar closet. Aunt Mozelle

Bobbie Ann Mason lives in Pennsylvania and is working on a collection of short stories.

had put His-and-Her towels in our room. They had dogs on them and were pleurably soft. At home all of our washrags came out of detergent boxes, and our towels were faded and thin. The house was grand. And I had never seen my mother sparkling so. When she saw the kitchen, she whirled around happily, like a young girl, forgetting her dizziness on the bus. Aunt Mozelle had a toaster, a Mixmaster, an electric stove, and a large electric clock shaped like a rooster. On the wall, copper-bottomed pans gleamed in a row like golden-eyed cats lined up on a fence.

"Ain't it the berries?" my mother said to me. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Sometimes I have to pinch myself," said my aunt.

Just then, the front door slammed and a tall girl with a ponytail bounded into the house, saying "Hey!" in an offhand manner.

"Corn!" I said timidly, which seemed to perplex her, for she stared at me as though I were some odd sort of pet allowed into the house. This was my cousin Betsy Lou, in blue jeans rolled up halfway to her knees.

"Our kinfolks is here," Aunt Mozelle announced.

"Law, you've growed into a beanpole," said Mama to Betsy Lou.

"Welcome to our fair city, and I hope you don't get polio," Betsy Lou said to me.

"Watch what you're saying!" cried her mother. "You'll scare Peggy Jo."

"I imagine it'll be worse this summer than last," said Mama, looking worried.

"If we're stuck here without a car, you won't be any place to catch polio," Aunt Mozelle said, smiling at me.

"Polio spreads at swimming pools," Betsy Lou said.

"Then I'm not going to any swimming pool," I announced flatly.

Aunt Mozelle fussed around in her splendid kitchen, making dinner. I sat at the table, listening to Mama and her sister talk, in a gentle, flowing way, exchanging news, each stopping now and then to smile at the other in disbelief, or to look at me with pride. I couldn't take my eyes off my aunt, because she looked so much like my mother. She was older and heavier, but they had the same wide smile, the same unaffected laughter. They had similar sharp tips on their upper lips, which they filled in with bright red lipstick.

Mama said, "Boone sure is lucky. He's still young and ain't crippled and has a good job."

"Knock on wood," said Aunt Mozelle, rapping the door facing.

THEY HAD ARRANGED FOR ME TO HAVE A PLAYMATE, A girl my age who lived in the neighborhood. At home, in the summertime, I did not play with anyone, for the girls I knew at school lived too far away. Suddenly I found myself watching a chubby girl in a lilac

pique playsuit zoom up and down the sidewalk on roller skates.

"Come on," she said. "It's not hard."

"I'm coming." Betsy Lou had let me have her old skates, but I had trouble fastening them on my Weather-Bird sandals. I had never been on skates. At home there was no sidewalk. I decided to try skating on one foot, like a kid on a scooter, but the skate came loose.

"Put both of them on," said the girl, laughing at me.

Her name was Sharon Belletieri. She had to spell it for me. She said my name over and over until it sounded absurd. "Peggy Peggy Peggy Peggy Peggy." She made my name sound like "piggy."

"Don't you have a permanent?" she asked.

"No," I said, touching my pigtails. "My hair's in plaits 'cause it's summer."

"Har? Oh, you mean *hair*? Like air?" She waved at the air. She was standing there, perfectly balanced on her skates. She pronounced "hair" with two syllables. *Hay-er*. I said something like a cross between *herr* and *harr*.

Sharon turned and whizzed down the sidewalk, then skidded to a stop at the corner, twisted around, and faced me.

"Are you going to skate or not?" she asked.

MY UNCLE SMOKED OLD GOLDS, AND HE SEEMED TO have excess nervous energy. He was always jumping up from his chair to get something, or to look outside at the thermometer. He had found his name in a newspaper ad recently and had won a free pint of Cunningham's ice cream. My aunt declared that that made him somewhat famous. When I came back that day with the skates, he was sitting on the porch fanning himself with a newspaper. There was a heat wave, he said.

"What did you think of Sharon Belletieri?" he asked.

"She talks funny," I said, sitting down beside him.

"Folks up here all talk funny. I've noticed that too."

Uncle Boone had been a clerk in the war. He told me about the time he had spent in the Pacific theater, sailing around on a battleship, looking for Japs.

"Me and some buddies went to a Pacific island where there was a tribe of people with little tails," he said.

"Don't believe a word he says," said my aunt, who had been listening.

"It's true," said Uncle Boone. "Cross my heart and hope to die." He solemnly crossed his hands on his chest, then looked at his watch and said abruptly to me, "What do you think of Gorgeous George?"

"I don't know."

"How about Howdy Doody?"

"Who's Howdy Doody?"

"This child don't know nothing," he said to my aunt. "She's been raised with a bunch of country hicks."

"He's fooling," said Aunt Mozelle. "Go ahead and show her, Boone, for gosh sakes. Don't keep it a secret."

He was talking about television. I hadn't noticed the set in the living room because it had a sliding cover over the screen. It was a ten-inch table model with an upholstered sound box in a rosewood cabinet.

"We've never seen a television," my mother said.

"This will ruin her," said my aunt. "It's ruined Boone."

Uncle Boone turned on the television set. A wrestling match appeared on the screen, and I could see Gorgeous George flexing his muscles and tossing his curls. The television set resembled our radio. For a long time I was confused, thinking that I would now be able to see all my favorite radio programs.

"It's one of those sets you can look at in normal light and not go blind," my aunt said, to reassure us. "It's called Daylight TV."

"Wait till you see Howdy Doody," said Uncle Boone.

The picture on the television set was not clear. The reception required some imagination, and the pictures frequently dissolved, but I could see Gorgeous George moving across the screen, his curls bouncing. I could see him catch hold of his opponent and wrestle him to the floor, holding him so tight I thought he would choke.

That night, I lay in the cedar-perfumed room, too excited to sleep. I did not know what to expect next. The streetlamps glowed like moons through the venetian blinds, and as I lay there, my guardian angel slowly crept into my mind. In *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories*, there was a picture of a child with his guardian angel hovering over him. It was a man angel, and gigantic, with immense, white, feathery bird's wings. Probably the boy could never see him because the angel stayed in what drivers of automobiles call a blind spot. I had a feeling that my own guardian angel had accompanied the bus to Michigan and was in the house with me. I imagined him floating above the bus. I knew that my guardian angel was supposed to keep me from harm, but I did not want anyone to know about him. I was very much afraid of him. It was a long time before I fell asleep.

IN THE NORTH, THEY DRANK COFFEE. AUNT MOZELLE made a large pot of coffee in the mornings, and she kept it in a thermos so she could drink coffee throughout the day.

Mama began drinking coffee. "Whew! I'm higher than a kite!" she would say. "I'll be up prowling half the night."

"Little girls shouldn't ought to drink coffee," Uncle Boone said to me more than once. "It turns them black."

"I don't even want any!" I protested. But I did like the enticing smell, which awoke me early in the mornings.

My aunt made waffles with oleomargarine. She kneaded a capsule of yellow dye into the pale margarine.

"It's a law," she told me one morning.

"They don't have that law down home anymore," said Mama. "People's turning to oleo and it's getting so we can't sell butter."

"I guess everybody forgot how it tasted," said Aunt Mozelle.

"I wouldn't be surprised if that business about the dye was a Communist idea," said my uncle. "A buddy of mine at the plant thinks so. He says they want to make it look like butter. The big companies—they're full of Reds now."

"That makes sense to me," said Mama. "Anything to hurt the farmer."

It didn't make sense to me. When they talked about Reds, all I could imagine was a bunch of little devils in red suits, carrying pitchforks. I wondered if they were what my uncle had seen in the Pacific, since devils had tails. Everything about the North was confusing. Lunetta Jones, for instance, bewildered me. She came for coffee every morning, after my uncle had left in a car pool. Lunetta, a seventh-grade teacher, was from Kentucky, and her parents were old friends of my aunt's, so Mozelle and Boone took a special interest in her welfare. Lunetta's life was tragic, my aunt said. Her sailor-boy husband had died in the war. Lunetta never spoke to me, so I often stared at her unselfconsciously. She resembled one of the Toni twins, except for her horsey teeth. She wore her hair curled tight at the bottom, with a fluffy topknot, and she put hard, precise *gs* on the ends of words like "talking" and "going," the way both Sharon Belletieri and Betsy Lou did. And she wore elaborate dresses—rayon marquissette dresses with Paris pockets, dresses with tiered tucks, others of tissue chambray, with what she called "taffeta understudies." Sometimes I thought her dresses could carry her away on a frantic ride through the sky, they were so billowy and thin.

"Lunetta's man-crazy," my aunt explained to me. "She's always dressed up in one of them Sunday-go-to-meetin' outfits in case she might come across a man to marry."

Uncle Boone called her thick lipstick "man-bait."

THE BUSES REMAINED ON STRIKE, AND I SPENT THE days in the house. I avoided Sharon Belletieri, preferring to be alone, or to sit entranced before the television set. Sometimes the fading outlines of the characters on the screen were like ghosts. I watched Milton Berle, Morey Amsterdam, *Believe It Or Not*, *Wax Wackies*, and even *Blind Date*. Judy Splinters, a ventriloquist's dummy with pigtails like mine, was one of my favorites, and I liked the magician Foodino on *Lucky Pup* better than Howdy Doody. Betsy Lou teased me, saying I was too old for those baby shows. She was away most of the time, out on "jelly dates." A jelly date was a Coke date. She had jelly dates with Bob and Jim and Sam all on

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the same day. She was fond of singing "Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Walk," although one of her boyfriends had a car and she liked to go riding in it more than anything else. Why couldn't he take us to Detroit? I wondered, but I was afraid to ask. I had a sick feeling that we were never going to get to see the buildings of the city.

In the mornings, when there was nothing but snow on television, and the women were gossiping over their coffee in the kitchen, I sat on the enclosed porch and watched the people and the cars pass. During the heat wave, it was breezy there. I sat on the rattan chaise longue and read Aunt Mozelle's scrapbooks, which I had found on a shelf above the television set. They were filled with brittle newspaper clippings mounted in overlapping rows. The clippings included household hints and cradle notes, but most of the stories were about bizarre occurrences around the world—diseases and kidnappings and disasters. One headline that fascinated me read, TIBETAN STOMACH STOVE DECLARED CANCER CAUSE. The story said that people in Tibet who carry little hot stoves against their abdomens in winter frequently develop cancer from the irritation. I was thankful that I didn't live in a cold climate. Another story was about a boa constrictor that swallowed a horse blanket. And there were a number of strange stories about blue babies. When my aunt found me reading the scrapbooks, she said to me, "Life is amazing. I keep these to remind me of just how strange everything is. And how there are always people worse off." I nodded agreement. The porch was my favorite place. I felt secure there, as I read about these faraway wonders and afflictions. I would look up now and then and imagine I could see the tall buildings of Detroit in the distance.

"THIS IS A TWO-TONE GABARDINE SPECTATOR dress with a low-slung belt in the back," said Lunetta one morning as she turned to model her new dress for us. Lunetta always had official descriptions for her extravagant costumes.

My mother said in a wistful voice, "Law me, that's beautiful. But what would I look like, feeding the chickens in that getup?"

"Just look at them shoes," Aunt Mozelle said.

Lunetta's shoes had butterfly bows and sling heels and open toes. She sat down and tapped her toes as Aunt Mozelle poured coffee for her. She said then, "Is Boone worried about his job now that they caught that Red?"

"Well, he is, but he don't let on," said Aunt Mozelle, frowning.

Lunetta seized yesterday's newspaper and spread it out on the table. She pointed at the headlines. I remembered the way the adults had murmured over the newspaper the day before. Aunt Mozelle had said, "Don't worry, Boone. You don't work for that company." He had replied, "But the plant is full of sympathizers." Now Lun-

etta said, "Just think. That man they caught could have given Russia all the plans for the power plant. Nothing's safe. You never know who might turn out to be a spy."

My mother was disturbed. "Everything you all have worked so hard for—and the Reds could just come in and take it." She waved her hand at the kitchen. In my mind a strange scene appeared: a band of little red devils marching in with their pitchforks and taking the entire Kelvinator kitchen to hell. Later, it occurred to me that they would take the television set first.

When my uncle came home from work, I greeted him at the door and asked him bluntly, "Are you going to get fired because of the Reds?"

He only laughed and twitched my plaits. "No, sugar," he said.

"That don't concern young'uns," Aunt Mozelle told me. She said to her husband, "Lunetta was here—spreading ideas."

"Leave it to Lunetta," said Uncle Boone wearily.

That evening they were eager to watch the news on the television set. When the supervisor who had been fired was shown, my uncle said, "I hope they give him what-for."

"He was going to tell Russia about the power plant," I said.

"Hush, Peggy," said Mama.

That evening, I could hear their anxious voices on the porch, as I watched Arthur Godfrey, wrestling, and the barbershop quartets. It seemed odd to me that my uncle did not want to watch the wrestling. He had told me wrestling was his favorite program.

SHARON BELLETIERI HAD A BIRTHDAY PARTY. AUNT Mozelle took Mama and me to a nearby Woolworth's, where I selected a coloring book for a present. The store was twice the size of ours at home. I also bought a souvenir of my trip—a pair of china dogs, with a label that read "Made in Japan." And my mother bought me a playsuit like Sharon's.

"It's Sanforized. That's good," she said with an air of satisfaction, as she examined seams and labels.

My mother looked pale and tired. At breakfast she had suddenly thrown up, the way she had during our bus trip. "I can't keep anything down this early," she had said. My aunt urged her to drink more coffee, saying it would settle her stomach.

Sharon Belletieri lived with her parents in a famous kind of sanitary house where you couldn't get TB or rheumatic fever because it had no drafts. "You won't have to worry about polio," Betsy Lou had told me. The house had venetian blinds like my aunt's, and there was also a television set, an immense one, on legs. Howdy Doody was on, but no one was watching. I did not know what to say to the children. They all knew each other, and their screams and giggles had a natural continuity, something

like the way my mother talked with her sister, and like the splendid houses of the neighborhood, all set so close together.

For her birthday, Sharon's parents gave her a Toni doll that took my breath away. It had a bolero sundress, lace-edged panties and slip, and white shoes and socks—an outfit as fine as any of Lunetta's. It came with a Play Wave, including plastic spin-curlers and Toni Creme Rinse. The doll's magic nylon hair was supposed to grow softer in texture the more you gave it permanent waves. Feeling self-conscious in my new playsuit, I sat quietly at the party, longing to give that doll a permanent.

Eventually, even though I had hardly opened my mouth, someone laughed at my accent. I had said the unfortunate word "hair" again, in reference to the doll.

Sharon said, "She's from Kentucky."

Growing bold and inspired, I said, "Well, we don't have any Reds in Kentucky."

Some of the children laughed, and Sharon took me aside and told me a secret, making me cross my heart and hope to die. "I know who's a Red," she told me in a whisper. "My father knows him."

"Who?"

"One of the men your uncle rides with to work. The one who drives the car on Thursdays. He's a Red and I can prove it."

Before I could find out more, it was my turn to pin the tail on the donkey. Sharon's mother blindfolded me and spun me around. The children were squealing, and I could feel them shrinking from me. When I took the blindfold off, I was dizzy. I had pinned the donkey's tail on the wallpaper, in the center of a large yellow flower.

That evening, Betsy Lou went out with a boy named Sam, the one with the car, and Lunetta came to play canasta with the adults. During *Cavalcade of Stars*, I could hear them in the kitchen, accusing each other of hiding Reds, when they meant hearts and diamonds. They laughed so loudly I sometimes missed some of Jack Carter's jokes. The wrestling came on afterward, but my uncle did not notice, so I turned off the television and looked at a magazine. I spent a long time trying to write the last line to a Fab jingle so that I could win a television set and five hundred dollars a month for life. I knew that life in Kentucky would be unbearable without a television.

Between hands, Uncle Boone and Lunetta got into an argument. My uncle claimed there were more Reds teaching school than making cars, and Lunetta said it was just the opposite.

"They're firing schoolteachers, too," he said to Lunetta.

"Don't look at *me*," she said. "I signed the loyalty oath."

"Hush your mouth, Boone," said Aunt Mozelle.

"I know who a Red is," I said suddenly, coming to the table.

They all looked at me and I explained what Sharon had told me. Too late, I remembered my promise not to tell.

"Don't let anybody hear you say that," said Lunetta. "Your uncle would lose his job. If they even *think* you know somebody that knows somebody, you can get in trouble."

"You better not say anything, hon," said Uncle Boone.

"Peggy, it's past your bedtime," my mother said.

"What did I do?"

"Talk gets around," said Lunetta. "There's sympathizers even in the woodwork."

The next day, after a disturbing night in which my guardian angel did nothing to protect me from my terrible secret, I was glum and cranky, and for the first time I refused Aunt Mozelle's waffles.

"Are you burnt out on them?" she asked me.

"No, I just ain't hungry."

"She played too hard at the birthday party," Mama said knowingly to my aunt.

When Lunetta arrived and Mama told her I had played too hard at the birthday party, I burst into tears.

"It's nobody's business if I played too hard," I cried. "Besides," I shrieked at Mama, "you don't feel good at breakfast either. You always say you can't keep anything down."

"Don't be ugly," my mother said sharply. To the others, she said apologetically, "I reckon sooner or later she was bound to show out."

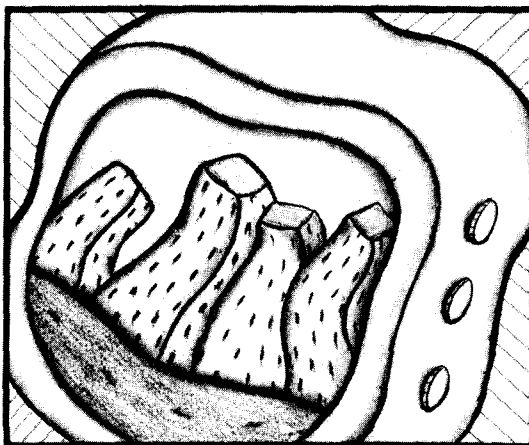
It was Sunday, and the heat wave continued. We all sat on the porch, looking at the Sunday papers. Betsy Lou was reading *Pleasant Valley* by Louis Bromfield. Uncle Boone read the Sunday comics aloud to himself. Actually, he was trying to get my attention, for I sat in a corner, determined to ignore everyone. Uncle Boone read "Abbie an' Slat's," "The Gumps," and "Little Orphan Annie." He pretended he was Milton Berle as he read them, but I wouldn't laugh.

Lunetta and Uncle Boone seemed to have forgotten their argument. Lunetta had dressed up for church, but the man she planned to go with had gone to visit his mother's grave instead.

"That man sure did love his mother," she said.

"Why don't you go to church anyway?" asked Betsy Lou. "You're all dressed up."

"I just don't have it in me," said Lunetta. She was



wearing a shell-tucked summer shantung dress and raffia T-strap sandals.

"Ain't you hot in that outfit?" asked my aunt. "We're burning up."

"I guess so." Lunetta seemed gloomy and distracted. I almost forgave her for upsetting me about the sympathizers, but then she launched into a complicated story about a baby-sitter who got double-crossed. "This woman baby-sat for her best friend, who was divorced and had two little babies. And come to find out, the friend was going out on dates with the woman's own husband!"

"If that don't beat all," said Mama, her eyes wide. She was drinking her second cup of coffee.

"No telling how long that could have kept up," said my aunt.

"It made a big divorce case," Lunetta said.

"I never saw so many divorce cases," said Mama.

"Would you divorce somebody if you found out they were a Communist?" Lunetta asked.

"I don't know as I would," said Aunt Mozelle. "Depends."

"I would," said Mama.

"I probably would," said Lunetta. "How about you, Boone?"

"If I found out Mozelle was a Red?" Boone asked, grinning. "I'd probably string her up and tickle her feet till she hollered uncle."

"Oh, Boone," Lunetta said with a laugh. "I know you'd stick up for Mozelle, no matter what."

They sat around that morning talking like this, good-naturedly. In the light of day, the Reds were only jokes after all, like the comics. I had decided to eat a bowl of Pep cereal, and "Some Enchanted Evening" was playing on the radio. Suddenly everything changed, as if a black storm had appeared to break the heat wave. My mother gave out a loud whoop and clutched her stomach in pain.

"Where does it hurt?" my aunt cried, grabbing at Mama.

Mama was too much in pain to speak. Her face was distorted, her sharp-pointed lips stretched out like a slingshot. My aunt helped her to the bathroom, and a short while later, my aunt and uncle flew away with her in a taxi. Mama had straightened up enough to say that the pain had subsided, but she looked scared, and the blood had drained from her face. I said nothing to her, not even good-bye.

Betsy Lou, left alone with me, said, "I hope she hasn't got polio."

"Only children get polio," I said, trembling. "She don't have polio."

The telephone rang, and Betsy Lou chattered excitedly, telling one of her boyfriends what had happened. Alone and frightened, I sat on the porch, hugging a fat pile of newspapers and gazing at the street. I could see Sharon Belletieri, skating a block away with two other girls. She was wearing a blue playsuit. She and her friends remind-

ed me of those privileged children in the Peanut Gallery on *Howdy Doody*.

To keep from thinking, I began searching the newspaper for something to put in Aunt Mozelle's scrapbook, but at first nothing seemed so horrible as what had just happened. Some babies had turned blue from a diaper dye, but that story didn't impress me. Then I found an item about a haunted house, and my heart began to race. A priest claimed that mysterious disturbances in a house in Wisconsin were the work of an angelic spirit watching over an eight-year-old boy. Cryptic messages were found on bits of paper in the boy's room. The spirit manifestation had occurred fifteen times. I found my aunt's scissors and cut out the story.

Within two hours, my aunt and uncle returned, with broad smiles on their faces, but I knew they were pretending.

"She's just fine," said Aunt Mozelle. "We'll take you to see her after-while, but right now they gave her something to make her sleep and take away the pain."

"She'll get to come home in the morning," said my uncle.

He had brought ice cream, and while he went to the kitchen to dish it out, I showed my aunt the clipping I had found. I helped her put it in her scrapbook.

"Life sure is strange," I said.

"Didn't I tell you?" she said. "Now, don't you worry about your mama, hon. She's going to be all right."

LATER THAT DAY, MY AUNT AND UNCLE STOOD IN THE corridor of the hospital while I visited my mother. The hospital was large and gray and steaming with the heat. Mama lay against a mound of pillows, smiling weakly.

"I'm the one that showed out," she said, looking ashamed. She took my hand and made me sit on the bed next to her. "You *were* going to have a little brother or sister," she said. "But I was mistaken."

"What happened to it?"

"I lost it. That happens sometimes."

When I looked at her blankly, she tried to explain that there wasn't *really* a baby, as there was when she had Johnny two years before.

She said, "You know how sometimes one or two of the chicken eggs don't hatch? The baby chick just won't take hold. That's what happened."

It occurred to me to ask what the baby's name would have been.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm trying to tell you there wasn't really a baby. I didn't know about it, anyway."

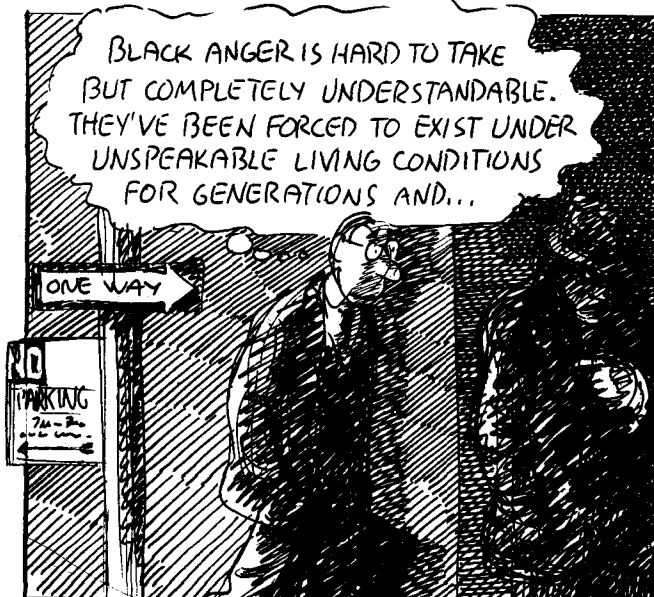
"You didn't even know there was a baby?"

"No. I didn't know about it till I lost it."

She tried to laugh, but she was weak, and she seemed as confused as I was. She squeezed my hand and closed her eyes for a moment. Then she said, "Boone says the

THE SOCIOLOGIST

BY EDWARD SOREL



buses will start up this week. You could go with your aunt to Detroit and see the big buildings."

"Without you?"

"The doctor said I should rest up before we go back. But you go ahead. Mozelle will take you." She smiled at me sleepily. "I wanted to go so bad—just to see those big fancy store windows. And I wanted to see your face when you saw the city."

THAT EVENING, *TOAST OF THE TOWN* WAS ON TELEVISION, and then Fred Waring, and *Garroway at Large*. I was lost among the screen phantoms—the magic acts, puppets, jokes, clowns, dancers, singers, wise-cracking announcers. My aunt and uncle laughed uproariously. Uncle Boone was drinking beer, something I had not seen him do, and the room stank with the smoke of his Old Golds. Now and then I was aware of all of us sitting there together, laughing in the dim light from the television, while my mother was in the hospital. Even Betsy Lou was watching with us. Later, I went to the guest room and sat on the large bed, trying to concentrate on finishing the Fab jingle.

*Here's to a fabulous life with Fab
There's no soap scum to make wash drab
Your clothes get cleaner—whiter, too . . .*

I heard my aunt calling to me excitedly. I was missing something on the television screen. I had left because the news was on.

"Pictures of Detroit!" she cried. "Come quick. You can see the big buildings."

I raced into the living room in time to see some faint, dark shapes, hiding behind the snow, like a forest in winter, and then the image faded into the snow.

"Mozelle can take you into Detroit in a day or two," my uncle said. "The buses is starting up again."

"I don't want to go," I said.

"You don't want to miss the chance," said my aunt.

"Yes, I do."

That night, alone in the pine-and-cedar room, I saw everything clearly, like the sharpened images that floated on the television screen. My mother had said an egg didn't hatch, but I knew better. The Reds had stolen the baby. They took things. They were after my aunt's copper-bottomed pans. They stole the butter. They wanted my uncle's job. They were invisible, like the guardian angel, although they might wear disguises. You didn't know who might be a Red. You never knew when you might lose a baby that you didn't know you had. I understood it all. I hadn't trusted my guardian angel, and so he had failed to protect me. During the night, I hit

upon a last line to the Fab jingle, but when I awoke I saw how silly and inappropriate it was. It was going over and over in my mind: *Red soap makes the world go round.*

ON THE BUS HOME A FEW DAYS LATER, I SLEPT WITH my head in my mother's lap, and she dozed with her head propped against my seatback. She was no longer sick, but we were both tired and we swayed, unresisting, with the rhythms of the bus. When the bus stopped in Fort Wayne, Indiana, at midnight, I suddenly woke up, and at the sight of an unfamiliar place, I felt—with a new surge of clarity—the mystery of travel, the vastness of the world, the strangeness of life. My own life was a curiosity, an item for a scrapbook. I wondered what my mother would tell my father about the baby she had lost. She had been holding me tightly against her stomach as though she feared she might lose me, too.

I had refused to let them take me into Detroit. At the bus station, Aunt Mozelle had hugged me and said, "Maybe next time you come we can go to Detroit."

"If there is a next time," Mama said. "This may be her only chance, but she had to be contrary."

"I didn't want to miss *Wax Wackies* and *Judy Splinters*," I said, protesting.

"We'll have a car next time you come," said my uncle. "If they don't fire everybody," he added with a laugh.

"If that happens, y'all can always come back to Kentucky and help us get a crop out," Mama told him.

The next afternoon, we got off the bus on the highway at the intersection with our road. Our house was half a mile away. The bus driver got our suitcases out of the bus for us, and then drove on down the highway. My father was supposed to meet us, but he was not there.

"I better not carry this suitcase," said Mama. "My insides might drop."

We left our suitcases in a ditch and started walking, expecting to meet Daddy on the way.

My mother said, "You don't remember this, but when you was two years old I went to Jackson, Tennessee, for two weeks to see Mozelle and Boone—back before Boone was called overseas?—and when I come back the bus driver let me off here and I come walking down the road to the house carrying my suitcase. You was playing in the yard and you saw me walk up and you didn't recognize me. For the longest time, you didn't know who I was. I never *will* forget how funny you looked."

"They won't recognize us," I said solemnly. "Daddy and Johnny."

As we got to the top of the hill, we could see that our little white house was still there. The tin roof of the barn was barely visible through the tall oak trees. □

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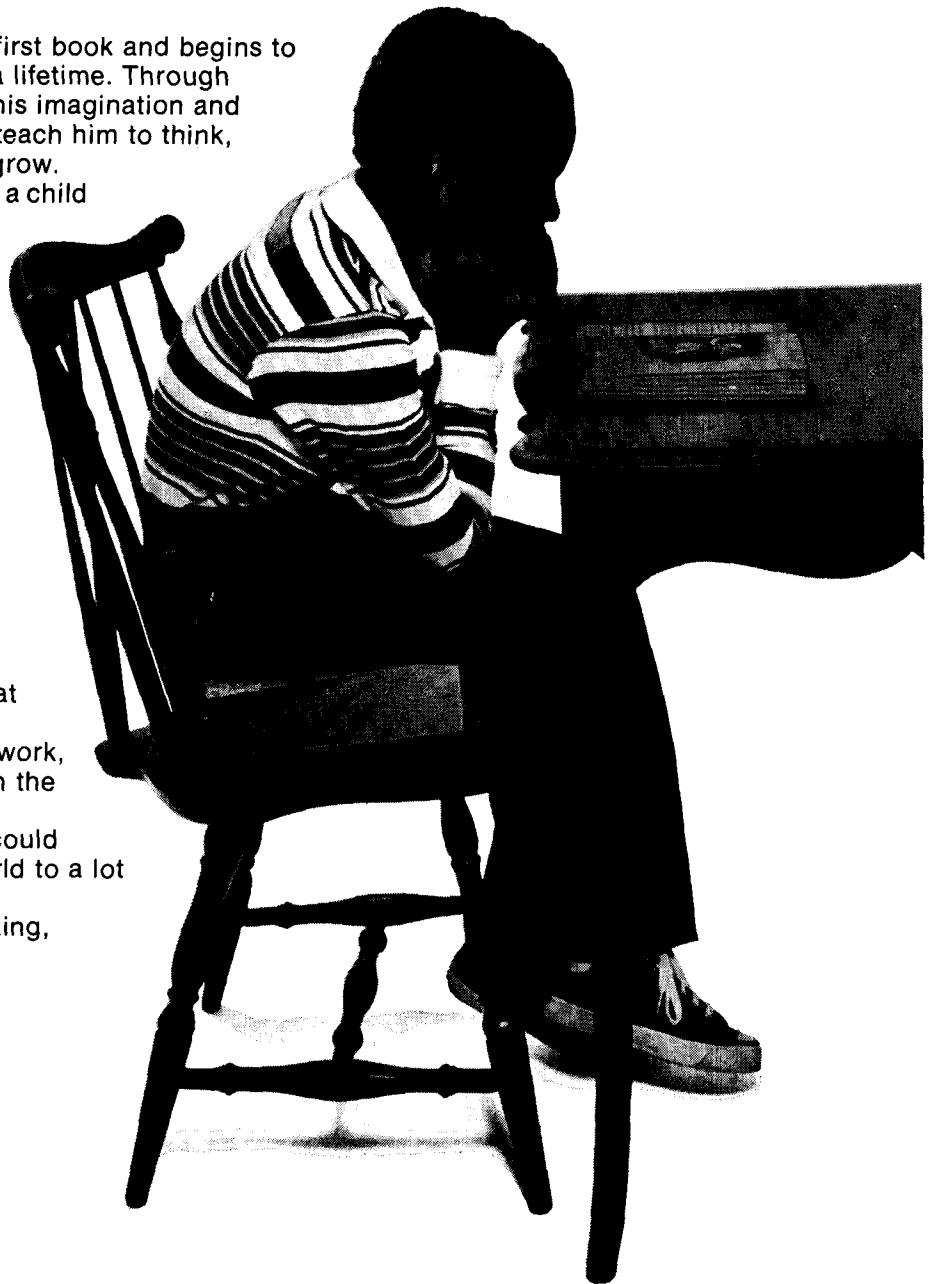
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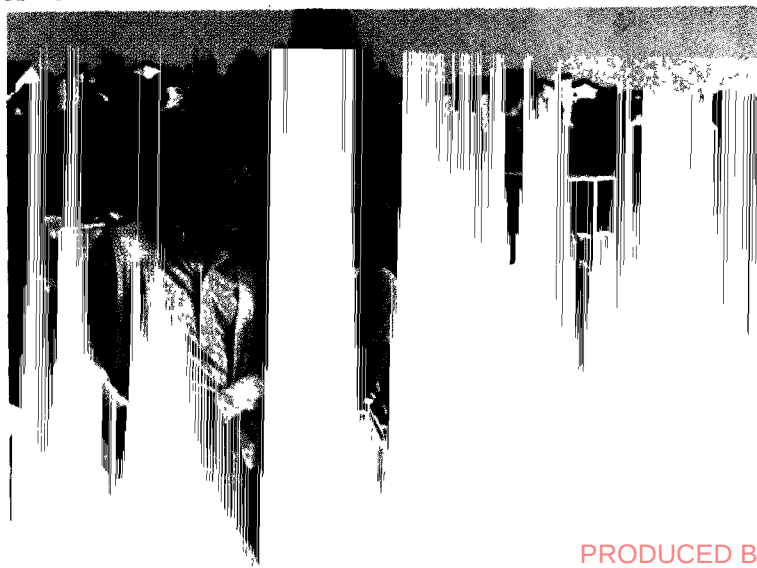


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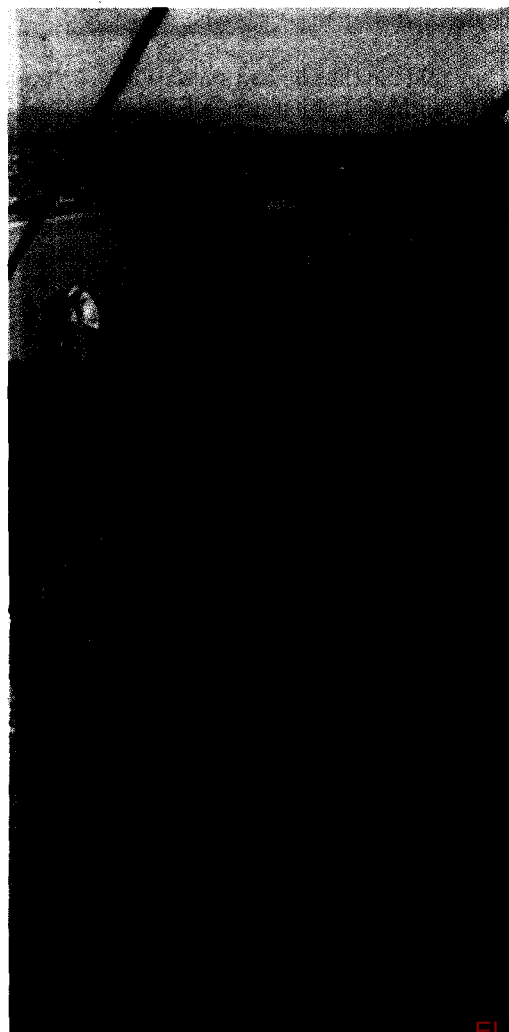
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But they are all alike in one way: they are all innovators. They had to be, from the beginning. California has a magnificent coast but not enough harbors—so they built the largest man-made harbor in the world. It's a land of rich soil but without enough water—so Californians constructed one of the world's most extensive irrigation systems.

Californians innovate in nearly everything from fads and fashions to new lifestyles—and often the rest of us follow their lead. They were, among other things, the first to make our famous Marlboro brand the Number One selling cigarette, two years before the rest of the world.

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California's natural riches may well have made it the “Golden State” even before the first Indians arrived. But today's California is golden because Californians make it golden.

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Why the rifles jammed

M-16: A BUREAUCRATIC HORROR STORY

BY JAMES FALLOWS

BETWEEN 1965 AND 1969, MORE THAN A MILLION American soldiers served in combat in Vietnam. One can argue that they should never have been sent there, but no one would argue that, once committed to battle, they should have been given inferior equipment. Yet that is what happened. During those years, in which more than 40,000 American soldiers were killed by hostile fire and more than 250,000 wounded, American troops in Vietnam were equipped with a rifle that their superiors knew would fail when put to the test.

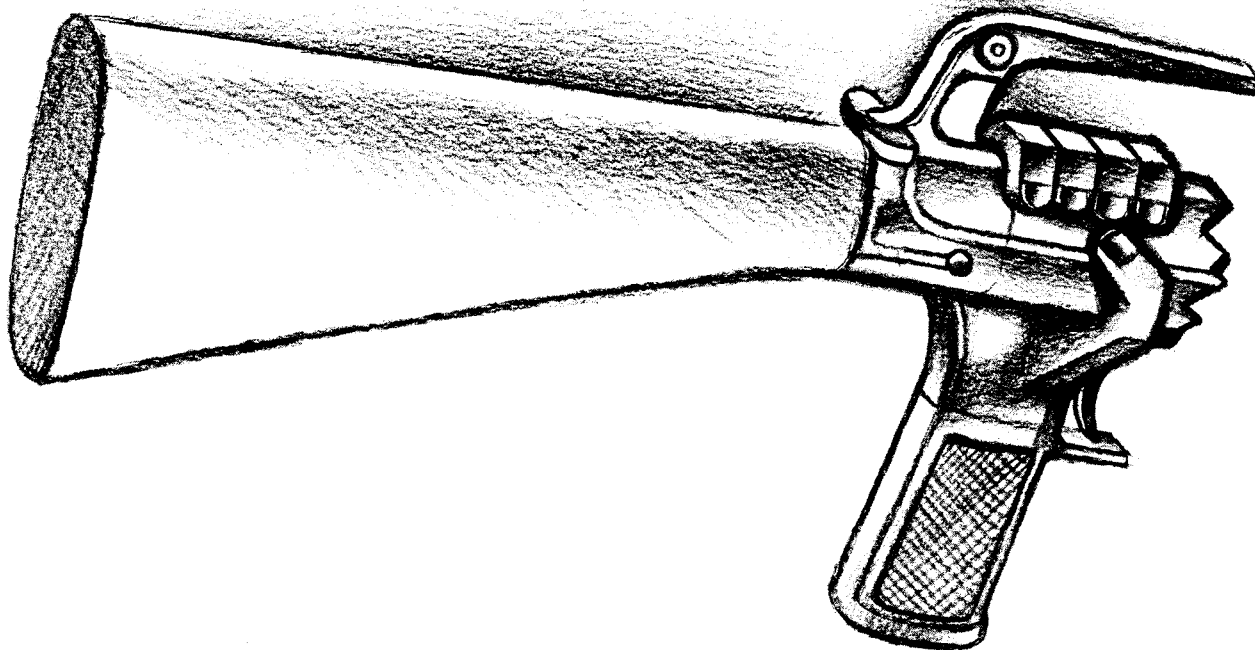
The rifle was known as the M-16; it was a replacement for the M-14, a heavier weapon, which was the previous standard. The M-16 was a brilliant technical success in its early models, but was perverted by bureaucratic pressures into a weapon that betrayed its users in Vietnam. By the middle of 1967, when the M-16 had been in combat for about a year and a half, a sufficient number of soldiers had written to their parents about their unreliable equipment and a sufficient number of parents had sent those letters to their congressmen to attract the attention of the House Armed Services Committee, which formed an investigating subcommittee. The subcommittee, headed by Representative Richard Ichord, a Demo-

crat from Missouri, conducted a lengthy inquiry into the origins of the M-16 problem. Much of the credit for the hearings belongs to the committee's counsel, Earl J. Morgan. The hearing record, nearly 600 pages long, is a forgotten document, which received modest press attention at the time and calls up only dim recollections now. Yet it is a pure portrayal of the banality of evil.

Nearly a century before American troops were ordered into Vietnam, weapons designers had made a discovery in the science of "wound ballistics." The discovery was that a small, fast-traveling bullet often did a great deal more damage than a larger round when fired into human or (for the experiments) animal flesh. A large artillery round might pass straight through a human body, but a small bullet could act like a gouge. During the early stages of the congressional hearings, Ichord asked Eugene Stoner, the designer of the original version of the M-16, to explain the apparent paradox of a small bullet's destructive power. The answer emerged in the following grisly exchange.

ICHORD: One Army boy told me that he had shot a Vietcong near the eye with an M-14 [which uses a substantially heavier bullet] and the bullet did not make too large a hole on exit, but he shot a Vietcong under similar circumstances in the same place with an M-16 and his whole head was reduced to pulp. This would not

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appear to make sense. You have greater velocity but the bullet is lighter.

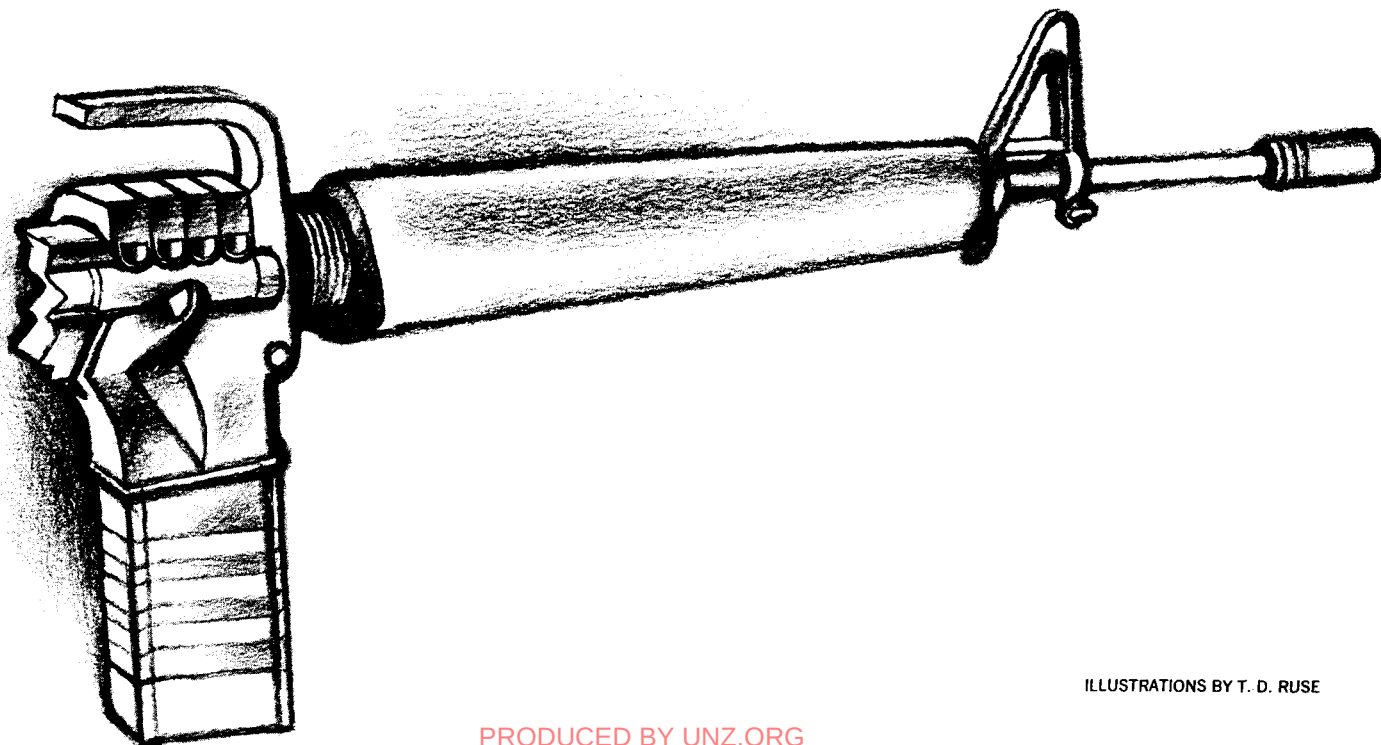
STONER: There is the advantage that a small or light bullet has over a heavy one when it comes to wound ballistics . . . What it amounts to is the fact that bullets are stabilized to fly through the air, and not through water, or a body, which is approximately the same density as the water. And they are stable as long as they are in the air. When they hit something, they immediately go unstable. . . . If you are talking about .30-caliber [like the bullet used in the M-14], this might remain stable through a human body. . . . While a little bullet, being it has a low mass, it senses an instability situation faster and reacts much faster. . . . this is what makes a little bullet pay off so much in wound ballistics.

The farsighted Willard G. Wyman, the commanding general of the Continental Army Command, had asked Stoner to design a rifle precisely to take advantage of the "payoff" of smaller bullets. The AR-15, the precursor of the M-16, used .22-caliber bullets instead of the .30-caliber that had long been standard for the Army. As early as 1928, an Army "Caliber Board" had conducted firing experiments in Aberdeen, Maryland, and had then recommended a move toward smaller ammunition, perhaps of the .27-caliber range; but the Army, for reasons that were partly technical but largely traditional, refused then and for the next thirty-five years to change from the .30-caliber bullet, which it chose to describe as "full-sized."

A second discovery about weaponry lay behind the design of Eugene Stoner's AR-15. In studies of combat units during World War II, S. L. A. Marshall found that nearly four fifths of combat soldiers never fired their weapons during battle. This finding prompted the Army to take a closer look at the weapons the soldiers

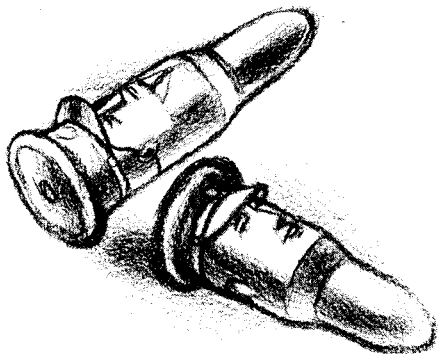
used. It turned out that one group of soldiers was an exception to this rule: those who carried the Browning automatic rifles (BARs). These were essentially portable machine guns, which could spray out bursts of continuous fire. (The rifles that the other soldiers carried, M-1s, were "semiautomatic," requiring a separate trigger squeeze for each round.) Within a combat group, firing would begin with the BAR man and spread out from him. The nearer a soldier with an M-1 stood to the BAR man, the more likely he was to fire. The explanation most often suggested was that the infantryman carrying a normal rifle felt that his actions were ultimately futile. John Keegan said in *The Face of Battle*, "Infantrymen, however well-trained and well-armed, however resolute, however ready to kill, remain erratic agents of death. Unless centrally directed, they will choose, perhaps badly, their own targets, will open and cease fire individually, will be put off their aim by the enemy's return of fire, will be distracted by the wounding of those near them, will yield to fear or excitement, will fire high, low, or wide." The normal infantryman could not see the enemy clearly or have any sense of whether he had made a hit. The BAR man, by contrast, had the sense that he could dominate a certain area—"hose it down," in the military slang—and destroy anyone who happened to be there.

After World War II, there was a demand from some officers for a new infantry weapon that would be light, reasonably accurate, and capable of fully automatic fire. The Army's response was to build the M-14, adopted in 1957. This was basically an automatically firing, less solidly made version of the Army's previous standard, the M-1. Like the M-1, it used a large, .30-caliber round. Its disadvantage was that it was virtually uncontrollable when on fully automatic fire. The explosive charge



ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. RUSE

needed to propel the heavy bullets was so great, and the rifle itself so flimsily built (in an effort to make it lightweight), that the kick was ferocious. A soldier who used it on automatic fire was likely to get a nosebleed, in addition to being unable to control the weapon's aim. It was with this rifle that American troops trained in the early and middle sixties, and it was the weapon they took to Vietnam in the first years of the war.



THE M-14 WAS A PRODUCT OF THE ARMY'S OWN ARSENAL system—an informal congeries of weapons laboratories, private contractors, and Army officials which is often collectively known as the “ordnance corps.” At various times in their history, the Army bureaus responsible for small-arms development have gone by different names, including, in the period relevant to this story, the Army Materiel Command and the Ordnance Department. The ordnance corps had been in charge of small-arms design for the Army for more than a hundred years. In questions of technology, it emphasized the outlook of the “gravel-bellies”—the sharpshooters and marksmen who measured a weapon by how well it helped them hit a target 400, 500, 600 yards away in peacetime rifle competition. “The M-14 had been developed on the premise that aimed fire, the fire of the marksman, was of the utmost importance in combat,” a Rand employee named Thomas McNaugher wrote in a study of the M-16. “To the U.S. Army, it was more than a premise, it was a creed that had evolved over nearly a century since the service adopted its first rifle in 1855.” Giving generous credit to the element of rationality in the ordnance corps’ practices, McNaugher says that the marksman’s philosophy was appealing because the “Ordnance Department, the agency that developed and produced the services’ rifles and ammunition, preferred tactics that stressed slow and deliberate fire because it meant less waste of ammunition and hence less strain on the Department’s supply lines and production facilities.”

For the marksman’s purposes, a large, heavy round was preferable, since it remained steady in flight and was less sensitive to wind. Hand in hand with this marksman’s outlook went an insistence on rigid technical specifications. If a round didn’t leave the muzzle at 3,250

feet per second, it was no good; if it couldn’t be fired in the Arctic and the Sahara and perform just as well in either place, it was not fit for Army duty. These emphases had little to do with the experience of jungle combat, in which most fire fights took place at ranges of no more than thirty to fifty yards, and in which speed and surprise were so important that it might often cost a soldier his life to take the time to aim his rifle instead of simply pointing it in the right direction and opening up on automatic.

The ordnance corps was small-time, insular, old-fashioned. Its technical experts were divided into a number of subspecialties: internal ballistics (which concern the bullet’s behavior before it leaves the weapon), external ballistics (the bullet in flight), wound ballistics, and other areas. Its organization was further fragmented among technicians at the arsenals and the research center and the military bureaucrats at the Pentagon. Historically, its first instinct, when presented with a new technical possibility, had been to reject it and stick to traditional solutions. Twice since the Civil War, American Presidents had had to force the ordnance corps to adopt new rifles that had come from outside its own shop.

There was also an air of coziness in relations between the ordnance corps and the rifle- and ammunition-makers who supplied it. “Sole-source” contracts, which gave one company a monopoly on the Army’s business, were not unusual. One of the most important of these, which would prove to have an especially crucial effect on the development of the M-16, was with the Olin Mathieson Corporation, which since the end of World War II had been the Army’s supplier of a kind of gunpowder known as “ball powder.”

The ordnance corps had every reason to dislike the AR-15. It came from an outside inventor, and threatened to replace the M-14, a product of the corps’ own arsenal system. It was not a gravel-belly’s or a technician’s rifle. And it used what was, by the standards of the corps, a laughably small round—a .22-caliber bullet, the kind kids used to shoot at squirrels. In the early fifties, the U.S. ordnance corps had fought a grueling battle against European governments in NATO, which wanted to have a small bullet adopted as the NATO standard. The ordnance corps’ struggle to impose the .30-caliber bullet as NATO standard had been successful, but it had left much ill will in its wake. Having won that struggle, the Army was not likely to surrender meekly on the same point in its own home territory.

AT ABOUT THE TIME THE M-14 WAS ADOPTED AS THE Army’s standard, Eugene Stoner was completing his work on the AR-15. Stoner was known as one of the great figures in the special calling of small-arms design. Like some of the other outstanding American rifle designers—including John Browning, inventor of

the Browning automatic rifle, who had to sell his weapon to foreign governments after rejection by the American ordnance corps—Stoner had never seen his models win easy acceptance by the Army. He was working for the Armalite Corporation when he finished developing the AR-15.

The rifle combined several advantages. One was the lethal “payoff” that came with its .22-caliber bullets. The smaller, lighter ammunition meant that the rifle could be controlled on automatic fire by the average soldier, because its kick was so much less than the M-14’s. The rifle itself was also lighter than the M-14. These savings in weight meant that a soldier using the AR-15 could carry almost three times as many rounds as one with the M-14. This promised to eliminate one of the soldier’s fundamental problems in combat: running out of ammunition during a fire fight. The rifle had two other, technical advantages. One was the marvelous reliability of its moving parts, which could feed, fire, extract, and eject 600 or 700 cartridges a minute and practically never jam. The other was a manufacturing innovation that drastically cut the cost of the weapon. The parts were stamped out—not hand-machined, as in previous rifles—and they could be truly mass-produced. The stock was made of plastic, which further cut the cost, and to traditionalists, this was one more indication that the AR-15 was not a real weapon. They said that you couldn’t use a plastic rifle as a club. Stoner’s reply, in effect, was that with the AR-15’s reliability and destructive power you wouldn’t need to.

The AR-15 was tested in 1958 at three military bases. The reports were favorable, but there were reservations from the ordnance establishment about the propriety of using such small-caliber ammunition. To reconcile the differences in opinion, the Army commissioned an extensive series of tests at its Combat Developments Experimentation Command, known as CDEC, at Fort Ord, California. These tests ran from the fall of 1958 until the spring of 1959, and were designed not to follow the usual marksman’s pattern but to simulate the conditions of small squads in combat. In the tests, the AR-15 was matched against the M-14 and another lightweight rifle, made by Winchester. The results, released in May of 1959, included these findings:

a. With a total combat weight per man equivalent to that planned for riflemen armed with the M-14, a squad consisting of from 5-7 men armed with the [AR-15] would have better hit distribution and greater hit capability than the present eleven-man M-14 squad. . . .

b. By opinion poll, the experimentation troops favor the [AR-15] because of its demonstrated characteristics of lightness in weight, reliability, balance and grip, and freedom from recoil and climb on full automatic. . . .

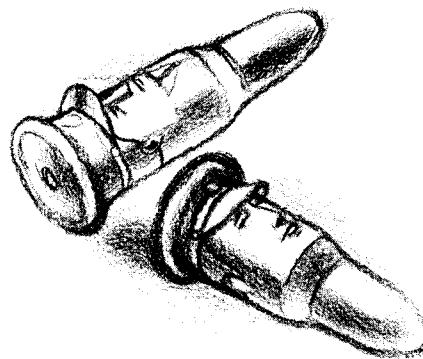
h. The attributes demonstrated by the prototype weapons of the lightweight high-velocity category indicate an overall combat potential superior to that of the M-14. Such advantages include . . . lightness in weight

of arms and ammunition, ease of handling, superior full automatic firing capability, accuracy of the Winchester and functional reliability of the Armalite [AR-15].

The report’s conclusion was that the Army should develop a lightweight rifle “with the reliability characteristics of the Armalite” to replace the M-14. “Concurrent with the adoption of a lightweight high-velocity rifle,” the report said, “serious consideration [should] be given to reduction in the size of the present squad,” in light of the increased firepower of the new weapons. The repeated references to the “reliability” of the AR-15 bear emphasis, in view of the weapon’s unreliability after it had been transformed into the M-16 and sent to war.

After the CDEC tests, the Army admitted the theoretical “promise” of the lightweight system but rejected it as a practical proposition. Emphasizing the importance of having all rifles and machine guns use the same ammunition, the Army ordered full production of the .30-caliber M-14.

However, advocates of the AR-15 enlisted the support of a redoubtable gun enthusiast, General Curtis Lemay, then the Air Force’s Chief of Staff. Based on his interest, the Air Force conducted further tests and inspections and declared the AR-15 its “standard” model in January of 1962. The Air Force then took a step that later had enormous significance. On the advice of the Armalite Corporation, which owned the design for the rifle, and of Colt, which had the contract to manufacture it, the Air Force tested the ammunition that the Remington Arms Company had developed for the AR-15. After the tests, the Air Force declared the ammunition suitable for its purposes. In May of 1962, it ordered 8,500 rifles from Colt and 8.5 million rounds of ammunition from Remington.



AT THIS POINT, DECISIONS ABOUT THE RIFLE MOVED from the world of tests and paper specifications to that of actual combat. In 1962, the Defense Department’s Advanced Research Projects Agency, prompted by staff members who were advocates of the AR-15, managed to get 1,000 AR-15s shipped to Vietnam for tests by soldiers of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN). The rationale was that Vietnamese sol-

diers were too short and slight to handle rifles with full-sized ammunition. The reports were glowing, especially about the phenomenal reliability of the weapon. There were no broken parts reported in the firing of 80,000 rounds during one stage of the tests. In the whole period, only two replacement parts were issued for all 1,000 rifles. The report recommended that the AR-15 be shipped in bulk to South Vietnam as standard equipment for the ARVN soldier. But Admiral Harry Felt, then the Commander in Chief, Pacific Forces, rejected the recommendation, based on Army advice, saying that it would create a complicated logistics problem to have different rifles using different rounds in the war zone. The Joint Chiefs of Staff supported his decision.

Through 1962 and 1963, there followed a series of tests, evaluations, and counter-evaluations by the American military, the repeated theme of which was the lightness, "lethality," and reliability of the AR-15. The results of one test, conducted by the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency, were summed up in September of 1962 by the Comptroller of the department:

Taking into account the greater lethality of the AR-15 rifle and improvements in accuracy and rate of fire in this weapon since 1959, in overall squad kill potential the AR-15 rifle is up to 5 times as effective as the M-14 rifle. . . .

The AR-15 rifle can be produced with less difficulty, to a higher quality, and at a lower cost than the M-14 rifle.

In reliability, durability, ruggedness, performance under adverse conditions, and ease of maintenance, the AR-15 is a significant improvement over any of the standard weapons including the M-14 rifle. The M-14 rifle is weak in the sum of these characteristics. . . .

It is significantly easier to train the soldier with the AR-15 than with the M-14 rifle.

Three times as much ammunition can be carried on the individual soldier within the standard weapon-and-ammunition load. . . .

Meanwhile, the Army Materiel Command, home of the ordnance corps, was conducting its own evaluations of the AR-15. In these, too, there was consistency. The corps found little to admire in the AR-15, and many technical objections to it. It had poor "pointing and night firing characteristics"; its penetration at long distance was also poor. The ordnance corps' recommendation was to stick with the M-14 until a "radically" better model, based on advanced technology, emerged from research programs that the ordnance labs had recently begun.

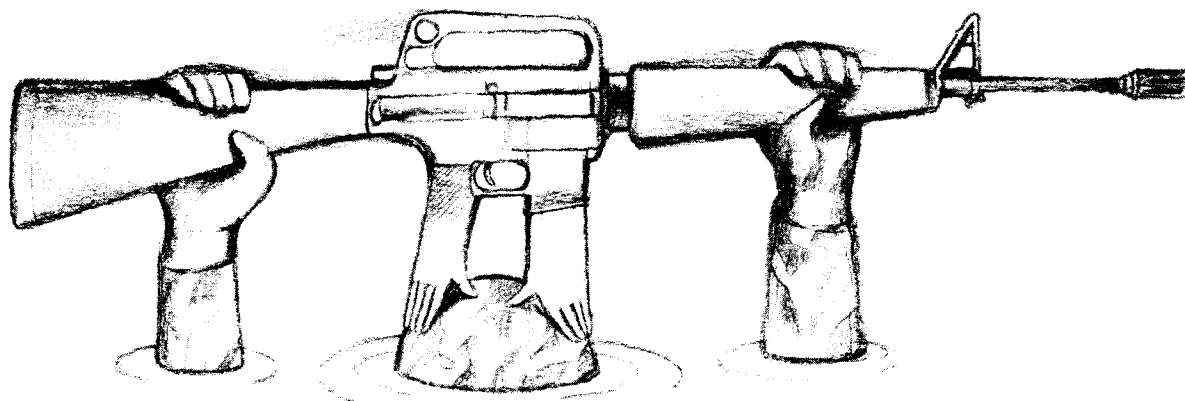
Early in 1963, with strong support from President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, the Special Forces (better known as the Green Berets) asked for and got approval to use the AR-15 as their standard issue, because they needed lightweight gear for mobility and stealth. The Army's airborne units in Vietnam also got it, as did some agents of the CIA. As the AR-15 attracted a greater and greater following among

units actually operating in Vietnam, Secretary of the Army Cyrus Vance asked the Army's inspector general to look again at the reasoning and evidence that had led the Army Materiel Command to reject the AR-15. His investigation found that the tests had been blatantly rigged. The M-14s used in the tests were all handpicked, hand-made, "matchgrade" weapons (suitable for marksmen's competitions), while the AR-15s were taken straight from the box. The ammunition for the M-14 had also received special care. The inspector found that various organizations of the ordnance corps had met beforehand to discuss how to fix the tests. They agreed to take a dry run through the tests, and then (according to the printed minutes of their meeting) include in the final evaluations "only those tests that will reflect adversely on the AR-15 rifle. . . ." The lines became more clearly drawn within the Pentagon, with the Air Force and the civilian leadership of the Defense Department (especially McNamara) in favor of the AR-15 and the Army ordnance establishment opposed.

As the fighting in Vietnam grew more intense, in late 1963, procurement of the rifle began, with 19,000 rifles for the Air Force and another 85,000 for the special Army units. Robert McNamara, in the interest of efficiency, designated the Army as the central procurement agency for all the services. It was at this point that the Army ordnance corps got hold of Eugene Stoner's AR-15, declared it to be inadequately "developed," and "militarized" it into the M-16.

The first of several modifications was the addition of a "manual bolt closure," a handle that would permit the soldier to ram a cartridge in manually after it had refused to seat properly by itself. The Air Force, which was to buy the rifle, and the Marine Corps, which had tested it, objected vehemently to this change. An Air Force document said, "During three years of testing and operation of the AR-15 rifle under all types of conditions the Air Force has no record of malfunctions that could have been corrected by a manual bolt closing device." Worse, they said, the device would add cost, weight, and complexity to the weapon, thereby reducing the reliability that had been its greatest asset.

Years later, during the congressional hearings, Eugene Stoner said that he had always opposed a closure device, because "when you get a cartridge that won't seat in a rifle and you deliberately drive it in, usually you are buying yourself more trouble." Colonel Howard Yount, who had been a project manager at the Rock Island arsenal in 1963 and who throughout the hearings bore the burden of explaining the ordnance corps' decisions, was asked how this change could have been justified. Not on the basis of complaints or of prior tests, Colonel Yount said. It was justified "on the basis of direction." Direction from where? a congressman asked. Direction from his superiors on the Army staff, was all he would say. The widespread assumption was that the late General



Earl Wheeler, then the Army's Chief of Staff, had personally ordered that the M-16 carry the useless handle, largely because previous Army rifles had had them. Eugene Stoner said that his only explanation for the Army's decision was that "the M-1, the M-14, and the carbine had always had something for the soldier to push on; [perhaps the Army thought] that this would be a comforting feeling to him, or something."

The next modification was to increase the "twist" of the rifle's barrel (the spiral grooving inside the barrel that gives the bullet its spin). The rate of twist was changed from one-in-14-inches to one-in-12. More twist made the bullet spin faster as it flew, and therefore made it hold a more stable path; but it likewise made the bullet more stable as it entered flesh, and thereby reduced, by as much as 40 percent, the shocking "lethality" that had so distinguished the AR-15. The Army's explanation for increasing the "twist" of the barrel was that otherwise the rifle could not meet its all-environments test. To qualify as "military standard," a rifle and its ammunition had to show that they would perform equally well at 65 degrees below zero and 125 above. On the basis of skimpy test evidence, an Arctic testing team concluded that the AR-15 did not do well on the cold-weather portions of its test. Supposedly, the rounds wobbled in flight at 65 below. The Army's reaction was to increase the "twist" and thereby decrease the "lethality," even though the rifle was due for shipment to the steaming jungles along the Mekong.

The final change was the most important. Like the others, it was publicly justified by a letter-of-the-law application of technical specifications, but it was apparently motivated by two other forces: the desire of some Army bureaucrats to discredit the AR-15, and the widespread tendency to overlook the difference between meeting technical specifications and producing a weapon that would perform reliably in the real circumstances of combat.

WEAPONS DESIGNERS SPEAK OF AUTOMATIC RIFLES as "resonant mechanisms," in which several different cycles must all work in harmony. One of the determining factors for synchronizing these cycles is the explosive characteristic of the powder in ammunition. Some powders explode very quickly, others build up pressure more slowly. Certain decisions follow from the explosion pattern—for example, the location of the "gas port" or the proper cycling rate for inserting and extracting the bullets. Eugene Stoner had designed his AR-15 around a powder known as IMR 4475 ("improved military rifle"). It was produced by Du Pont, which sold it to Remington to fill the cartridges. It is made of nitrocellulose, sometimes known as guncotton. IMR 4475 ammunition had been used in all the early tests of the AR-15; it was the ammunition that had proven so reliable in all field trials and had won the acceptance of the Air Force.

In June of 1963, the Army Materiel Command conducted tests at Frankford Arsenal that discredited the original IMR powder and brought about the most consequential modification made to the AR-15—and the one that, nearly twenty years after the fact, is still the most difficult to explain. (The Army's Armament Research and Development Command extended, and then withdrew, an invitation for me to interview technicians who had participated in the decision to abandon IMR 4475. A spokesman for the organization said, "These were the Army's decisions, so we feel the Department of the Army at the Pentagon should explain them." At the Department of the Army, virtually no one is left who held authority at that time. The only official explanations now available are the ones, couched in bureaucratese, that Colonel Yount offered when he was asked time and again by Representative Ichord's committee to justify what the ordnance corps had done.)

The decision about ammunition turned on the detailed specifications, known as the "technical data package," that the Army drew up when it converted the rifle into

the M-16. The data package included the requirements that the muzzle velocity of the rifle must average 3,250 feet per second (fps), plus or minus 40, and that the pressure within the firing chamber must not exceed 52,000 pounds per square inch.

Where had these specifications come from? Not from Eugene Stoner, or Armalite, or any users or testers of the rifle. Stoner had based his design on an off-the-shelf commercial cartridge packed with IMR powder, which had never attained the muzzle velocity that the Army now specified. Some Army officials claimed that the manufacturer advertised the bullet as having a 3,250-fps velocity; if so, they chose to believe commercials rather than the way the bullet actually performed. In all its previous tests, in the field trials that had made the Air Force and the Marines so enthusiastic about it, and in its successful performance in combat in Vietnam, the AR-15 with its original ammunition had produced a muzzle velocity about 100 fps below the newly specified level.

What, then, was the basis for the Army's decision? The congressional committee tried a dozen different ways to get Colonel Yount to answer that question. The closest thing to a response that the hearing records contain is the following paragraph, from the "Statement on Propellants for 5.56mm Ammunition," which the Army submitted after Yount's testimony:

In the course of the 5.56mm ammunition program, the Army could have elected to reduce the specified velocity, thus avoiding the necessity of developing new propellants . . . This would have reduced somewhat the range and effectiveness of the M-16 rifle. Instead, the Army chose to maintain the original [sic] ballistic performance, and utilize propellants which could meet these requirements consistently in mass production.

Once the Army had set these specifications, the result of its tests at Frankford Arsenal was predetermined: the original IMR powder would not do. To get the velocity up to 3,250 fps, it had to bring chamber pressure too close to the limit. In February of 1964, the Army sent out a request to the manufacturers to come up with substitute powders. A few months later, Du Pont said it would stop producing IMR, and Remington switched to the Army's supplier of "ball powder," Olin Mathieson. By the end of 1964, Remington was loading only ball powder in its cartridges for the rifle, which had been renamed the M-16. (Another kind of IMR powder, with explosive characteristics different from the original's, was eventually produced as alternate ammunition for the M-16.)

BALL POWDER WAS FIRST ADOPTED BY THE ARMY EARLY in World War II, for use in certain artillery rounds. It differs from IMR in being "double-based" (made of nitrocellulose and nitroglycerine) and in several other ways. Its most important difference is its explosive char-

acteristics, for it burns longer and more slowly than IMR. Only one company in the United States produces ball powder and sells it to the Army. That is Olin Mathieson, which received contracts for some 89 million cartridges in 1964 alone, and far more as the war went on. More than 90 percent of the cartridges used in Vietnam were loaded with ball powder.

After the Army had made the decision to switch to ball powder, it sent a representative, Frank Vee, of the controller's office, to try to get Eugene Stoner to endorse the change. Stoner had not been consulted on any of the modifications to his rifle, not the bolt closure nor the barrel twist nor the ball powder, and he thought that all were bad ideas. He recalled for the congressional committee his meeting with Vee:

He asked me my opinion [about the specs requiring ball powder] after the fact. In other words, this was rather an odd meeting. . . . I looked at the technical data package and he said, "What is your opinion?" and I said, "I would advise against it. . . ."

I asked, "So what is going to happen?" And he said, "Well, they already decided this is the way they are going to go," meaning the committee. I said, "So why are you asking me now?" and he said, "I would have felt better if you had approved of the package."

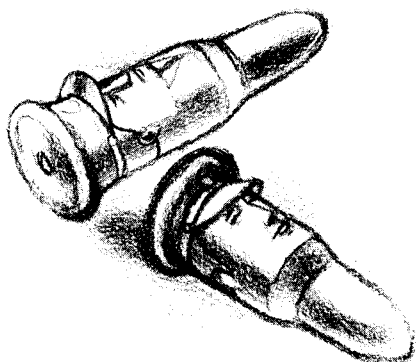
And I said, "Well, now we both don't feel so good."

The reason for Stoner's concern was that the change of powders destroyed most of the qualities he had built into his rifle. With ball powder, the M-16 looked better on the Army's new specification sheets but was worse in operation. There were two problems. One was "fouling"—a powder residue on the inside of the gas-tube chamber that eventually made the rifle jam. The AR-15 had been designed so that its gas port stayed closed through the combustion of the powder, but that was for a different powder. The new ball powder was inherently dirtier, and it burned longer; it was still burning when the gas port opened, so it burned into the gas tube. The other effect of ball powder was to increase the rifle's "cyclic rate." The AR-15, with all its interlocking mechanical cycles, had been designed to fire between 750 and 800 rounds per minute. When cartridges loaded with ball powder were used, the rate went up to 1,000 or more. "When the Army said, 'No, we are going to use our ammunition,' the cyclic rate of the weapons went up at least 200 rounds per minute," Stoner told the congressional committee. "That gun would jump from 750 to about 1,000 rounds a minute, with no change other than changing the ammunition."

The consequences of a higher cyclic rate were grave. What had been a supremely reliable rifle was now given to chronic jams and breakdowns. In November of 1965, engineers from Colt fired a number of rifles, some with the original IMR powder and some with ball. They reported: "For weapons such as those used in this experiment, none are likely to fail with ammunition such as [IMR], whereas half are likely to fail with ammunition

such as [ball powder].” In December, the Frankford Arsenal conducted another test for malfunctions. When M-16s were loaded with IMR cartridges, there were 3.2 malfunctions per 1,000 rounds, and .75 stoppages. When the same rifles were fired with ball propellant, the failure rates were about six times higher (18.5 and 5.2, respectively). Under the central procurement policy, the Army’s decision also forced the Air Force to switch to ball powder. The Air Force protested, pointing out that the rifles had been extremely reliable when loaded with IMR. One Air Force representative described a test in which twenty-seven rifles fired 6,000 rounds apiece. The malfunction rate was one per 3,000 rounds, and the parts-replacement rate one per 6,200 rounds. The rifle and its original cartridge worked fine, the Air Force insisted, even though they didn’t happen to meet the specifications of 3,250 fps from the muzzle.

In May of 1966, there was one more report, this one the result of an extensive and unusually realistic series of tests held by the Army’s CDEC field test organization at Fort Ord. (For example, the soldiers fired as squads, not as individuals; the targets resembled real battlefield targets, in that they were hard to see and obscured by brush and other cover; there was simulated fire from the targets themselves, done in a pattern resembling that of combat; soldiers were run through the course only once, to avoid their having any familiarity with it.) The conclusion was that the M-16 was more effective than the M-14 or the Soviet AK-47 (which was also tested), but that it was an unreliable weapon. The reason for the fouling, the jamming, and the breakdowns, the testers said, was the switch to ball powder. By that time the Army was ordering ball powder in greater quantities than ever, and shipping it to Vietnam.



IN 1965, AFTER THE YEARS OF THE ADVISERS AND THE Special Forces, American troops began full-fledged ground combat in Vietnam. The regular Army and Marine units carried the old M-14. On arrival, they discovered several things about their weapon. One was that in jungle warfare, the inaccurate, uncontrollable M-14 was no match for the AK-47, which their enemies used. Both were .30-caliber rifles, but the AK-47’s cartridges

had a lighter bullet and were packed with less powder, which reduced the recoil to an endurable range. They also saw that the old AR-15s that had been used by the Special Forces had been a big hit in Vietnam. Soldiers were willing to sacrifice several months’ pay to get hold of one on the black market.

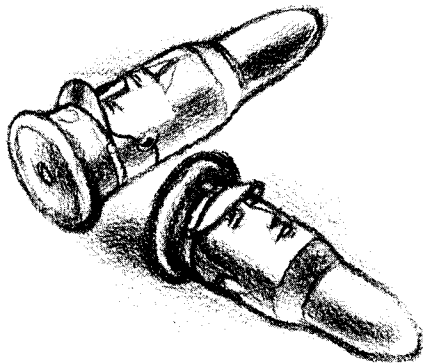
One of those who noticed these facts was William Westmoreland, then the commander of American forces in Vietnam. He saw that his men were doing very badly in the fire fights against the AK-47, and that the casualties were heavy. He also saw how the AR-15 performed. Near the end of December, 1965, he sent an urgent, personal request for the M-16, immediately, as standard equipment for units in Vietnam.

The ordnance corps met this request with grudging compliance. The rifle would be sent to Vietnam, but only as a special, limited purchase. It would not be issued to American troops in Europe or in the United States; it would not replace the M-14 as the Army’s standard weapon. Nor would it go to Vietnam under circumstances likely to show off its merits, because there was no backing off the requirement that its cartridges be filled with ball powder.

THE CLIMACTIC STRUGGLE OVER BALL POWDER had occurred one year before Westmoreland’s request, in 1964. As test after test showed that ball powder made the rifle fire too fast and then jam, the manufacturing company finally threw up its hands. Colt said that it could no longer be responsible for the M-16’s passing the Army’s acceptance test. It could not guarantee performance with the ball powder. One of the test requirements was that the rifle’s cyclic rate not exceed 850 rounds per minute, and six out of ten rifles were far above that when using ball powder. Don’t worry, the Army said, *you can use whatever ammunition you want for the tests*. But we’ll keep sending our ball powder to Vietnam.

The Technical Coordinating Committee, which represented all services using the M-16 but was dominated by the Army, formally gave Colt permission early in 1964 to use any ammunition it had in stock for the acceptance tests. Colt received no new shipments of the original IMR ammunition after May of 1964, but by that time the company had several million rounds on hand. Beginning in 1964, Colt used IMR powder so that its rifles would pass the acceptance tests. The Army promptly equipped those rifles with ball-powder cartridges and sent them to soldiers who needed them to stay alive. The Army’s official reasoning on the matter was that since it did not recognize the theory that ball powder was the cause of the problems, why should it care which powder Colt used? Colt delivered at least 330,000 rifles under this agreement. After uncovering the arrangement, the Ichord Committee concluded:

Undoubtedly many thousands of these were shipped or carried to Vietnam, *with the Army on notice that the rifles failed to meet design and performance specifications and might experience excessive malfunctions when firing ammunition loaded with ball propellant* [emphasis in original]. . . . the rifle project manager, the administrative contracting officer, the members of the Technical Coordinating Committee, and others as high in authority as the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Installations and Logistics knowingly accepted M-16 rifles that would not pass the approved acceptance test. . . . Colt was allowed to test using only IMR propellant at a time when the vast majority of ammunition in the field, including Vietnam, was loaded with ball propellant. The failure on the part of officials with authority in the Army to cause action to be taken to correct the deficiencies of the 5.56mm ammunition borders on criminal negligence.



THE DENOUEMENT WAS PREDICTABLE AND TRAGIC. IN the field, the rifle fouled and jammed. More American soldiers survived in combat than would have with the M-14, but the M-16's failures were spectacular and entirely unnecessary. When they heard the complaints, ordnance officials said it only proved what they'd said all along, that it was an inferior rifle. The official Army hierarchy took the view that improper maintenance was at fault. Officials from the Pentagon would go on inspection tours to Vietnam and scold the soldiers for not keeping the rifles clean, but there never seemed to be enough cleaning supplies for the M-16. The instruction leaflets put out by the Army told them that "This rifle will fire longer without cleaning or oiling than any other known rifle," and "an occasional cleaning will keep the weapon functioning indefinitely." Many in the ordnance establishment said the problem was that the rifle chamber was not lined with chrome—an expensive improvement that had not been necessary in the rifle's original version.

At last the soldiers began writing letters—to their parents or their girlfriends, and to the commercial manufacturer of a rifle lubricant called Dri-Slide. The Dri-Slide company received letters like the following:

December 24, 1966

Dear Sir:

On the morning of December 22nd our company . . . ran into a reinforced platoon of hard core Viet Cong. They were well dug in, and boy! Was it hell getting them out. During this fight and previous ones, I lost some of my best buddies. I personally checked their weapons. Close to 70 per cent had a round stuck in the chamber, and take my word it was not their fault.

Sir, if you will send three hundred and sixty cans along with the bill, I'll "gladly" pay it out of my own pocket. This will be enough for every man in our company to have a can.

—, Spec. Fourth Class

Parents in Idaho received this letter from their son, a Marine:

Our M-16s aren't worth much. If there's dust in them, they will jam. Half of us don't have cleaning rods to unjam them. Out of 40 rounds I've fired, my rifle jammed about 10 times. I pack as many grenades as I can plus bayonet and K bar (jungle knife) so I'll have something to fight with. If you can, please send me a bore rod and a 1¼ inch or so paint brush. I need it for my rifle. These rifles are getting a lot of guys killed because they jam so easily.

One man wrote to a member of the Armed Services Committee staff, recounting what his brother had told him about his experience in Vietnam:

He went on to tell me how, in battles there in Vietnam, the only things that were left by the enemy after they had stripped the dead of our side were the rifles, which they considered worthless. That when battles were over the dead would have the rifles beside them, torn down to attempt a repair because of some malfunction when the enemy attacked. . . . He said, "Part of me dies when I have to stand by and see people killed, and yet my hands are tied."

A letter that ended up in the office of Representative Charles W. Whalen, Jr., of Ohio:

I was walking point a few weeks back and that piece of you know what jammed 3 times in a row on me. I'm lucky I wasn't doing anything but reconning by fire or I wouldn't be writing this letter now. When I brought the matter up to the Captain, he let me test fire the weapon—well in 50 rounds it double fed and jammed 14 times. I guess I'll just have to wait till someone gets shot and take his rifle because the Captain couldn't get me a new one.

Another, from a Marine officer, was referred to Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin:

The weapon has failed us at crucial moments when we needed fire power most. In each case, it left Marines naked against their enemy. Often . . . we take counts after each fight, as many as 50% of the rifles fail to work. I know of at least two Marines who died within 10 feet of the enemy with jammed rifles.

My loyalty has to be with these 18-year-old Marines. Too many times (yesterday most recently) I've been on TF's awaiting medical evacuation and listened to bandaged and bleeding troopers cuss the M-16. Yesterday, we got in a big one. . . . The day found one Marine beating an NVA with his helmet and a hunting knife because his rifle failed—this can't continue—32 of about 80 rifles failed yesterday.

When investigators from the congressional committee went to Vietnam, they confirmed another report: that one Marine, who had the only cleaning rod in his squad, had been killed as he ran up and down the line unjamming his comrades' rifles.

THE TECHNICAL DATA THAT CAME OUT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL inquiry persuaded the members of the committee to release an unusually sharp report, charging that the M-16 had been sabotaged by the ordnance corps. Yet the most striking aspect of the testimony was its humdrum, routine tone. When representatives of the ordnance corps were pressed to explain their decisions, they fell back on citations from the rule books, like characters in a parody of bureaucratic life. They seemed to have a hard time remembering who was responsible for crucial decisions; they tended to explain things by saying, "the feeling was," or "the practice has been. . . ." They could list with careful, bureaucratic logic the reasonableness of each step they had taken: if you didn't have Arctic test requirements, you might not have adaptable rifles. If you didn't change to ball powder, you would have had chamber pressures over the allowable limits—which might have been dangerous for the troops. They seemed not to see a connection between these choices and the soldiers who were dying with jammed rifles in their arms. They were certainly aware of the M-16's troubles, and bowed to no one in their concern. What it proved, they said, was that the rifle had always been a risky experiment—especially (as they pointed out several times) when it was being used by the kind of soldiers the draft was scrounging up these days, who couldn't understand the importance of keeping their weapons clean. Four years after the hearings, in 1971, an M-16 project manager, Col. Rex Wing, wrote a history of the rifle in *Ordnance* magazine. The headline on the story said, "Although the Viet Cong greatly feared the M-16 when our soldiers first were equipped with it in Vietnam, malfunctions caused by improper maintenance led to its being downgraded in the press." The story contained no mention of the change in ammunition.

The committee could find no real evidence of corruption. Its report criticized one Nelson Lynde, Jr., a general who was in charge of the Army Weapons Command between 1962 and 1964. He approved purchases of the M-16 from Colt, and then accepted a job shortly after retirement with the parent company of Colt. The com-

mittee reprimanded General Lynde for an apparent conflict of interests—even though, as Lynde pointed out, the Army's counsel had not forbidden him to accept the job. The committee also urged an audit of the profits Colt had made on the rifle and of the "sole-source" relationship with Olin Mathieson. In 1980, I asked the committee's investigator, Earl Morgan, whether actual corruption—bribes, kickbacks—had been involved. "Oh, I'd be amazed if there wasn't some, knowing how that business is done," he said. "But we never found anything we could prove."

Perhaps the truest explanation of why things happened as they did is the most ordinary: that human beings could not foresee the way that chance and circumstance could magnify the consequences of their acts. The military supply organization, like most other organizations, is always full of power plays and bureaucratic games, which distract attention from the goals that in a rational world would always be pursued. Only occasionally does chance make the effects of these games catastrophic. Doubtless, thousands of military intelligence officers have lapsed in their attention to urgent dispatches; the handful who lapsed on December 6, 1941, were just unluckier than the rest. The ordnance corps was similarly unlucky. In late 1963 and early 1964, when the crucial decisions about the M-16 were being made, few people could have known that the U.S. would soon have half a million land troops in Asia, or that the soldiers would depend for their survival on a weapon that was the product of small-time bureaucratic squabbles. Most other squabbles had come and gone without costing soldiers' lives. The forlorn tone of one of the Army's last submissions to the congressional committee suggested the way in which the situation had gotten out of control:

From the vantage point of retrospect, it has sometimes been suggested that the peculiar behavior of ball propellant in the M-16 system should have been predicted. . . . Had the Army anticipated these developments, it is most unlikely that the course chosen in January 1964 would have been the same. A decision to reduce the velocity requirement, and continue loading IMR 4475 propellant would probably have been made instead.

The committee recommended that the Army immediately conduct a thorough, honest test of the two kinds of ammunition, with the strong suggestion that it should switch to IMR 4475. That never happened. Instead of going back to the original powder, the ordnance corps modified the ball powder and changed the mechanical "buffer" of the rifle, which slowed down the cyclic rate. That solved part of the jamming problem, but did not restore the rifle's original reliability or "lethality." (The change in the barrel "twist" was also never corrected.) Through every day of combat in Vietnam, American troops fired cartridges filled with the ball powder that was the legacy of the ordnance corps. And if American troops were sent into battle today, they would use the same kind of ammunition. □

COMMUNION

BY ARTEMIO MANZI

OUT THE WINDOW, THOMAS SEES THE TREES, WHICH are like people walking into church. In the back yard, each tree stands alone; no shadow touches another shadow. From there the trees go up the hill, bunching together like people on the stairs of the church. At the top of the hill the trees stand in each other's shadows, the way he has stood in his mother's shadow at the church door, waiting for her to bless herself at the bowl of holy water.

Into the kitchen, where Thomas is reciting to his mother his prayers and catechism, through the window, comes a breeze smelling of earth made thoroughly wet by last night's rain. The blue curtains billow and drape themselves on the breeze like the sleeves of an angel reaching to touch him.

His mother turns the pages of the catechism. She does not ask the questions in order. On Sunday, Thomas will make his first Communion.

"Tommy," she says, "pay attention. *What is a spirit?*"

"A spirit is a being that has understanding and free will, but no body, and will never die."

He knows a field by the lake, and there he would like to be, playing "Robinson Crusoe," his favorite game. Shipwrecked, washed upon the shore of this island. The tall grass is yellow, the puddles are cold, the leaves are out, but small, limp, and sticky. Is that a footprint? Is there someone in the shadow of that rock?

"Who made us?"

"God made us."

"Say the Apostles' Creed."

"I believe in God . . ."

His sisters are playing "Colors" in the driveway. On the wet tar they have chalked a large square, which they have divided into twelve smaller squares. Each square is labeled. In the first they have written the word COLORS. In the next, GIRLS. In the next, BOYS, and so on.

His sisters are ten years old. He cannot remember when they made their first Communion. They are twins, but he knows their voices. It is Cathy he hears. She has named twelve colors without hesitating, one for every square she stepped in. If you hesitate, you lose your turn; Maddy is very strict about this. Now Cathy must name eleven girls.

"Mad-dy, Ca-thy, Su-san, Ja-net . . ."

Cathy stretches the first syllable of each name and clips the second one short with an upward tilt of her voice.

"Lin-da, Joa-nie, Mau-reen . . ."

"You stalled," says Maddy. "You're out. My turn." She strides through the categories she has completed, naming them as she goes. "COLORS, GIRLS, BOYS, ANIMALS: Dog, cat, giraffe, elephant, monkey, donkey, tiger, puma, leopard. COLORS, GIRLS, BOYS, ANIMALS. FLOWERS: Daisy, iris, roses, violets . . ."

"Which are the chief creatures of God?"

"Angels and men."

"The chief creatures," his mother prompts.

"The chief creatures of God are angels and men."

His mother's cigarette rests in the ashtray. The smoke rises like a column; then it separates into strands that seek the window in roundabout ways. The strands of smoke leap when they escape through the screen.

"What is a spirit?"

"I already answered that one," he says. "No body, free will, never die."

". . . apple, pomegranate, casaba, watermelon . . ." That is Maddy, showing off.

His mother keeps her eyes on the book, and because she does, Thomas can be comfortable. If she were to look at him while he answered, he would falter, because her eyes expect more than he can give. By now she has stopped saying "Good" to his correct answers, has even stopped nodding; he is nearly always correct. When he is wrong, she looks up from the book.

She is very beautiful. Thomas remembers their parting one night when his parents went dancing. He kissed her and twined his fingers in her long black hair, and her hair left a smell of perfume on his hands. The perfume stayed with him all night. When the babysitter put him to bed, he covered his face with his hands and lay awake till his mother came home.

The kitchen dims, then brightens: a cloud covered the sun and was quickly blown away. The gleam returns to the chrome leg of the table, the dull shine to its gray formica top.

"BIRDS: Blue jay, bluebird, peacock, parrot . . ."

The Holy Ghost is a white dove.

"What are the chief punishments of Adam which we inherit through original sin?"

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ILLUSTRATION BY JOAN HALL

"The chief punishments of Adam which we inherit through original sin are death, suffering, ignorance, and a strong inclination to sin."

Pray for us sinners. Only Mary was born without sin. It is May, Mary's month. Blue is her color. There are little flowers growing on the lawn called bluets. Sky and water are blue.

Tomorrow Thomas will make his first confession, and the day after tomorrow, Sunday, Thomas Conroy Candelmo will make his first Communion. It is 1957; he is seven years old. In the eyes of Holy Mother Church he has reached the age of reason. Having attained reason, he is in need of grace, for with reason alone we cannot hope to avoid the occasion of sin.

THOMAS ATE HIS FRIDAY DINNER OF HALIBUT AND broccoli—a meal he hated—with an aching holiness that helped him more than real hunger to swallow the dreadful food. He squeezed lemon wedge after lemon wedge over the white mess on his plate and answered silently the question put to him at last Saturday's catechism class: *Why does the Church make Friday a day of abstinence?* The answer was not the one his father liked to give, which was that the Pope had made a deal with the fishermen.

Every Saturday morning since the middle of February, his mother had driven him to St. Anne's, the parish church, where he attended catechism class. Sitting in a pew crowded with boys, across the aisle from a pew crowded with girls, Thomas answered questions put to him by Sister Regina Coeli and Father O'Hara, recited prayers and the Ten Commandments, practiced the Sign of the Cross, and learned about the awful love of God and the awful pains of Hell. The weekly classes measured time the way the "Our Father" beads measure progress through a rosary. As the Sunday of Thomas's first Communion drew near, everyday things began to take on new significance. The motions of his body and mind seemed weighted with extraordinary holiness, extraordinary evil. His trip to the barber's on Tuesday had been holy because it was the occasion of his first-Communion haircut. His father had said nothing about this to Joe, and Joe gave him the usual crew cut; but the clipped line that circled his ears and crossed the back of his neck had felt like a halo bent to the contours of his head.

To open his bedroom closet was to encounter holy presences. Inside the closet was a box, and inside the box was a new pair of white bucks that could not be touched until Sunday, when they would take him to the altar to receive the Eucharist. Above the shoes hovered the white first-Communion suit. It had been borrowed from a cousin, fitted to Thomas by his mother, and sent out to be pressed. Sheeted in cleaner's plastic, the suit shimmered in the closet darkness like the apparition of a boy saint.

All the family had been drawn into the preparations

for his first Communion. In honor of the occasion, the twins were to have their summer haircuts a month early. After dinner the four of them—everyone except his father—would drive to Dottie's house. Dottie was his mother's friend who was a hairdresser. As a favor to his mother, she had agreed to cut the twins' hair tonight.

HIS FATHER'S INVOLVEMENT MADE THOMAS UNEASY. His father was the person in the family who was not to be bothered, yet here Thomas was bothering him—through his mother—with arrangements for a special breakfast at Gaufretta's after the Communion Mass. All Thomas's aunts and uncles would be there, and all his cousins, and his grandfather and grandmother Candelmo, and perhaps—this was a true measure of the whole family's involvement—his grandfather Conroy, a brooding, chain-smoking old man who didn't leave his house and rarely spoke to his grandchildren.

Thomas's mother, who could never free herself from her worries, asked his father during dinner about the arrangements at Gaufretta's. These arrangements had undergone some changes, and changes always worried Thomas's mother. First she had instructed his father to reserve tables for twenty persons, to be ready at twelve-thirty. Then she had remembered six others she ought to invite, Dottie and her husband among them. She had also decided that twelve-thirty was too late to begin breakfast. On Thursday she had asked his father to change the reservation to eleven-thirty, for twenty-six people.

"John," she said, "did you talk to Leo about Sunday?"

"No, dear, I didn't," his father said.

"But I asked you to, yesterday. Please call Leo tonight."

"I'll probably see him at the club. I'll tell him then," his father said.

"Twenty-six, at eleven-thirty. Please don't forget."

"I won't, dear," his father said.

"That's what you said yesterday."

When they had finished eating, Thomas's mother and sisters cleared the table and his father left the kitchen. Thomas went into the bathroom to brush his teeth. He mounted the stool he used to reach the taps. His head rose just above the mirror's chrome border, balancing there by the chin like John the Baptist's head on Salome's dish. As he brushed his teeth, he heard his father coming down the hall, and in the mirror he saw him pass, dressed to go out.

Thomas envied his father's solitude. Even at the dinner table his father remained aloof from the daily mess and tangle of the family. He was away from the house most of the time in places vaguely, impressively, dubbed the Office and the Club. His father spent a part of every evening at the Club. His mother disliked the place. Thomas often heard her speak of it angrily or scornfully, but his father serenely continued to do as he pleased—which

serenity Thomas attributed to his getting out, as he attributed his mother's nervousness to her hardly escaping the family at all.

AS THEY DROVE TO DOTTIE'S, THE FULL MOON WAS visible above the houses on Wenanticut Avenue. Through the rear window, Thomas saw the moon bending toward him the same white, polished face, the same sad half-smile, that made him look away from the statue of Mary in church.

Evening had come, but only to the back yards of houses. It was settling in like an old dog that first drops its hindquarters, then, using its forelegs, slides slowly to the floor. Men and women were working in the after-dinner light, glad to be out, accustoming themselves to spring. They were busy with their lawns and bushes. One man was running behind a lime-spreader, making a pattern on the grass that looked like a cross-section of neatly folded sheets. Down the street from the lime-spreader, a woman in a plaid wool shirt stood contemplating her bushes, while the lady next door leaned on a rake and contemplated her. Beyond the houses, Lake Wenanticut, narrow as a river, reflected dull silver and green from the sky and the shore.

Maddy, Cathy, and Thomas sat in the back seat of the car. His mother never let them sit in the front; sitting in front was too dangerous, she said. Thomas had the window behind his mother, and Maddy had the one cater-corner from her. Cathy sat thigh-to-thigh with Maddy, one arm resting on her shoulders—something Thomas could tell Maddy was barely tolerating. With the other arm Cathy steadied on her lap the book she was reading, an illustrated life of Joan of Arc.

Cathy knew already what saint's name she would take at her confirmation, two years away: it was Joan. Cathy was in love with Joan of Arc. Maddy laughed at her for it, but Cathy, who never persisted in anything that made Maddy laugh at her, persisted in her love for Joan of Arc. She read every version of the saint's life she could find and told the story to anyone who would listen. She drew countless pictures of Joan as a little girl with a straight line for a mouth and a brown, square body, standing at attention between two bushes of flame. She colored the flames wildly, orange and purple and red.

"Cathy," Thomas's mother said, "you'll ruin your eyes reading in the car."

Cathy closed her book. "Is it all right if I look at the pictures?" she asked.

His mother gave her permission, and Cathy reopened the book at the frontispiece. Here Joan stood in silver armor, listening to heaven and holding aloft a cavorting blue banner.

Cathy held the book so that his mother could see the picture in the rearview mirror. "My hair will look just like this when it's cut, won't it, Mom?" she said.

"Very much like it, but not so severe," his mother said.

"No, not so severe," Cathy repeated sadly.

Maddy clicked her tongue and shrugged Cathy's arm off her shoulders. "Boy, Cathy, you are so dumb," she said.

Thomas saw the moon's smile darken; her face shone whiter.

"Mom," Maddy asked, "why can't we have a fallout shelter?"

"Oh, Maddy," his mother said, "let's not start that again."

"Well, why not?"

"Because there's no need for one."

"There is!" said Maddy, sitting up and grabbing hold of the front seat. "I was playing with Lisa in her fallout shelter the other day, and Mrs. Johnson was down there changing the water in the water jugs. And she said that this town is number ten on the Russians' list. Because of all the factories. We're on the list, Mom! Number ten!"

"Maddy, stop screeching, or I'll give you something to screech about. And I don't mean an atom bomb."

"But you won't even tell me why not."

"I have told you, many times. We have no need for a fallout shelter. If an atom bomb drops anywhere near here, I can assure you that a fallout shelter is not going to help one bit."

"But what are we going to do?"

"Pray to God that He take us quickly."

"Like Joan of Arc?" Cathy asked.

"Yes."

"Great," Maddy said, slumping back into her corner. "We're just supposed to lay down and die, is that it?"

"We all have to go sometime," his mother said.

"Boy," Maddy said. "Boy, oh boy."

Thomas tried to imagine himself dead. He could imagine the mushroom cloud easily enough; he had seen a film of an atomic explosion on television: a light flashes, a column rises, a mountain of smoke stretches, luxuriantly. But Thomas could not see himself, dead, under the cloud. Instead, he saw the toe of his sneaker scuffing through an anthill, the ants scattering, his sneaker doing destruction. Then he saw a gigantic sneaker coming down on the lime-spreader, and the lime-spreader running in circles like a dithering ant.

"Hey, Tommy," Maddy said, "if a bomb drops on you before you go to confession tomorrow, you won't go to heaven, you know. You'll go to limbo. Ick."

"No, he won't," Cathy said. "He's old enough to go down below."

These were insults. He swung his fist and hit Cathy just beneath the collarbone. She exploded into tears. Maddy retaliated and got Thomas full in the face with the flat of her hand. His mother's arm came over the seat and searched the air around him, red nails flashing, trying to hold him back and warning him to stop. But Thom-

as lunged for Maddy, grabbed a fistful of hair, and twisted. She screamed.

His mother's hand caught him then, but immediately let him go. Tires screeched; the car bucked. "Oh, my God!" his mother cried. They hit the car in front of theirs. The impact pushed Thomas against the seat. The horn of a passing car blared. Everything stopped.

Nikita Khrushchev jumped out of the car they had hit. His bald head was brown; he was wearing black glasses. He was dressed like anybody else. How could this be? He leaned over the rear of his car to inspect the damage. Thomas saw thick ripples of flesh appear at the base of his smooth brown skull.

"Are you kids all right?" his mother asked.

No one was injured. Thomas asked, "Is that Khrushchev?"

The man's body filled his mother's window. His arms ended in thick fingers ready to clutch. Thomas told his mother not to roll down the window, that this man was Nikita Khrushchev, but she hissed at him to keep still.

The man stuck his head in. He talked in a loud, rasping voice, as if he were trying to clear his throat of a permanent frog. "Is everybody all right? You kids all right? What happened, lady? Didn't you see my signal?"

"I'm sorry," his mother said.

"You're lucky there's no damage. Let me tell you, I thought it was curtains, the way you hit those brakes. I thought I was a goner for sure. You sure you're all right? You look pretty shook."

"I'm fine," she said. "Are you all right?"

"Not a scratch," he said. "It wasn't as bad as it sounded. Just a bad scare—right, buster?" He winked at Thomas.

His mother offered the man her license. He said there was no need to go through all that rigmarole, but he made her get out of the car to look at the collision. She walked, wobbling and balancing as if she were on ice skates, held at the elbow by the bald-headed man. He crouched and pointed and explained the collision to her, as if the near miss were an accomplishment he admired. Thomas's mother steadied herself against the car and nodded.

When the bald-headed man left, his mother drove the car to the side of the road. They were stopped beside a park. Cars were passing with their headlights on; night had fallen while they were involved in the accident.

There was not a sound, and then his mother said, "Well, you children are not going to get away with this. Get out."

"Oh, Mom, don't," Maddy pleaded.

They stood on the sidewalk, already in tears. The moon had come closer to listen and was smiling behind the branches of the trees in the park. Thomas looked into the darkness under the trees and wondered why he did not run away.

His mother came around the car, took Maddy by the

arm, slapped her twice, and pushed her back into the car. She did the same to Cathy. Then she grabbed Thomas and knelt beside him.

"Look at me," she said. "You have shamed me and caused me to become very angry. Tomorrow, when you make your confession, I want you to tell Father O'Hara just exactly what you did. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to say?"

"That I shamed you and made you very angry."

They did not go to Dottie's that night. When they reached their house, his mother called Dottie and explained the accident to her. She was too upset to drive, she said. The twins would come for their haircuts another time.

They spoke for a long while. What Dottie said seemed to calm his mother. Before she hung up, she remembered the breakfast on Sunday and told Dottie of the change in plans.

IT WAS RAINING WHEN THOMAS WOKE UP THE NEXT morning. He lay in bed hoping that something would happen to keep him away from catechism class. He hoped his mother would say, "Oh, it's too wet to go out today. You won't be able to make your first confession after all."

He had made himself sick with guilt thinking of the charge his mother had laid upon him. *You have shamed me*, she had said. How could he confess that? He had hit his sisters; he had angered his mother by disobeying her. These were sins he understood. But by what rule could he measure the shame he had caused his mother? The shame was impossible to confess because, unlike his sins, it had no limits. It was an evil of the worst kind, and it could not be separated from himself. He was, in his being, a person who gave shame to others.

His mother drove him to St. Anne's and dropped him off, saying she would pick him up in an hour or so.

He sat in the front pew, and in a few minutes class began. The church was so gloomy that Father O'Hara turned on the electric lights. The statues saw Thomas and held their breath, pretending to be statues. The votive candles, which in the dimness winked and fluttered, in the artificial light stared. On Sister Regina Coeli the lights had the opposite effect. In the dimness, she was accustomed to stare at the children; now she blinked at them like an owl, her hands tucked inside her sleeves and her head moving from side to side, observing them as an owl might observe a collection of mice.

Father O'Hara towered beside her. He was a young priest with large, white hands—the Host looked like a dime in them. He held them behind his back as he spoke. Whenever he moved them from that position, Thomas came to attention, for Father O'Hara moved his hands only to pray or to punish.

Father O'Hara was speaking to them about the darkness inside the confessional. He told them that at first they would have a little trouble seeing, but soon their eyes would become used to the lack of light. The darkness ensured privacy, he said, but it was not a darkness in which sins might be hidden. They were not to fool themselves by thinking the darkness would hide a bad confession. The eye of God can pierce any darkness. Your soul is plain to Him. He has you in His hand, he said, and he drew his hands from behind his back and revealed to them the white expanses of his palms.

Father O'Hara knelt at the altar rail and prayed. Then he walked to the rear of the church and disappeared into the confessional.

Sister Regina Coeli directed the children to kneel while they examined their consciences. After a few minutes she pointed to the boy and the girl on the far left of the two front pews. These two rose and hid themselves behind the green velvet curtains on either side of the box that held Father O'Hara. Thomas counted; he would be the eleventh person to make his confession.

Time passed quickly. The rain tapped against the stained-glass windows. The wooden kneelers creaked as the children shifted their weight from knee to knee. One boy began his confession so loudly that everyone could hear it; Father O'Hara had to hush him several times. The boy next to Thomas giggled nervously. Boys and girls returned from confession and knelt at the altar rail to say the prayers they were given as penance.

And then Sister Regina gave Thomas the nod. He walked to the confessional, concentrating on moving his stiffened knees. He pushed aside the curtain and discovered it was dusty. Inside, too, the air smelled dusty and dry. He knelt. He heard Father O'Hara praying in Latin; the girl on the other side was receiving absolution.

A small panel in the wall between Thomas and the priest slid back. They were separated then by a screen and a thin purple curtain. Thomas easily made out Father O'Hara's profile; the priest was looking down, his right ear quite close to the curtain. When Thomas spoke, his voice trembled.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," he said. "This is my first confession, and these are my sins . . ."

He confessed to fighting and to disobeying his mother and father. He confessed to swearing and to lying. He groped for sins. He confessed to hating to eat fish on Fridays. Father O'Hara explained that the Church demanded not that he eat fish but that he abstain from meat.

"Of course," he continued, "you should eat the good food your mother puts on the table." He paused. "Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes."

Father O'Hara gave him his penance and absolved him. Thomas recited the Act of Contrition. That was all.

The rain continued all day and long into the night. Thomas went to bed early. He felt exhausted, but he could not sleep. He heard his sisters say good night to his mother. He heard laughter from the television. His mother went to bed. When the house was dark, the sound of the rain lifted him in its gentle arms, but still he could not sleep. The rain weakened; disappeared; he was set down again in his bed, in the dark.

He heard a flurry of inquisitive keys and opening doors. His father was home. The empty hangers of the mud-room closet, as his father reached among them, tattled of his arrival like giggling schoolgirls. His foot found the creak in the kitchen threshold, and then he walked solidly down the hall till he reached the living room and was hushed with a sigh from the carpet.

Thomas wondered what his father looked like, dressed in his solitude. Did he wear a mask? Was the night itself

his mask? Did he glow in the moonlight, as the trees now glowed outside his window? What was the difference, what was the quality his father revealed only to the night? What had he seen, driving late at night under blue trees, through streets unrolled like sheets of beaten silver? What he must know, my father! Thomas thought. Surely it makes him different.

SINCE IF HE WAITED TO EAT AT GAUFRETTA'S HE would probably faint during Mass, Thomas's mother woke him at six o'clock to feed him breakfast. It would be a mortal sin for Thomas to eat after seven o'clock, because Mass was at nine-thirty and the Church demanded a fast of three hours before receiving Communion.

His mother said he could eat whatever he wanted, but Thomas was not hungry. She suggested foods to him. Finally, he nodded at French toast.

Night had changed nothing. Everything, inside the house and out, was the same. But Thomas felt very different, isolated from his mother and the house. Was this the difference his father felt? Thomas was eavesdropping on the world; the bird outside sang for everybody but him. He was floating, and he would not be anchored in the world until he was dressed in his white suit.

When he finished eating, he washed his face and brushed his teeth, being careful not to swallow toothpaste; swallowed toothpaste would break his fast. He went to his room and opened his closet. There hung his new self, the white suit. Beneath it waited the new shoes.

He dressed slowly, sitting for a bit between stages and looking out at the back yard. The trunks of the trees were black with moisture, and little yellow leaves shone in the light against the black trunks. The air was fresh and clear. The scene was a picture of his back yard; the real one was behind the picture, where he could not get at it.

His mother roused the others. The twins woke up grumpy and had a quarrel about dividing a banana. His father dressed quickly and withdrew to the living room to read the Sunday paper.

Thomas, chafed by every seam, bent to put on his shoes. They had fit fine in the store, but now something was wrong: the shoes were too big. He tied them tight; it did not help. He tried walking; his feet bent, but the shoes did not. His heels slipped up and down. How could he walk in procession through the whole church in these shoes? They sapped his courage. His feet cowered in the shoes like rabbits in boxes. How could he go to the altar in them? He would trip; everyone would laugh. Suddenly a conviction seized him: this was God's punishment for a bad confession. For causing shame, he was repaid with shame.

His mother came into his room. "Have Daddy tie your tie," she said. The twins called her away. She had not



BASIC SYLLOGISM

Down through the latticework of leaves,
Dark in shadow, golden in sunlight,
Through an eyelid half-sleeping, the eye receives
News that the afternoon blazes bright.

It blazes in traumatic splendor—
A world ablaze but not consumed.
As though combustion had no end, or
Beginning, and from its own ash resumed

The crackling rush of youthful flare.
Far off, a river, serpentine
In flame, threads fields of grass-green glare,
And farther, mountain-cliffs incline

To catch the lethal intimation
Of sunset's utterance for climax.
I lie, and think how soon the sun
Its basic syllogism enacts.

I lie, and think how flesh and bone,
And even the soul, in its own turn,
Like faggots bound, on what hearthstone,
In their combustion, flameless, burn.

—Robert Penn Warren

noticed the shoes. How could she not notice them? They were huge on his feet; God had made them grow in the closet. Only if Thomas curled his toes completely under could he feel the top leather.

He went into the living room and asked for help with his tie. His father scooped him up and set him on the coffee table so that he could see himself in the mirror above the mantelpiece. His father stood behind him and knotted the tie.

"There you go, handsome," he said. He swung Thomas off the table and set him on the carpet.

As Thomas walked away, his father said, "What's the matter with those shoes?"

"Nothing," he said.

"What do you mean, nothing? You're walking right out of them."

"What?" His mother appeared in the doorway.

"Look at his shoes. His heels are coming right out of them."

"Walk toward your father," his mother said. "I don't understand it. They fit him fine in the store."

Maddy and Cathy came in and were reunited in laughing at him.

"They're all right," Thomas said.

"You'll walk right out of them," his father said. "Put on another pair of socks."

"The socks have to be white," Thomas said.

"You can put another pair on under the white ones," his mother said. "No one will know."

"No," Thomas said. "I don't want other socks. I'm not going."

"You'll go," his mother said.

She left the room and came back with a pair of heavy blue wool socks. "Put these on," she said.

"I'm not going," Thomas said.

"Don't talk silly, Tom," his father said.

"I'm not talking silly. I'm not going."

He began to cry because he was frightened by his own threat. The twins, too, were frightened; their wide brown eyes urged him to do nothing strange. If you do something strange now, their eyes told him, you will not be like us anymore.

He took off the white shoes and socks. His feet were sweating and the wool socks stuck to his soles as he pulled them on. The twins giggled, and his mother sent them to their room.

When the blue pair were on, and the white pair were on over them—the blue pair showing above the white—and the white shoes were encasing his feet again, Thomas's mother kissed him and said, "See, now, don't they feel better? When your cuffs are rolled down, you can't even see the blue ones."

"Sure, Tom, they look fine," his father said. But when Thomas tried to walk, his father could not suppress a chuckle.

"John, please," his mother said. She left the room sighing. His father left the house to inspect the lawn and bushes.

That the shoes fit better made no difference to Thomas. He was telling the truth: he was not going to the Communion Mass. A moment before he had felt confused and ashamed, but he was alone now; he could do as he pleased. He felt inside his heart another heart that was bright and fierce and precious to him. It was his certainty. It was his solitude.

He clomped down the hall in the oversized shoes—they meant nothing to him now—and passed his mother as she was brushing her hair in the bathroom. In the kitchen, he opened the big chrome bread box. His mother would recognize the sound that was made by the bread wrapper. He tore off a piece of bread and put it in his mouth.

She stood before him. "Spit it out," she said.

He swallowed. It stuck somewhere in his chest, and then he knew the bread was in his stomach. He had broken his fast.

She led him into the bathroom and closed the door. She was not yelling; he had expected her to yell. Her quiet was terrifying.

"I don't know why you want to embarrass the family, Thomas, but I am not going to let you do it," she said. "I am going to leave you in here for a minute. You can stick your finger down your throat. Then say a good Act of Contrition. If you haven't done it when I come back, I'll do it for you."

He mumbled something unintelligible.

"What?"

"You want me to commit a sin," he said.

She reached behind her to open the door, so as to return his stare. In her, Thomas recognized the source of his smaller, fiercer heart.

"One minute," she said, and closed the door. □



REININGER/CONTACT

*Meetings with King Hussein,
President Carter, and President Sadat in the search for peace*

ENCOUNTERS

BY MOSHE DAYAN

IN AUGUST OF 1977, I FLEW TO ENGLAND FOR A MEETING with King Hussein of Jordan. After an exchange of messages through indirect channels, the King agreed to meet me in London, which he was about to visit, and we set the date for Monday, August 22, at 9:30 in the evening.

The fact of the meeting was to be secret—not for my benefit but for that of the King. (I am at liberty to disclose it now only because it has since been published.) Since I was advised that the secret was to be kept even from the British—which also meant officers of the Special Branch assigned as my bodyguards—I unfortunately had to mislead them. I drove from my hotel to a house, I stayed a few moments, and then left by a back door to another car. I continued to a private home where Hussein and I were to meet. I had been there some years before,

for a similar purpose, and already knew the owner.

King Hussein was late, and he apologized as he greeted me with a handshake and a broad smile. He had had guests, he explained, and could not get away until they had left. I found him greatly changed, not in appearance but in spirit. It was not the same man I had last seen. He was now withdrawn, subdued, without sparkle, and the political topics I raised did not seem to touch him deeply. His language was clipped, his answers to my questions often monosyllabic, rarely more than yes and no, without clear explanatory enlargement. His depression may have been caused by the tragic death of his wife, who had been killed shortly before in a helicopter crash. Or it may have sprung from one of the decisions of the 1974 Rabat Conference of Arab States, of which he was bitterly critical. This was the decision to recognize the

Palestine Liberation Organization as the sole authorized representative of the Palestinians and withdraw Hussein from that role. Now, he said, he was concerning himself exclusively with administering the East Bank of the river—his kingdom of Jordan. He was neither able nor anxious to clash with the Arab countries and the PLO on this matter. If they did not want him, they could run the affairs of the Palestinians without him.

Was Hussein, I wondered, still the king of Jordan or only the shadow of a ruler? Was he really looking after his country or was he spending most of his time gallivanting abroad? In any event, his attitude toward the subject of our discussion—the attempt to find a suitable and agreed upon arrangement for the problem of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip—seemed to be one of indifference.

We parted after about an hour and a half, and I did not expect to see him again for some time. To my surprise, our host of the evening telephoned me the next morning to say that the King would like to continue our talk, and we met again that afternoon at four. There was nothing particularly new in what he had to say this time, but he probably felt that he had not been sufficiently explicit in our first talk, and in order to avoid any misunderstanding on my part he had decided to make his position clear. He did. He had no intention of taking any initiative on matters relating to the Palestinians. He felt a deep obligation to help them.

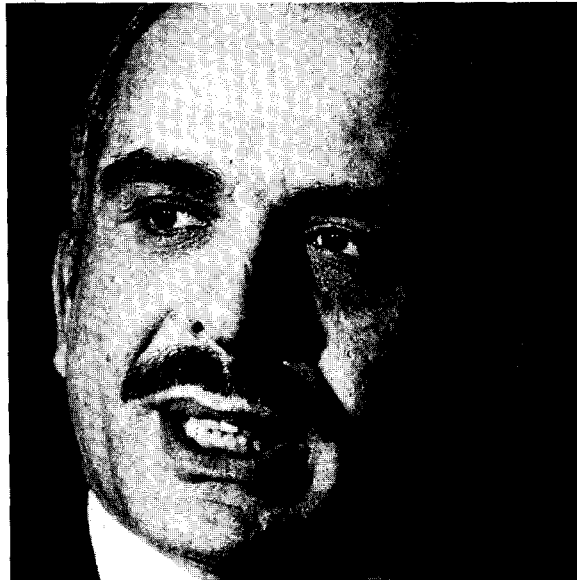
Most of the inhabitants of Jordan were Palestinians, with strong family, economic, and sentimental ties with the West Bank. Thus, if they were to turn to him, he would respond. But he was no longer their representative, and he would not try to force himself upon them.

For me, this second talk turned out to be very important. In addition to repeating his position on the Palestinians, Hussein clarified for me his stand on the possible division of the West Bank between Jordan and Israel. Did he think such a plan might serve as the basis for an Israel-Jordan peace treaty? I asked and received not only an unequivocal answer but an instructive lesson. He rejected such a plan out of hand. A peace arrangement

based on the division of the West Bank would mean that he, Hussein, would agree that part of it was to be joined to the State of Israel. I had to understand, he said, that he, as an Arab monarch, could not propose to the people of even a single Arab village that they cut themselves off from their brother Arabs and become Israelis. His agreement to such a plan would be regarded as treachery. He would be charged with “selling” Arab land to the Jews so that he could enlarge his own kingdom.

Moreover, he continued, we had to know that not a single Arab in the West Bank or Gaza would willingly become an Israeli. Such a plan could be introduced only by force of arms. Was it not clear to us that those Arabs in that part of the West Bank that would be attached to Israel were not the only ones who would rise up against us? They would be joined by all the Arab states. The only way to attain peace, he said, was for Israel to return to the pre-1967 borders.

He could not give up any part of the West Bank that Jordan had controlled since his grandfather, King Abdullah, had annexed it. He could not even concede Mount Scopus, the original site of the Hebrew University campus and the Hadassah Hospital, which had always been within Israel's control. He added, however, that it was possible to find suitable practical arrangements whereby the Israelis could have access to these institutions and run them without interference. But on the question of sovereignty, we had to restore to



KING HUSSEIN

Jordan all the territory we had captured in the 1967 Six-Day War.

I raised the question of the PLO and of the establishment of an independent Palestinian state. I said I assumed that such a state would be inimical to his interests, since the PLO would undermine his throne. Hussein did not refute my assumption, but he showed no inclination to discuss it. He simply said, with frankness, that his representative at the United Nations would not say anything different from what was said by the other Arab ambassadors. Jordan's official position on the Palestinians was the same as that of all the Arab states.

I asked what he would like to see happen in the West Bank. “Let the Palestinians do what they want,” he replied. He could live without them. He had no ambitions, and would take no measures, direct or indirect, to get involved. His reply to all my other questions on this topic was that the Palestinians could do what they wished without him.

Israel's former defense minister and foreign minister, Moshe Dayan, has returned to the political scene with the formation of a new party and will be running in the June 30 parliamentary election. This selection from Dayan's memoirs is adapted from his book, Breakthrough, to be published in the fall by Knopf.

An Israel-Jordan peace treaty was the central subject of our talk; but we also had an exchange on another matter. I asked him about the future of the half-million Palestinian refugees in his country, living in camps outside Amman, his capital. He replied that he was prepared to absorb them as permanent settlers in Jordan, but that required the means for huge housing projects as well as the creation of sources of employment. He himself lacked the resources, and America's financial aid was inadequate.

I finally asked Hussein about the refugees in Lebanon. Did the Palestinians there disdain Lebanese citizenship or did the Lebanese refuse to grant it? Both, Hussein replied.

I returned to Israel with no tidings of salvation in my knapsack. But I now had a better knowledge of what we could expect from Jordan—or, rather, what we could not expect.

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1977, I WENT TO WASHINGTON FOR preparatory talks on the Geneva Conference with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and his aides at the State Department, and then with President Carter at the White House. I had been to the White House before, when Richard Nixon was President. But this was my first visit since its new tenant had moved in and my first meeting with President Carter and Vice President Walter Mondale. Our talk lasted almost an hour and was most unpleasant. At a session in the State Department, before the White House meeting, there were differences of view between the Secretary of State and myself, but the discussion was conducted in a calm and sober manner. Even when we turned down a proposal by Vance or his aides, we were not made to feel like the accused in a court of law facing the prosecuting attorney. President Carter, however, and even more so Mondale, launched charge after charge against Israel.

On my arrival at the White House with Vance and his aides, Carter said he wanted a few words with me alone before starting the general discussion, and so the Vance party, together with my aides, adjourned to the conference room to wait for us, while Carter took Mondale and me to his study. Carter first asked me about a certain defense matter. My reply did not satisfy him and he said he would take it up with Premier Begin. He then turned to the subject of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, speaking in language that was sharp in both content and tone, and making no effort to mask his anger. He said he had himself seen and heard one of our ministers say on television that we intended to settle hundreds of thousands on territory beyond our pre-June, 1967, borders. He charged us with taking action and making statements that were liable to prevent the Palestinian Arabs from joining the peace talks. I replied that there never was and never could be a government in Israel that would

fail to establish Israeli settlements in the territories. But the President continued with his accusations. "You are more stubborn than the Arabs, and you put obstacles on the path to peace."

I, too, was now angry. I told Carter that we did not accept the American opinion that our settlement was illegal, and I said that Israel had never agreed to the "Rogers plan." (Rogers was secretary of state under Nixon, and his plan called for Israel's withdrawal from virtually every part of the administered territories, namely, a return to the pre-1967 borders except for "insubstantial alterations.") I added that the settlements in the Jordan Valley, in the approaches to Rafah, and on the Golan Heights had been established during the premierships of Levi Eshkol and Golda Meir, but it was not that which prevented peace. The Arabs had been refusing to reconcile themselves to Israel's existence for thirty years, even when we lived within the pre-1967 boundaries.

What I resented most was the part played by Vice President Mondale, who at other times and on other occasions had been helpful. Now, however, whenever the President showed signs of calming down and holding an even-tempered dialogue, Mondale jumped in with fresh complaints, which disrupted the talk. I was disgusted. I just let him say his piece and make his allegations, and when he wound down I remained silent. They both stared at me, but I said not a word.

When we went to the conference room, where the two groups, sitting opposite each other, awaited us, Carter gave an introductory review, wearing his routine smile but leaving no doubt as to his mood. Those on my side of the table saw cold hostility in his blue eyes. The voice was quiet, but the language was strong, and at times his face was flushed with anger. He reported on our private conversation, missing not a single nuance of the "*J'accuse*" he had delivered to me against Israel. Indeed, he even elaborated on some of those points. He charged that both Prime Minister Begin and I, the foreign minister, had failed to dissociate ourselves from the words of our minister of agriculture, Arik Sharon. Israel was taking an obdurate line, whereas the Arabs were flexible. Israel did not really want peace. Our settlement was illegal. Our deeds and the declarations of our minister of agriculture made it difficult to convene the Geneva Conference.

My associates were astounded. After four wars and thirty years of Arab refusal to sit with us to discuss peace; their rejection of the "Allon Plan" (for a settlement with Jordan); their murder of King Abdullah (grandfather of Hussein) for daring to enter into negotiations with us; the three "No"s of Khartoum (where the Arab states vowed, "No peace with Israel. No negotiations with Israel. No recognition of Israel"); the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Eilat; their dismissal of the UN forces; their launching of the Yom Kippur War; the refusal of the PLO to respond to repeated American requests to stop their terrorism and recognize Israel—after all this,

the Arabs were the "flexible" ones, who yearned for peace, and we were the rejectionists. Our calls for peace were "insincere."

I did not know whether it was to demonstrate our "inflexibility" or to get an informative answer that the President then turned to me with a steely look and asked whether I insisted on Jordan's being the only Arab country with whom we would discuss the future of the West Bank. I said, "Yes." That was our position, and no other Arab state would have a say in the matter. And what, he asked further, was our view on the possibility of dividing the West Bank between us and Jordan? If Jordan were to make such a proposal, I said, we would give it honest consideration. In the past ten years, we had offered them the "Allon Plan," which proposed a division of this nature, and Jordan had replied that it was "totally unacceptable."

After discussions of procedural questions concerning the Geneva Conference, of security guarantees, and, again, of settlements in the occupied territories, the meeting came to a close. Apparently the President did not want the meeting to end on a hard note. He called out, as we rose to leave, in a voice that he clearly wanted everyone to hear, that he harbored great friendship for Premier Begin and that Begin was a strong leader.

It was soon clear that the Americans had sensed my discontent over the President's approach to the nature of an Arab-Israeli peace, and my resentment at his complaints against Israel. The very next morning, Hamilton Jordan, White House chief of staff, telephoned the Israeli ambassador in Washington to say that the President was very pleased with his meeting with me and thought the talks were good and helpful. The ambassador told him that I was back in New York and he would pass the message on to me there. A few hours later, Hamilton Jordan again telephoned the embassy, to ask what I thought of my talk with the President. He had received news from New York that I was not happy with the White House meeting; and the *Washington Post* story about it was also pessimistic. A few days later, Hamilton Jordan rang our ambassador and urgently asked to see him. He had heard that I was about to address a number of gatherings of various Jewish communities in the United States, at which I would no doubt speak of the differences between us and the American government.

This was not guesswork on the part of the White House official. In my meetings with correspondents and Jewish leaders, I had seen no reason to conceal my disappointment. It was also true that I was scheduled to address Jewish meetings in several cities. They were to be fund-raising meetings for the United Jewish Appeal and the State of Israel Bonds; but there was no doubt that in my speeches I would criticize the American position on peace in the Middle East. I, of course, was not alone in this venture of publicizing one's views. Leaks from the White House and the State Department kept the media well

engaged in transmitting American charges against us. Meanwhile, as I traveled around the country, I was glad at least to be away from Washington, away from the ugly atmosphere that had enveloped our talks.

THE THIRTEEN DAYS OF DELIBERATIONS AT CAMP David, from September 5 to September 17, 1978, were full of sharp and often bitter argument between us and the Egyptians, and especially between us and the Americans. To my regret, even the discussions within our own delegation were not always tranquil. There were times when only by clenching teeth and fists could I stop myself from exploding. No one disputed Begin's right, as prime minister and head of our delegation, to be the final arbiter of Israel's position on all matters under review. But none of us was disposed to accept, as though they were the Sinai tablets, those of his views that seemed to us extreme and unreasonable. Not that we were always at odds. But on those occasions when I disagreed with him and questioned his proposals, he got angry, and would dismiss my suggestions as likely to cause inestimable harm to Israel.

We could not change the Prime Minister's character nor the style of his speech. But it must be said to the credit of the delegation members that none of them failed to make his ideas known even when they were distasteful to Begin. At one session, when some of our colleagues expressed critical views and the Prime Minister kept cutting them off with harsh retorts, I asked for the floor. I said such behavior was a form of pressure, which prevented the participants from presenting a different view. Begin said he was surprised by my words, but his behavior changed.

The "big three"—Carter, Sadat, and Begin—were housed in neighboring cabins in an area by themselves, some distance from the rest of the delegation members. Each cabin had its name. Mine was called "Red Oak," and it had two bedrooms, a living room, and a large terrace. I slept in one of the bedrooms and the other was shared by Aharon Barak and Meir Rosenne, lawyers with the Israeli delegation, and Eli Rubinstein, my personal assistant and head of my bureau.

Camp David is without doubt a charming retreat, set in the heart of forested mountains, remote from the disturbances of daily life. And if tranquillity is not enough, there is tennis, swimming, billiards, and cinema. There is also a superb kitchen, staffed by Filipinos of high professional standing. Anyone who came to Camp David to lose weight was making a grave mistake.

The scenery at Camp David is spectacular, yet it is not my favorite landscape. The thick trees, the abundant greenery of shrub and bush, the golden-brown carpet of fallen leaves that covered the ground, failed to touch me as does the wild and primitive desert. I love the wilderness, with its broad expanses stretching away to infinity,

the occasional cluster of slender date palms with roots burrowing underground in search of water, and the small lizards lazing on the sand, eyes closed, soaking up the sun.

What I liked most about Camp David was its utter lack of formality. There was no protocol about dress, nor in the table-seating in the dining room, nor, indeed, in the manner of speech. We each received a blue windbreaker marked "Camp David" in letters of gold, and were told that we could dress as we pleased. President Carter wore a pair of faded blue jeans, Vance had on an oversized sweater, and the other Americans were equally casual. The Egyptians were more formal. Sadat may not have worn a tie, but the rest of his attire was impeccable, and others in his delegation wore clothes of studied elegance. Since I was neither a President nor an American, I possessed no jeans. Instead, I donned what I usually wear in the garden of my home, a pair of khaki slacks, and rarely had to open the suitcase that my wife, Rahel, had carefully packed. The khaki did not exactly go with the blue of the windbreaker, but that was one of the few Camp David problems I could safely ignore.

There were no regular working hours. Our meetings with the Americans usually took place at night, and at times went on to the early hours of the morning. Each meeting ended with a few issues still to be clarified, and then it was mostly the legal advisers who had to continue sitting "just a little longer" to formulate our conclusions. They did the best they could; but it happened on occasion that the root of the problem was political and not juridical, and I would then have to get out of my pajamas and into slacks and windbreaker to deal with it.

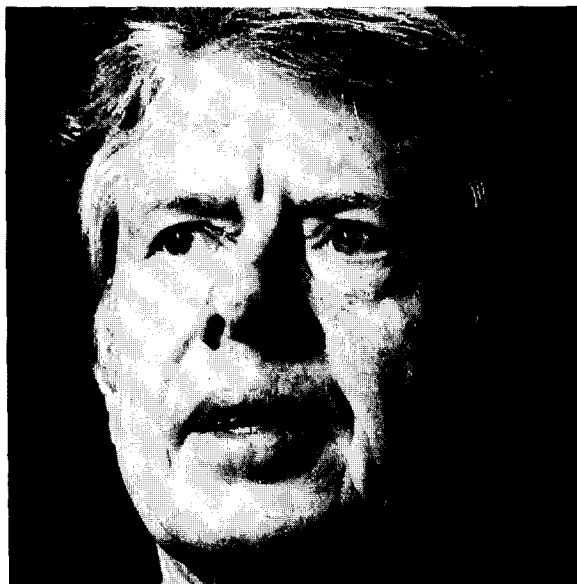
President Carter was indefatigable. Apart from the long hours of consultation with his aides and hard bargaining with the other delegations, he spent much time preparing himself for such meetings by trying to master every detail of the subjects under negotiation. It was not enough for him, for example, to hear about Sinai and the West Bank. He wanted all the details of their terrain, and he would study the maps and listen to explanations while taking notes in legible longhand on the points he considered of particular importance. Such concentration for hours at a time was tiring, but he would never break off until he was satisfied that he had all the relevant facts.

One evening, at the end of a session between the Amer-

ican and Israeli delegations, he asked me to walk him back to his cabin. It was after midnight, and we sat on the terrace so as not to disturb his wife, Rosalynn, and his daughter, Amy. We talked until four in the morning. I knew that my answers to his questions—and his requests—did not satisfy him, but I hoped that at least I had presented a clear and reasoned account of Israel's position. Before I left, the President asked me to wait a moment while he went into the house to get something for me. He soon came out with a packet of peanuts in his hand. In his state of Georgia, he said, the peanuts, unshelled, were boiled for a long time in salt water, and that was what gave them their special taste. He hoped I would like them.

Carter's relations with Begin were correct; with Sadat they were much warmer. However, there was no doubt that the President of the United States made a supreme

effort to bring the leaders of Egypt and Israel closer together and to get them to reach a mutual understanding and agreement. Among the members of our delegation, Carter had particular respect for Aharon Barak. Whenever we reached a deadlock in the talks, he would suggest that Barak come and see him to try and find a way to break it. Barak is gifted with high intelligence, ingenuity, and integrity. He was punctilious, in his drafting, about safeguarding Israel's position, and at the same time conceived formulae that were also acceptable to the other side.



PRESIDENT CARTER

Relations between the Egyptians and ourselves did not extend beyond the bounds of formality. The exception was the Ezer Weizman-President Sadat friendship. Sadat took a great liking to Ezer, and they met often. The practical benefits of their talks may not have been very great, but at least they were a crack in the wall that divided the two delegations. The fact of the matter was that the meeting at Camp David was not a summit meeting in the true meaning of the term. The leaders did not get closer to each other, and found no common language. Indeed, the meetings among the three were the least productive. The solutions to the knotty problems, the progress in the negotiations, and subsequent agreements were achieved at other meetings, mainly in talks with members of the American delegation, headed by President Carter, who kept going back and forth between us and the Egyptians.

Despite the crowded workdays, the delegation members found time for relaxation and entertainment. The

Americans snatched an occasional hour for tennis and the Israelis for billiards or the cinema. Begin might watch a film, and he would also play chess with Zbigniew Brzezinski, but this was very competitive, and the game proved less a form of peaceful relaxation than a battlefield confrontation, with each one trying desperately to defeat the other. I myself made do with a daily walk round the perimeter road of the camp. The cinema holds no attractions for me, and tennis is beyond me. A single eye is useful for firing a rifle—where the two-eyed need to close one—but not for tennis, ping-pong, or football. It is difficult, with one eye, to gauge the precise direction of a ball that is coming straight at you. I have often been the subject of derision by my grandsons for failing to catch the balls they throw.

Actually, what I needed at Camp David was not entertainment or relaxation but the reverse—free time. I have always required many hours for reflection and thought. At home I am sometimes “caught in the act,” and Rahel asks me, “Where has your mind been throughout the meal? You didn’t utter a word.” I have to admit that I was engrossed in prosaic matters—no fanciful dreams, no private wishes, but simply the various sides of some political or defense problem that engaged my attention at the time. At Camp David, we were busy with one meeting after another, and when we had an hour free the last thing I wanted was to sit in a cinema and watch a Wild West film. What I wanted was the time to think.

I came to enjoy my morning walk. The stiff uphill climbs left me short of breath at first; but I soon got used to them, and my feet would do their automatic marching at a military pace while my mind was free to roam at will. In the forefront of my thoughts were the current issues of the negotiations. But thoughts cannot always be straitjacketed, and perhaps because I was in the open air, amid rural surroundings, recollections of my youth would break into my reflections. I would suddenly find myself back in the fields of my village in the Valley of Jezreel at harvest time, when I would help my parents gather in the maize and the sorghum. At the end of the season, my friends and I would go on long hikes through Galilee, the Jordan Valley, and the Negev Desert, declaiming, as we swung along, the verses of Israel’s poet Shlonsky, suffused with the daring spirit of revolt. Shlonsky was the inspiration of our young generation, and we learned him by heart. He is not easy to translate, and only a genius like him could transmit in another tongue the superb rhymes and jovial rhythm in his light ballads, and the vivacity of the language, rich with biblical symbolism, in his more profound works.

Now, as I walked alone along the road that wound among the trees and bushes of the Camp David woods, something of those youthful days came back to me. I was no longer a boy, and my voice was not lifted in song or declamation. But the pace of the march and the tramp of boots again, as it did then, brought a poem to my lips.

However, it was not one of the Shlonsky poems of revolt and of building something new in the ancient wilderness, which had suited the undeveloped Israel of the 1930s. What came to mind now was the work of the poetess Rachel, who was a pioneer member of the kibbutz on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, Deganiah, where I was born. Her poems are sentimental and intensely Zionist, almost to the point of banality. Yet I was greatly taken with them as a youngster, and they have been part of me ever since. With her biblical namesake in mind, the matriarch Rachel, she wrote:

Her blood courses through my
blood;
Her voice in my voice sings;
Rachel. . . .

Walking round Camp David, I thought of the arguments that awaited me at the conference table, and the sophisticated formulae that would be submitted. There would be proposals that I be allowed or forbidden to preserve Jerusalem as my capital, that settlements be permitted or prohibited in Judea and Samaria, where the Jews once lived—in the mountains of Hebron, in the biblical Valley of Dothan, at Shiloh and Tekoa. And as I walked, the words of Rachel were with me throughout:

Thus, with such certainty
will I hold to my path;
for preserved in my limbs
are those memories of old,
of old.

Permitted or forbidden? It would take a lot more than Camp David, with all my respect for its importance, to prevent us from preserving Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Whoever wished to do so would have to rewrite the Bible, banish from the Jewish prayer book the age-old cry from exile, “Next year in Jerusalem,” and wipe out 3,000 years of history from the chronicles of the Jewish people, throughout which period Jerusalem has been their beacon.

IN THE OPENING DAYS OF THE MEETING, OUR MOST serious disagreement with the Americans was over settlement of the occupied territories, on which our position was final. I told the Americans that we would accept no limitations on this matter. Moreover, the manner in which they presented this issue was incorrect. In the coming five years, I said, we would establish twenty additional settlements—“villages” was a more accurate word. (This was the figure I had received from our minister of agriculture.) Each village would be settled by fifty to a hundred families, so that the total number of additional Jewish families in the territories would be about 1,500. This the Arabs opposed, yet at the same time they demanded that 50,000 to 100,000 Arabs be returned to the area—that is, ten to twenty times the number of Israeli

settlers. Where, then, was Israeli "hegemony" through "colonization" in the West Bank and Gaza? In Jerusalem, the Arab population had nearly doubled, from 65,000 to 120,000, during the years, since 1967, in which it had come under Israeli sovereignty. It was not our intention to seize private Arab land, or to use settlement to drive away the Arabs. Not a single Arab had been forced to leave because of our settlements. On the contrary, the settlements had provided new sources of employment and income for the Arabs in the territories and had greatly improved their economy.

When neither President Carter nor Mondale was present in our meetings with the American delegation, Vance took the chair. Defense Secretary Harold Brown spoke little, and occupied himself only with specifically military matters. This was not the case with Brzezinski, who took an active part in the discussion on all subjects.

Although the Americans appeared to present a united stand, there was a marked difference between Vance and Brzezinski in the manner of presentation. Vance set forth his views with clarity, and he listened attentively to our arguments; when he was persuaded that our position was just, he sought ways to come toward us. Not so Brzezinski. He was, of course, polite and articulate, but his remarks held the deliberate purpose of sharpening the divisions between us, as though he were trying to "break" us. This was evident not only to us but also to Vance, and his displeasure was very noticeable. There may have been other reasons for the coolness between them, and it may not have been chance alone that at all the meetings at which both were present, they sat as far from each other as possible.

The presidential aides showed both respect and genuine affection for Carter. And his attitude toward them—and at times to members of our delegation—was one of companionship. Neither in word nor in behavior was he ever pretentious or supercilious. On the contrary, when any subject cropped up on which he was not well-informed, he would say so, and would without hesitation ask for a simple explanation.

The major shortcoming of the American delegation members, to my mind, was their superficial grasp of the Middle East, its peoples, and their problems. The Americans had met and talked to the leaders of the countries in the region time and again; yet it seemed as though they accepted what they were told by these presidents and prime ministers at face value, without reservation, and

without distinguishing between words and reality. I also suspected that not all the American ambassadors were able to understand the true situation in the countries to which they were accredited. The judgment of the United States government as to what was likely to happen in Iran or in Lebanon, and as to the probable reaction to Sadat's peace initiative by Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and Morocco, failed to stand the test of time. Perhaps it was too much to expect from a superpower, involved as it is in the problems of the entire world, that it acquire a more basic knowledge of the trends in each country, which would enable it to perceive the ferment beneath the surface and to arrive at an understanding of what could and what could not be achieved. It may also be that the system whereby each U.S. President, upon taking office, brings in his own, fresh group of advisers militates against the acquisition of specialist expertise in the problems of foreign affairs (though there have been some brilliant exceptions). Whatever the reasons, I confess that, throughout the period in which I held public office and came into contact with American representatives who dealt with the Middle East, I often felt that, in addition to their good will, sagacity, and diligence, they could have done with a more thorough knowledge of our region.

After several days and nights of feverish and repetitive discussion, bargaining, and drafting, cooped up in the high-pressure chamber of the Camp David conference, our

American hosts thought that it might not be a bad idea to open some of the valves. The first, uncommon step toward this end was taken one evening when the three delegations, together with press correspondents and specially invited guests, were treated to a parade-ground display by the Marine unit in charge of security at the camp. I have a soft spot for the Marines. I had got to know some of them when I joined one of their jungle patrols during a visit I paid to Vietnam in 1966 (when I was out of government) to see the war at first hand. I found them excellent fighters, bold, courageous, dauntless in storming an enemy position, and handling their weapons with proficiency.

On that evening at Camp David, they fulfilled their tattoo functions with meticulous skill. A special viewing stand had been constructed for the guests, who were seated according to rank. In the front row sat the "big three" with their wives; behind them came us, the ministers; and behind us sat the advisers and aides. After the



PREMIER BEGIN

MARLOW/STGMA

Marines had carried out their complicated marching, they received the well-merited and enthusiastic applause of the onlookers. I, too, clapped my hands in appreciation of their performance, but somewhere within me I felt a certain distaste, even anger and humiliation, for this use of combat troops as marionettes, as though they were chocolate soldiers in some operetta. From the very beginning of my army career I had resented drills, parades, and march-pasts. The soldier's job is to fight, and one does not do battle—at least not today—in straight and regular ranks and with fixed, rhythmic movements. Moreover, combat is not only the most dangerous venture in the life of man. It also demands, certainly in the heat of battle, a supreme physical and mental effort. With bombs, shells, mortars, and rockets bursting all around, the commander has to concentrate on his task, perceive what is happening, judge the enemy's next move, exploit the terrain, give appropriate covering fire to the advancing troops while being ready to redeploy to meet an out-flanking move, and sharpen all his senses so as to make the correct response at the critical moment. It is true that the fighting man is called a soldier and the men in an army wear uniform clothing; but battle demands of every man that he exert to the maximum his individual capability, and not move his legs and swing his arms like a robot at the press of a button.

As a youth in Nahalal, when I was a platoon commander in the Haganah, the Jewish underground force during the British Mandatory Administration, I received an infantry training manual one day from the Haganah High Command. It was a Hebrew translation of a British Army brochure called "Right and Wrong," which gave illustrated examples, set side by side, of how, and how not, to perform actions in the field. They ranged from crawling and running with a rifle to assaulting in platoon strength. Not a single example suited the circumstances of a Haganah unit in Palestine having to confront bands of Arab attackers. I therefore prepared a training manual of my own, similar in format to the one I had received but with examples of situations and actions taken from our combat experience at the time. I sent it to the top commander of the Haganah, Yaacov Dori (who later became Israel's first chief of staff), and he summoned me to GHQ in Haifa to expand on my approach to military training. Some months later, the Haganah withdrew the old manual and distributed a new one, which incorporated most of my proposals.

Many years and battles have passed since then, but my views about soldiers and combat training have remained unchanged. And those were my thoughts as I watched the Marines' tattoo at Camp David on that night. The troops, with split-second timing, spun their rifles in the air in a double turn, and caught them as one man. It was a magnificent spectacle, yet the proper place for it was not an army parade ground but a circus, and it should have been performed not by soldiers but by jugglers and acrobats.

WE WERE TREATED TO ANOTHER BOUT OF RELAXATION on the following Sunday, September 10, with a six-hour guided tour of the Gettysburg battlefield, close to Camp David. Here, too, as at the Marines' display, Carter, Sadat, and Begin drove in a special car, followed by a bus with members of the three delegations, and after us a long convoy with hundreds of correspondents, guests, and guides. This was not my first visit to Gettysburg, and I was already familiar with the course of the action that had resulted in the defeat of the Confederate forces under General Robert E. Lee. Yet there was something special about this particular visit, which gave vivid reality to the three-day battle, in July of 1863, that proved the turning point in the Civil War. What was special were the descriptions, stories, and comments by President Carter. We were, of course, accompanied by a professional guide; but Carter, a southerner, could not contain his feelings as the guide gave his dry recital, and injected his own observations on the moves of the rival Federal and Confederate troops. He did so with great emotion, and spoke with genuine warmth and praise for General Lee and his men. He seemed to know every hill and boulder that had served them as cover. And when he told the story of how the tattered, bedraggled, and barefoot southern fighters had an additional incentive to capture Gettysburg upon hearing that it had large stores of boots, he seemed to be talking about his own family.

I do not suppose that anyone who is not an American can understand what the Civil War means to Americans. It is probably not why or how or which side won this or that battle that gives the war so prominent a place in the consciousness of the Americans to this day. What they feel so deeply is a personal identification with the men, their brothers, who fought in that bitter and bloody struggle with courage, dedication, and self-sacrifice. When Carter described how, after the battle of Gettysburg had ended, General Lee's men were forced to retire to Virginia, and did so under cover of rain and darkness, he emphasized that this was not a retreat in orderly units. Out of the original 75,000 men, some 30,000 were casualties. They withdrew, defeated and disorganized, but, Carter added with pride, without panic, and unbroken in spirit.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE CAMP DAVID CONFERENCE, Ezer Weizman had wanted Sadat and me to meet for a private talk. He knew that the President of Egypt had reservations about such a meeting and about me, suspecting that I would try to outdo him by getting peace and giving nothing in exchange. Nevertheless, he finally acceded to Ezer's request and invited me to tea on Thursday, September 14. Carter, who knew of the forthcoming meeting, asked me to come and see him, and suggested that I not discuss with Sadat the issues or

which we were in conflict. Such discussion, he said, would not be helpful. Indeed, it would be harmful, for we both would entrench ourselves in our positions and this would only increase tension between our delegations. I promised the President that I would talk only of camels and date palms.

Sadat received me with a polite smile; his manservant brought us small cups of the sweet and fragrant tea he is fond of; and when he left, Sadat plunged straight into the problems of the conference. It was about to end without an agreement. The main reason, he said, was our stubbornness over retaining our settlements in Sinai. "The concept of building the city of Yamit in the northeastern corner of Sinai was yours, was it not?" he asked rhetorically. "What did you think, that we would resign ourselves to its existence?"

The camels and the date palms vanished. "The idea of creating Yamit was mine," I said. "But before going ahead with its construction we approached you and offered to hand back to you the whole of Sinai within the framework of a peace treaty—and that idea, too, was mine. What was your reply? 'No peace, no negotiations, no recognition of Israel.' What was taken by force, you said, would be recovered by force. That was the resolution adopted by the Khartoum Conference, at the initiative of Nasser. What did you think we would do, sit with folded arms while you announced that you were not prepared to reconcile yourselves to Israel's existence, and that you wanted to take Sinai back not peacefully but only through war?"

The course of this dialogue was not to Sadat's liking. The smile disappeared, and opposite me sat an angry and troubled man. He said that his foreign minister, Muhammad Ibrahim Kamel, was anxious to follow his predecessor, Fahmi, and resign. His adviser, al-Baz, was strongly opposed to a peace treaty with Israel, was venomous in his outbursts among members of his delegation, and strengthened their doubts. If there were no change in the negotiations in his favor, he would have to return to Egypt and admit he had failed. We were obliged, he said, to start a new chapter: withdraw from the entire peninsula of Sinai and hand it over to Egyptian sovereignty. "My people," he said, "will not agree to any foreign regime on our soil, neither to American forces in the Sinai airfields nor to your settlements, not even one, not even for a brief period. If you want peace with us, the table must be cleared. We fought to get rid of the British,

and later we fought so that the Suez Canal shall remain in our exclusive control. I am now ready to make peace with you, a full and true peace, and ignore the opposition of the Arab states. But you must take all your people out of Sinai, the troops and the civilians; dismantle the military camps; and remove the settlements."

I saw no point in arguing, just as I saw little point in taking up past accounts—the wars waged against us by Egypt while our heads of government were offering her peace. There was no question that he was adamant about Sinai, and if we were not prepared to withdraw, the Camp David conference would end without a peace agreement.

I told Sadat I would report on our meeting to Premier Begin, and rose to leave. He accompanied me to the door and produced his polite smile as we bade each other *Shalom* and *Salaam*. But any expectation that our talk would narrow the gap between our respective positions, or, on the personal level, bring us closer together, remained unfulfilled.

The last day of the Camp David Conference, Sunday, September 17, was a day not only of packing bags but of closing gaps. President Carter telephoned me in the morning to say he was going to Sadat to try and get his agreement to our demand that UN forces to be stationed at Sharm e-Sheikh could be told to leave only with the agreement of both parties, Egypt and Israel. (In 1967, President Nasser, alone, had ordered the UN

forces to go, and they had gone.)

On the thorny issue of the removal of our settlements in Sinai, Begin had decided on a final formula. After a talk with Carter, he reported to us that he had told the President of his intention to ask the Knesset to vote on the following question: "If Israel and Egypt reach agreement on all other issues, but the condition for signing a peace treaty is the removal of Israeli settlements in Sinai, does the Knesset approve or disapprove their removal?" There would be a free ballot, with each member voting according to his conscience and not within the framework of party discipline. Although Begin did not ask me how I would vote, I thought it proper to tell him that in such a circumstance I would vote in favor of the removal of the settlements.

The third and last obstacle to be handled before we could reach agreement on a framework for peace was Jerusalem, the city where Jews and Arabs had succeeded in living together for the past ten years. Moslems, Chris-



PRESIDENT SADAT

SIPA/BLACK STAR

tians, and Jews had been living side by side since the 1967 Six-Day War without barriers between them and without communal conflict. The sharpest difference of view on this issue had arisen between the Americans and ourselves. The United Nations, with the concurring vote of the United States, had demanded in 1949 that Jerusalem be internationalized, because it was holy to three faiths. Our highest state institutions—the Knesset, the presidency, the government—are housed in West Jerusalem, yet the United States to this day does not recognize Jerusalem as our capital. It held to this position even during the period 1949 to 1967, when Israel's eastern boundary excluded the West Bank but included West Jerusalem, while East Jerusalem was under Arab control.

Begin met Carter in the morning of that last day of the Camp David negotiations, and at one o'clock he informed us that he had reached agreement with the President on formulae for those issues that until then had remained unresolved. On Jerusalem, he said, the agreement would state only that it would remain "undivided." Begin appeared very pleased with himself: there was agreement on every formula, word for word!

We were all very happy. But an hour later we were again plunged into gloom. What happened was that during lunch in the refectory, Vice President Mondale showed our ambassador to Washington, Simcha Dinitz, the draft of a letter President Carter was about to deliver to Sadat. In it Carter stated that the United States considered East Jerusalem to be conquered territory. Dinitz told Mondale that Israel would not sign a document that included such a letter. Moreover, the agreement to be signed was an Israel-Egypt agreement—why should it include a statement on the position taken by the United States? Was it an agreement between Israel and the United States? The heart of the matter was the meaning of the President's proposed letter, which was that Jerusalem should be redivided, with the western part going to Israel and the eastern part, including the Hebrew University campus and the Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus, to Jordan. Up to then, the Americans had said they supported a united Jerusalem.

Mondale realized that the matter was very serious, and he said he would go immediately to Carter with our reaction. A half-hour later we were called to a meeting in the billiard room. There we found the President, Mondale, and Vance, while Barak, Dinitz, and I represented the Israeli delegation; but it turned into an exchange between Carter and myself. The President said Sadat insisted on the letter as a condition of his signing our agreement. The President feared that agreement would not be achieved unless Israel agreed in principle to evacuate East Jerusalem. He had promised Sadat that the agreement would include a statement of the United States' position on Jerusalem, and he would not break his promise.

"Do you want to dictate to me," he asked with consid-

erable anger, "what to say in the name of the United States?"

I, too, was furious. I told the President that had we known that the Americans intended to announce their stand on the Jerusalem question, we would not have come to Camp David. There were other subjects on which we were divided, such as Israeli settlements in the administered territories, yet the agreement contained not even a hint of America's position on this issue. We wanted to reach a peace agreement with Egypt, and also, as far as possible, an understanding with the United States. But how could the Americans and the Egyptians argue that the Western ("Wailing") Wall, the Hebrew University, the Hadassah Hospital, the Mount of Olives, and Mount Scopus belonged to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan? Why was the Jewish Quarter in the Old City regarded as "conquered territory," held by us in contravention of international law? Simply because the Jordanian Arab Legion conquered it in 1948, destroyed its synagogues, killed or took captive the Jewish civilians who lived there? What was there holy about the military conquest by the Jordanian Army in 1948 and profane about our victory in the 1967 war—a war that also started with Jordan's attack on Israel? We had no wish to control the places holy to Christianity and to Islam, and in that area I believed that an appropriate formula could be found. But the meaning of the President's proposed letter to Sadat was that the whole of East Jerusalem was to come under Arab sovereignty.

Carter's reply was that he was not prepared to take back what he had promised Sadat, and our agreement with Egypt was to include a letter signed by him, President Carter, expressing America's position on Jerusalem, a position that had not changed since 1967.

Our meeting ended with the standard result: America's Vance and Israel's Barak would try to find a formula for agreement. For good measure, Carter asked Barak to accompany him to his cabin so that they could have a talk before Barak's meeting with Vance. Barak did not seem surprised. During the harsh discussion, when it seemed that the issue of Jerusalem might torpedo the agreement, I noticed his furrowed brows as he jotted down various formulae in his notebook.

An hour later, at 3:45 P.M., Barak walked into our delegation room with a revised version of the American letter. In addition, he said, it had been proposed that both Begin and Sadat attach to the agreement their own letters, in which each would present his country's position. Begin studied the new version of the American letter, read it out to us, and said, "I accept it."

Although the stand—and the action—of the Americans greatly angered me, I considered the attachment of letters stating the views on Jerusalem of Egypt, Israel, and the United States as an expression of the reality with which we had to come to terms. It was the lesser of two evils, since the American and Egyptian letters were not

of an operational character. They did not commit Israel to withdrawing from this territory. The practical question of who would control Jerusalem would be discussed within the framework of the negotiations for a peace treaty with Jordan five years after the establishment of autonomy in the West Bank. Time would tell.

As Begin was about to draft the letter that would set out Israel's stand, Barak observed that the President was very rattled, and had said he could not work in the shadow of ultimatums from all sides. Begin thereupon telephoned Carter and told him, in friendly tones, that the proposal that Barak had brought him was acceptable. I did not hear Carter's response, but I could see the smile on Begin's face and his nods of approval. The Camp David conference had come to an end.

AT 11 O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT, IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE White House, in Washington, Carter, Sadat, and Begin signed "The Framework of Peace in the Middle East." It was not a peace agreement. The framework agreement was only the basis—the establishment of principles that would serve as the foundations for negotiations now to be conducted to conclude a peace treaty with Egypt and autonomy for the Arabs of Judea, Samaria, and the Gaza district.

It was bleak and rainy outside, but the atmosphere in the White House was charged with emotion; for this was, indeed, a moving event. After the signing, the Israeli delegation drove to the Hilton Hotel, where the Israelis and leaders of the Washington Jewish community had gathered to toast Premier Begin. I drank a toast and then went to my room, sat in an armchair, and reflected on all that had happened.

That evening was one of the most momentous of my life. I had traveled a long road from the battlefield to the peace table, from our 1948 War of Independence, followed by my armistice talks with Jordan's King Abdullah, through the 1956 Sinai campaign, the 1967 Six-Day War, the 1973 Yom Kippur War, right up to Camp David. The toughest stretch of that journey had been the years since that fateful Yom Kippur until the White House ceremony I had just attended.

I was very tired, and the hour was late; yet I could not fall asleep. I longed to be home. Had I been there, I would

have celebrated the event in the way I liked best—eating a snack in the kitchen with Rahel and afterward reading to her the poems of Nathan Alterman. That night they would have been the "noble" ones, which deal with the chronicles of the House of Israel, like "Zehavam of the Jews" and "The Battle for Granada," poems about the long and weary road, paved with hardship, trekked by the Jewish nation, my nation, my people, dispersed, denigrated, oppressed, massacred, a people who had hung on desperately to life, almost with their fingernails, and survived.

The Jews had always faced a dual challenge, having to fight their oppressors and to fight for the preservation of their singular identity. How poignantly was this expressed in "The Battle for Granada," a poem that portrays the remarkable Shmuel Ha'Nagid (Samuel the Governor), who 900 years ago was leader of Spanish Jewry and at the same time chief minister of state to the Berber king of Granada and commander of his army. Alterman sets a battlefield scene in which Samuel the Jewish general is being addressed by a Spanish commander:

" . . . for apart from the military campaigns of Granada
you have another war
a war of your own
an unending war.
It is the war of your people,
whose shepherd you are.
It is the war of your language
whose hosts you command.
It is the war of your son,
whose teacher you are,
to teach him the writing of antiquity. . . ."

I was leaving for Israel the following morning and would report to the government, as Begin was staying on in the United States for another few days. There would be a special session of the Knesset on his return, devoted to the Camp David accords. We would no doubt be severely criticized and it would be up to the elected parliamentary representatives of Israel to decide whether to approve or reject the proposal for the "Framework of Peace" agreement. Whatever their decision, Heaven knew that at Camp David we had fought to the limit of our capacity what Alterman in his poem referred to as the endless war of the Jews. □

An overnight solution is impossible, and might be disastrous if it could be achieved

A PLAN FOR CONTROLLING INFLATION

BY ROBERT B. ZEVIN

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION HAS CHOSEN TO ATTRIBUTE inflation to the growth of the Keynesian welfare state. This simple diagnosis suggests a simple remedy. The administration proposes surgery to remove all the unhealthy tissue: excessive regulation, taxation, complexity, inefficiency, and bureaucracy; overly generous subsidies and special favors. There is reason to believe that the proposed reforms will have at least some effect on inflation, which has been continuous and accelerating since the original New Deal programs were fully established. The particularly sharp escalation in the middle 1960s was synchronous with the introduction of Great Society programs.

But this approach has obvious limitations, ambiguities, and omissions. The quantum leap in our inflation after 1973 was a direct result of OPEC price increases rather than of some misguided new venture in Keynesianism. Furthermore, wars produced enormous inflation for millennia before it could have had Keynesian motivation, and the evidence is overwhelming that the American preoccupation with military spending since the end of World War II has checked productivity growth and exacerbated inflation. History seems to justify this administration's hope to reduce inflation by pruning welfare-state extravagances, but history also suggests that the growth of defense spending will increase inflation as much as the proposed cuts will reduce it.

If we grant that the application of Keynesian policies has been the prime cause of inflation, we must still answer the question of how one thing led to the other. The administration's analysis suggests that it is only the excesses of Keynesian policy that have produced inflation. However, a much more plausible interpretation would be that the cause of inflation has been the remarkable success achieved by the leanest essentials of Keynesian policy.

Since the end of World War II, the capitalist world has practiced Keynesian management; the results have been in spectacular contrast with previous history. Periods of economic contraction have been briefer and the contractions shallower than for any comparable stretch of time since the Industrial Revolution. It is not hard to imagine that this altered state of affairs has changed individual economic behavior in ways that have led to more infla-

tion. As businesses became increasingly convinced that government could deliver on its promise to eliminate depressions and attenuate recessions, they became more willing to borrow funds, build new plants, retain a skilled work force. Labor unions, for the same reason, became concerned more about increasing pay levels and less about protecting the level of employment. When demand has slackened, businesses have increasingly maintained prices at profitable levels, confident that government subvention will restore demand without any contribution from them in the form of lower prices.

Over the past fifty years, we have developed a social structure designed to maintain incomes and, consequently, the prices of labor and goods that generate incomes. A system that generally prevents prices from falling but not from rising will inevitably produce a preponderance of price increases. It seems difficult to escape the unpleasant conclusion that the success of Keynesian policy in achieving high levels of prosperity has led *by itself* to inflation.

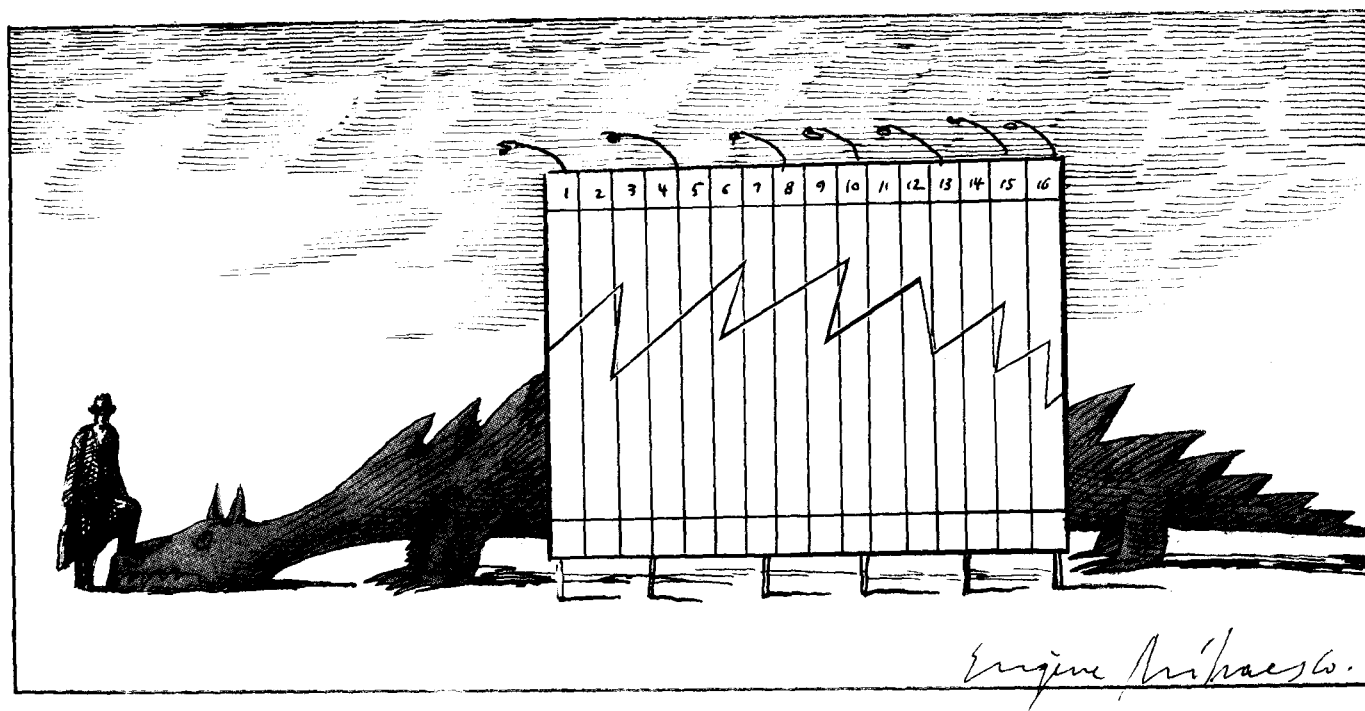
It was this analysis that motivated many very liberal Keynesians to support Nixon's experiment with wage-and-price controls. With controls, they reasoned, the policies that had succeeded in vanquishing depressions could be maintained and supplemented with a new policy addressed to controlling inflation. But wage-and-price controls functioned abysmally, and they would do worse today.

The President's men have dealt with this circumstance by denying that there is inherent conflict between Keynesian security and price stability. They maintain that there is a possibility of having economic "safety nets" sufficient to keep us from falling into depression yet insufficient to yield inflation. But this possibility is a dubious one, especially if we consider the concentrated market power that major corporations and unions enjoy in the real world.

IT IS, OF COURSE, A COROLLARY OF ADMINISTRATION policy that while allowing the Keynesian state to wither away, we will encourage the productive forces of the private sector to flourish.

The Reagan proposals would reduce all personal-income tax rates by 5 percent this year, 10 percent in each of the following two years, and 5 percent in 1984. Finally, business taxes would be reduced in a way that is supposed to encourage more investment. The investment-

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income tax cuts are intended to lift a restraint from the shoulders of workers, investors, and entrepreneurs. The expected result is a widespread increase in productive effort that will cause the supply of goods and services to increase more rapidly, thus reducing inflation.

Even if such an effect occurs, it is difficult to imagine that the response will be large or swift. Furthermore, if inflation continues to increase incomes at 10 percent a year, the average taxpayer will occupy the same position in 1984 after the proposed tax cuts as today without them. If outlays and taxes were equally reduced, there would be some reduction in the inflationary intensity of total demand, since individuals would save some portion of their increased after-tax incomes. Suppose that both taxes and expenditures are \$200 billion less in the final year of this administration than they would have been under the Carter projections. If taxpayers save a generous 10 percent of this windfall, then total demand will be \$20 billion less than it would have been, or about one half of one percent of projected total demand. This is rather a trivial dent in inflation for such a politically heroic accomplishment. Reducing federal expenditures beyond the reduction in taxes, in an effort to eliminate the government deficit, is another story. An inflation rate of 10 or 12 percent measures the fact that households, businesses, and governments are trying to spend an aggregate amount that is 10 or 12 percent greater than the total national income divided among them. The federal deficit—approaching \$100 billion, or 3 percent of GNP—is a major part of this phenomenon. Eliminating the deficit by 1984 might have a substantial impact on inflation.

The Reagan cuts in taxes and spending address longstanding sources of inflation; however, they do not attack the specific cause of deteriorating productivity and infla-

tion since 1973. In the past eight years, the international price of petroleum has increased more than 1,000 percent: this has had multiple disruptive consequences for our economy. The effect on political decision-making was equally devastating for the first seven years.

The oil-price increases of 1973 and 1979-1980 contributed directly to inflation by raising the price of an important product and an important component of other products. The indirect effects may have been even more significant. At the time of the first OPEC price increase, in 1973, the United States had tangible capital assets with a value of about \$3.4 trillion—more than two and a half times that year's gross national product and more than fifteen times that year's very high level of expenditure for new physical assets. These capital goods—automobiles and highways, airplanes and airports, houses and commercial buildings, power plants and washing machines, steel mills and breweries—had all been built, designed, and located on the assumption that, regardless of overall price inflation, a barrel of oil would be worth one or two bushels of wheat, or one hundredth of a ton of steel, or less than half an hour of skilled industrial labor. However, a barrel of oil today is worth eight or nine bushels of wheat, one fifteenth of a ton of steel, and more than two hours of skilled labor. These changes have made it uneconomical to operate much of 1973's physical plant the way it was intended to be, or, in some cases, to operate it at all; much capital and labor goes unemployed or mal-employed. OPEC's price increase is thus a principal explanation for the high levels of unemployment that we have experienced since 1973. And unemployment leads to more inflation. Government policy becomes more expansive to combat increased unemployment, and succeeds, in part, by inflating the prices of everything else, so that

the 1,000 percent increase in the dollar price of oil becomes "only" a 500 percent increase relative to the price of steel or labor. Another inflationary impulse comes from the interruption of productivity growth caused by sudden shifts in the relative price of oil. Contract negotiators on both sides of the table are still used to terms that incorporate inflation plus a "normal" rate of increase in productivity. When the anticipated increases in output per worker do not materialize, employers can maintain profitability only by increasing prices.

Paradoxically, this analysis of the relationship between OPEC and inflation provides hope for the future. The energy policy for which the Carter Administration obtained ratification last year appears to be one of its few enduring legacies. The essence of that policy is to permit the prices of oil and gas products to reflect world prices and to impose a windfall-profits tax on the sale of previously discovered petroleum. Higher prices for final products have begun dramatically to reduce consumption of oil and gas relative to total economic activity. And higher prices for new discoveries have already caused maximum feasible increases in exploration. Partly for these reasons, there is little effective opposition to the core of our new energy policy.

The grounds for optimism are straightforward. The effects of oil-price increases are sharp and short rather than continuous. A couple of years after an oil-price increase, most of the effects on inflation, unemployment, and productivity have been felt. Thereafter, there is a good chance of resuming normal productivity growth, which, indeed, happened for a while after mid-1975. There is every reason to suppose that a similar resumption of normal productivity increases will be apparent before the end of the year. And the resumption should be permanent if we are spared a third oil-price shock.

The link between OPEC and productivity problems suggests that the current bipartisan enthusiasm for encouraging more investment is misguided. It is based on a critically inaccurate perception. From 1966 to 1973, the first half of our recent inflation experience, investment was at record-high levels by any standard. Inflation in those years was caused not by an inability to produce more but by an immense corporate appetite for transforming more goods and services into machines and factories. Since 1973, investment has been about average for the post-World War II period, as a percentage of GNP or as a rate of increase in the capital stock. It has not been high enough to raise the amount of capital per worker; but during this period, the work force expanded enormously, owing to the maturation of the "baby boom" generation and the increase in the number of women seeking employment. Both phenomena have already abated, so a continuation of the investment levels of the past eight years will once again yield increases in the amount of capital per worker.

It is true that inflation has dissipated the effect of

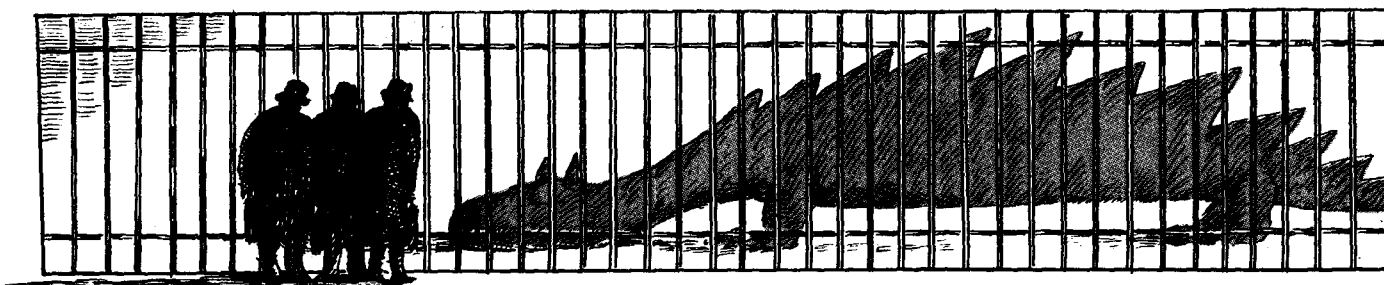
corporate depreciation allowances intended to provide nontaxable sources of funds with which to replace worn-out or obsolete capital. The Reagan solution is to permit faster depreciation of investment goods—larger tax write-offs each year for a smaller number of years. At the same time, the diverse range of depreciation lives currently recognized for different kinds of plant and equipment would be drastically consolidated and simplified.

Unfortunately, the effect would be to penalize those industries where rapid technical progress is causing obsolescence of equipment ahead of the schedule provided for in the Reagan plan. Industries with stagnant technology and long-lived equipment would receive the biggest tax benefits. It is not probable that the declining industries will invest more, nor is it necessarily desirable for them to do so. It is certainly not good public policy to inhibit those sectors that are doing the most to combat inflation.

TO RECAPITULATE: WHATEVER THE ADMINISTRATION does to diminish the welfare state will reduce inflation. The most significant reductions would come from attacking the most essential elements of modern economic policy, and they would be accompanied by equally significant costs, in the form of unemployment, economic failure, and hardship. Whatever the administration does to enlarge the welfare state will increase inflation. The inflationary effects of the 1979-1980 oil-price shock are about to end. There is an excellent chance that productivity is about to improve. The President's program for simplifying and shortening depreciation schedules is neither helpful in combating inflation nor just.

What if all the seeds of Reagan economics were to come up roses? Output per hour of work would resume its historic growth of 2.5 percent a year. A balanced budget would reduce excess demand and inflation by three percentage points. Cuts in spending and taxes would account for a further reduction in the inflation rate of half a percentage point. Because it was paid for out of current taxes, increased military spending would have no inflationary consequences.

Even if this fairy tale came true, we would see the elimination of only six percentage points of inflation by 1984, or about half of the current rate. What about the other half? This is supposed to disappear because people expect it to disappear. But why should any rational person expect inflation to drop by 10 to 12 percent when all the measures now planned could not possibly do more than half the job? Relying solely on Reagan's proposed changes would be analogous to expecting to restore electric current by unplugging the offending extra appliances after the fuse had blown. None of Reagan's proposed changes would affect the self-generating



aspects of inflation. Expectations of continued inflation are built into our economic structure in ways that make it both difficult and dangerous to attempt a precipitous termination of price increases.

Consider a typical large American corporation. Of the revenues that it retains after buying things from other corporations, roughly 8 percent is profit before taxes and after adjusting for the distortions of inflation. By contrast, some 67.6 percent is used to pay compensation and fringe benefits to employees. The vast majority of these payments are made pursuant to three-year collective-bargaining agreements with major unions. Now suppose that inflation is brought to a miraculous, instant halt. With zero inflation, total revenues of the typical corporation would also be constant. However, the typical labor contract calls for wages to increase by about 7 percent a year before any adjustments for inflation. If the average contract had a year and a half to run on the day inflation stopped, then the average employer would find wages increasing 10.5 percent before the contract expired. Wages would increase from 67.6 percent of available revenues to 74.7 percent. The increase would come out of profits, which would decline from 8 percent to less than one percent in eighteen months. Firms whose contracts extended two and three years into the future would be still more devastated. Even those firms whose contracts expired immediately after inflation's demise might have trouble persuading the auto workers or the steel workers to forgo increases when the coal miners were still enjoying large raises won previously.

Profit-making firms would not passively accept this destruction. They would try to protect their profits by raising prices sufficiently to cover their increasing costs. If they succeeded, inflation would be resumed. If they failed, they would still attempt to protect profits, by firing expensive employees and reducing the unprofitable production. These cutbacks would further reduce corporate and consumer demand. Cutbacks and continued price stability would lead only to further cutbacks. Businesses and consumers would begin to default on their substantial debts. Lenders would foreclose on property and offer it for sale in weak markets. In this way, a sudden end of inflation could quickly become a pandemic of deflation and depression, similar to that in the 1930s.

It is for these reasons that knowledgeable people speak of an "embedded" rate of inflation, currently around 11 percent. And it is for these reasons that the Reagan

Administration, like all of its recent predecessors, contemplates only a prolonged and gradual decline in our inflation.

A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON INFLATION MUST BE REALISTIC—equipped with methods of both enforcement and inducement, and therefore believable.

It is not realistic to suppose that the inflation rate can prudently be reduced any faster than by about two percentage points a year, so we are talking about a six-year plan. And it is clear that high levels of employment coupled with rapid growth in real output and productivity would make it possible to reduce inflation more rapidly and painlessly; thus, a continued Keynesian commitment to high levels of capital and labor employment is an important element in the economic and political realism of any plan. Another essential ingredient is that the plan be neutral with respect to the distribution of income.

Incorporating these features into a six-year plan would require assumptions about real growth and productivity. If the projected rate of labor-productivity increases were unreasonably high, this would be viewed, correctly, as justifying increases in real wages at the expense of profits. Conversely, if no increases in labor productivity were assumed, this would amount to asking workers to accept six years of frozen real wages, with all the benefits of any increased productivity going to employers.

A reasonable compromise would be to plan for increases in output per worker of between one and 1.5 percent a year—halfway between the flat performance since 1973 and the happy results for the previous quarter-century. With the labor force growing at 1.5 to 2 percent a year, this assumption implies that real GNP could grow at about 3 percent a year while maintaining a high rate of employment. Wages and all categories of retirement benefits and transfer payments would be planned to increase at the assumed rates of inflation plus about one or 1.5 percent. If actual productivity exceeded the assumed numbers, the plan should assure that these unanticipated gains were shared equitably, through proportionate increases in producers' profits and further deceleration in consumer prices.

Thus far, the obligation of the federal government inherent in such a plan would be a long-term commitment to increase the money supply at rates consistent with the assumed growth of real GNP and deceleration of

inflation; to manage taxes and expenditures, on Keynesian principles, in a manner that would provide 3 percent real growth and high employment of resources; and, finally, to alter the incentives or disincentives for investment so that increases in capital per worker would be sufficient to yield the expected increases in output.

SO MUCH FOR THE CARROTS. WHAT ABOUT THE sticks? Government in America already carries a very persuasive club. It accounts for one fifth of all final purchases of goods and labor services, and it takes an additional one seventh of national income out of the pockets of some and gives it to others. Even if the magnitude, growth, and abuse of this power are prime causes of inflation, government power is nevertheless not going to be dissipated in the next half-dozen years. It makes little sense to shut our eyes to such an evident reality. Why not use government power to attack the inflation that it helped to cause?

As the direct employer of almost 20 million people, government could commit itself to raising the average wages of those employees exactly in accord with a national plan for the next six years. As a purchaser of weapons systems and other goods, the government could substitute for the present "cost plus" and inflation-escalation clauses an agreement to increase future prices only in accord with planned inflation, wage increases, and productivity gains. Future Social Security benefits could be indexed to the planned rate of inflation rather than the actual rate; future unemployment benefits could be geared to the planned level of wages; and so forth, for every category of transfer payment. Instead of the President's program, we could legislate changes in the tax brackets for the next six years designed to eliminate the effects of the planned rate of inflation, so that price-and-wage increases in excess of the plan would penalize those who initially benefited by placing them in a higher tax bracket. Tax policy should also be used to reward particular groups for conforming to the plan's standards or to penalize specific groups for violating them.

So far, I have ignored an extremely important and troublesome aspect of any such plan. About two thirds of all government employees and government purchases are accounted for by the fifty states and their tens of thousands of political subdivisions. Yet only the federal government has the means and the motive to develop a comprehensive, sustained anti-inflation program. We have learned a lot—especially in the past ten years—about how Washington can draft local governments into its own causes, from traffic regulations to wage-and-price controls: the federal government need only make funding for the state and cities contingent on their compliance with specific federal programs. As federal funds have

grown more important in local budgets, the power of this persuasion has grown apace. As a provider of grants and loans, and as a regulator, government has similar powers over universities, banks, utilities, airlines, railroads, and many other sectors. But the President has repeatedly made it clear that he is diametrically opposed to this coercion, because it is an apparent violation of the spirit of the Constitution. There are few concerns that I share more earnestly and wholeheartedly with Ronald Reagan. Still, I am a pragmatist. So is the President. It is worth sacrificing ideological purity to end inflation.

President Reagan's outstanding accomplishment has been to broadcast his optimism with a force that has engulfed both public debate and individual thought. At the time of the Inauguration, it was still very much in style for commentators of all political perspectives to indulge in fatalistic hand-wringing. Now the modish question is, What can we do today to make life better tomorrow? My quarrel is not with the President's question but with the answers provided by his economic policy-makers. These are often disingenuously labeled as anti-inflationary when their real purpose is to redistribute income in favor of the rich. Sometimes they seem to be based on a faith that inflation can be transcended by the mere incantation of conservative writ.

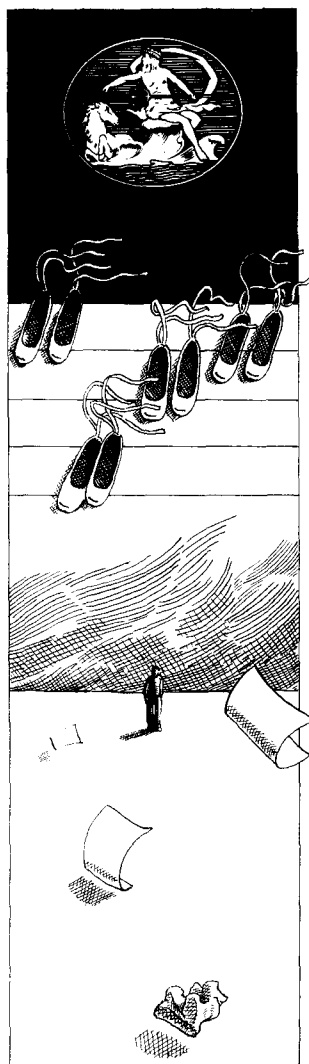
The approach I have described involves some cost. Although it attempts to minimize coercion and maximize the use of market responses to economic stimuli, there would still have to be a prolonged period of increased government power and planning at a time when almost everyone would like to see the role of government reduced.

The costs of continuing inflation are greater. Inflation is capricious and unjust, rewarding speculation and luck instead of prudence and hard work. Two families of equal income may find themselves in radically different circumstances simply because one bought a house five years earlier than the other. If we do not end inflation in a way planned to minimize damage and hardship, inflation will end eventually on its own, and such unplanned endings have been convulsive in the past. Logic suggests that this would be the case again. Ironically, the inevitable response to such a cataclysm would be an increase in the economic role of government.

We are left with the difficulty always experienced by a democracy when it is called upon to make the slightest sacrifice today in order to avoid future woe. And we are paralyzed by our social atomization. Since the postwar years, only a few fleeting and increasingly infrequent events have been able to overcome our narcissistic insularity and stimulate a sense of nation, of history and future, of communal cohesion. These are the unfamiliar virtues that are needed to join us in a prolonged and planned effort to eliminate inflation. □

THE TEETH FESTIVAL

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LULEVITCH

SOMETIMES WE FAIL to appreciate certain hard, basic factors enough, I told my lady friend Felice, as I brought her to the Teeth Festival. I doubted she shared my *sense* of teeth, though hers are glossy from regular brushing with a sweet, white paste she first heard of through a television ad, in which a young couple sang.

As we entered, we saw display cases highlighting various kinds of teeth:

Buck
Carious
Gat

"Teeth Through the Ages" was an eight-minute film. Early teeth, it is felt, were crudely designed, even soft. They could themselves have been chewed up by a set of modern home-fried potatoes. It was amazing, the progress across the years.

Chipped
Gnashing
Missing

Over next to the refreshment booth, maintained throughout the festival by the floss industry, a shapely couple in flesh-colored body stockings took turns reciting:

"*'Why must you always be uptight?'*
Said Eve to Adam. *'Take a bite.'*
Fair as she was, however, fairer
Is mouth-ease to a denture-wearer.
The male was toothless in those days—

'Scarce as men's teeth' was the phrase.

It may be Eve was made of those
And not of rib, as most suppose.

"If Adam had 'em, they were false.
Eve prepared some applesauce.
'Still *al dente*,' did he mutter.
Eve prepared some apple butter.
And then they had some. 'Oh, wow,
we've
Been going *naked*,' fluted Eve.

"I guess we are. . . , ' said Adam,
'nude.

You know, for all these weeks and months

I only told the difference
Between us by the way we chewed.' "

The Tooth Fairy passed among us, mincing, winking, in costume, leaving to each visitor a facsimile quarter. "LOOK AT YOUR TEETH," said an old Army latrine notice, in the nostalgia section. "EVERYBODY ELSE DOES."

False
Eye
Canine

We heard a song sung in country fashion, with guitar:

"When you
Said you
Were on my side,
You lied.

When you
Said your
Love would abide,
You lied.
When you
Said I'd
Be satisfied,
You lied.

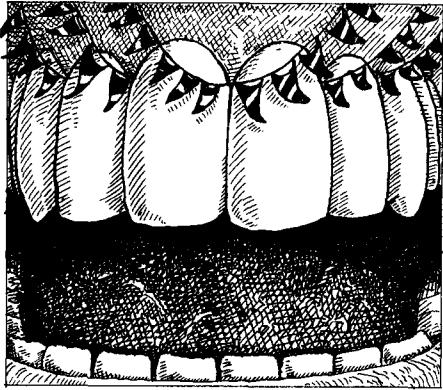
But when you said
You'd hit me and knock
out my tooth,
You told the truth."

Musing, I held Felice. Nibbled mentally three, four, five of her vertebrae. Sweetflesh-muffled. Six.

Horse
Jaw
Dead

Ruminant is how she seemed. I told her of a man I met in my travels, near Tigerdale, Florida, in a trash-and-treasures shop, who had had all his teeth removed, who said: "I keep 'um on the shelf in a little plastic dilly and after supper in the ebenin' or after breffust in the mawnin' or after lunch in the affnoon or after cheese 'n crackers fore bedtime, I get 'um down and take 'um

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of *Crackers*, a collection of humorous pieces.



out and count 'um and spread 'um out on the breffust room table and arrange 'um like they was in my mouth. And then diffunt ways, the back ones front . . ."

Crooked
Wisdom
Baby

I led Felice to where a dental-hygiene jingle was being sung, by the Cuspid Singers, in another part of the hall:

"Don't call it incidental—
It may be sentimental
But teeth are quite important in
romance.
Whether owned or rental,
Teeth to some extent'll
Sway the course of love as much as
pants.
So keep your dentifrice
Close by you, Bro or Sis,
When going out to dinner or to
dance.
If bad teeth make you hiss
While framing that first kiss,
It may be you won't have a second
chance.
Oh, whether owned or rental,
Teeth to some extent'll
Sway the course of love as much as
pants."

"There should be a crockery/mockery rhyme in there," I chuckled to Felice. "Listen," I added, for we were not the only enthusiasts present, and the air was filled with snappy talk:

"Molars are like nothing so much as the stumps of trees. What if the rest of the strange white trees were there: trunks, branches, leaves, burls, crotches, twigs, bark, moonlight through the branches, and acorns or whatever."

"We cherish teeth. Vide savage tribes. And chainsaws."

"Teeth are the only bones we have

that show. If we were arrows, they would be our heads."

Permanent
Grinding
Nice

We heard readings from that great symbolic naturalistic dental work *McTeague*, by Frank Norris—whose dentist hero, upon unwrapping the lustrous, four-rooted sign his betrothed has bought him, is beside himself: "It was the Tooth—the famous golden molar with its huge prongs—his sign, his ambition, the one unrealized dream of his life. . . . No danger of that tooth turning black with the weather . . ." Later, the dentist finally gains the upper hand over his wife, on the way toward utter ruin, when he develops the practice of biting the tips of her fingers till *they* turn black.

Erich von Stroheim, I told Felice, made of that great story an epic lost movie, *Greed*, whose original version ran longer and far more compellingly than a working day; and the studio—MGM, the one with the growling lion—chopped and ground that gargantuan, unprotected film down to a venal two and a half hours, for shopgirls to enjoy.

Bad
Lied-through
Loose

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape," I quoted to Felice, "'and the children's teeth are set on edge.'" We were passing a breathtaking exhibit: long, long ranks of teeth set just so; so delicately balanced, one upon the other, that it seemed a breath of wind would send them pittering to the floor like sleet; set just perilously shy of meshing; not short of, but just finely higher than, meshing; we do not appreciate enough teeth's flinty interaction.

Gritted
Jeweled
Aching

"Ah, but 'The Lord who made thy teeth,'" I continued, "'shall give thee bread.' And you are toothsome, Sweet. And all of mine are sweet for you. But will you still esteem me," I said to her lightly, "when my teeth are gone?"

"No," she said.

She bared hers for me.

Mine fell in my lap.

All around was a sound like castanets, only harder, whiter. □

BALLET

BALANCHINE'S TCHAIKOVSKY

BY HOLLY BRUBACH



GEORGE BALANCHINE WILL no doubt go down in history as the man who, with Stravinsky at his elbow, made classical ballet a modern art. That Balanchine has also—and often—found in Tchaikovsky's works the musical premise for dancing has not been so well celebrated. Stravinsky was a great composer who happened to write for the ballet: his ballet scores—*The Firebird*, *Petrouchka*—are routinely played in concert. Tchaikovsky is considered a "ballet composer," and the New York City Ballet this season is devoting fourteen performances (June 4-14) to a festival in his honor.

The distinguishing features of Tchaikovsky's music are the very qualities that make certain music—his or anyone's—so danceworthy. In a letter in 1878, Sergei Taneyev, Tchaikovsky's friend and former pupil, wrote to him:

In my opinion, the [Fourth] Symphony has one defect to which I shall never be reconciled: in every movement there are phrases which sound like ballet music. . . . Hearing the symphony, my inner eye sees involuntarily our prima ballerina which puts me out of humour and spoils my pleasure in the many beauties of the work.

Yes, yes, Tchaikovsky agreed, but wrote in reply: "I can never understand why 'ballet music' should be used as a contemptuous epithet."

Tchaikovsky's gifts were for melody, which Stravinsky called the "center of gravity" in all Tchaikovsky's music, and for orchestration. A piece built along melodic lines lends itself to more substantial, more coherent passages of dancing than music with a motivic structure (Beethoven's, for example), made up of smaller units, or motifs. Tchaikovsky's melodies are especially long and plangent—the violin solo that is the White Swan *pas de deux*, the disconsolate *Adagio cantabile* of the First

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Symphony, the opening line of the piano Romance (Op. 5), to name a few.

By felicitously distributing his melodies among various instruments of the orchestra, Tchaikovsky achieves vivid color as well as line. In the *Sleeping Beauty* prologue, for instance, he delineates six different fairies in their variations by the scoring; this goes beyond instruments that might seem like obvious choices for evoking fairies—say, a solo flute or piccolo—to a clarinet, oboe, and bassoon (the first fairy), and violin pizzicato over trombone chords (the third). The orchestration determines the fairies' individual characters and the scale of their dancing. The famous "finger" variation would look ditsy if it were danced to music played by any instrument other than the piccolo; it would also, I think, be harder to dance.

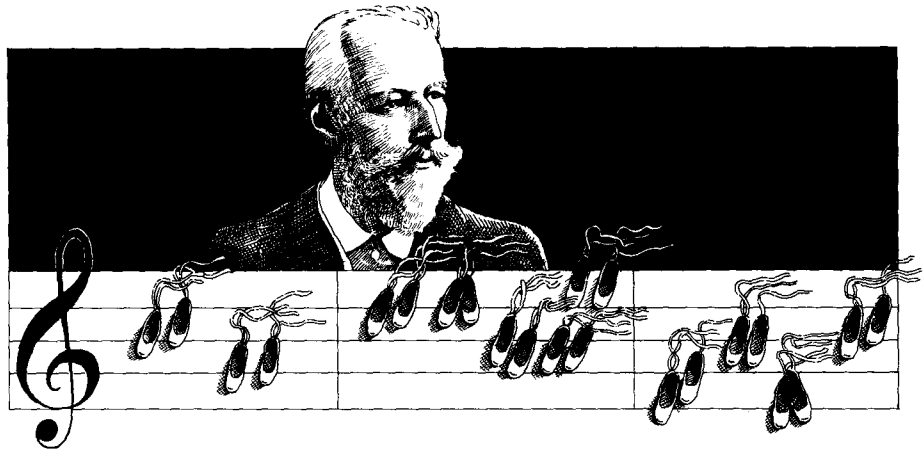
Music can support dancing in many ways, the most obvious of which is with a well-marked rhythm. And rhythm was, for much of the nineteenth century, the hallmark of a ballet score—of Adolphe Adam's music for *Giselle* or the four-square ditties for August Bournonville's ballets. This music was not very worldly; it was not up to the standards of the concert hall. But for dancing it was serviceable. Musicality is basically an ability on the part of the choreographer—or, in executing choreography, on the part of the dancer—to locate the physical impetus for movement in the music. In many nineteenth-century variations, Bournonville's in particular, this impulse is simply a strong push-off from the floor on the downbeat, but it makes the jumping and rebounding easy, almost effortless.

By Tchaikovsky's time, ballet music had already acquired more subtlety and interest, if not much more respect. Even today, the standard assumption is that rhythm is the only common denominator between music and dance. In our century, of course, dance rhythms have become increasingly complex. Balanchine's may actually run counter to those of the score, so that the dancing augments the music by adding another "voice," which is seen but not heard. This is, to my mind, when dance is truly musical—when, rather than slavishly abiding by the score, step-for-note, all along the way, the choreographer can devise dancing that plays off the music, as a composer might introduce a fifth instrument into a quartet.

TECHNICALLY, THE ONLY voice a choreographer can add to a score is a rhythmic one. So it's taken for granted that harmony in ballet music sets the mood and nothing more: musicians may puzzle over it, but dancers can turn a deaf ear to it, as long as they keep time. By these standards, the most sophisticated choreography could be reduced to a catchy beat, and *The Sleeping Beauty* to Dalcroze eurhythmics.

But musicians know better—that it's harmony that gives music its movement, that propels a score homeward, through a succession of related keys, back to the tonic again. Harmony creates tension, challenging the music's tonal structure with dissonance. It builds suspense, as, for example, when a

Always, his choreography determines how we hear the score. He can even persuade us by the dancing to hear already familiar music in a way we've never heard it before, as he does in the *Nutcracker's* two most famous waltzes—of the Snowflakes and of the Flowers—which most people, whether or not they've seen the ballet, could sing in their sleep. Both pieces seem tedious on recordings but fresh in the theater, where Balanchine keeps them constantly moving. The Snowflakes, with only a handful of steps, fall into formation and scatter again. The Flowers fold and open, and, like a broom, sweep the Dew-drop offstage. This is Balanchine using the dancing to vary the score, to sustain our interest in the music, as he does in



seventh chord yearns for resolution. It imparts a sense of restlessness or of repose. It either strengthens or weakens the rhythm, according to which chords fall on the accented counts and which fall in between. And, by the width of the melodic line's intervals, harmony suggests space—tight if the melody climbs the steps of the scale one at a time, larger if it leaps several at once.

In a letter to his patroness, Nadezhda von Meck, Tchaikovsky affirmed that music is not the sum of its parts but the whole: "Every melodic idea carries its own inevitable harmony and rhythm," along with "the proper instrumentation for its expression." If, then, these elements are inextricable in the music, they must together have some bearing on the dancing.

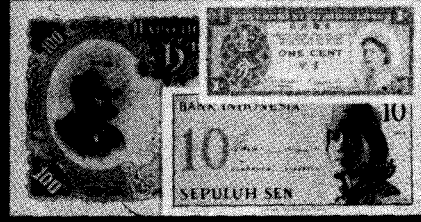
BALANCHINE'S ATTITUDE TOWARD music is respectful but never reverent. He sometimes takes the liberty of using the dance to improve on the music.

Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2 (made in 1941 as *Ballet Imperial*, revised slightly and retitled in 1973): from a good, but by no means great, concerto, he has made a ballet that goes the music one better, a masterpiece.

As piano concertos go, Tchaikovsky's Second is an odd one—not well integrated, better defined as a symphony with piano obbligato. Balanchine justifies the boundary lines between piano and orchestra, which make for a standoff in the music, by drawing the distinction between the ballerina (or the soloist) and the corps in exactly the same places.

The dancers in this ballet are very clearly ranked. It is not a democracy. And, because the lead is such a technical obstacle course, it sets the ballerina apart from the corps. Balanchine sees to it that we recognize her superiority right off. A long trill alerts us to her entrance: she comes in on a scale that slides down four octaves into a

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piano cadenza, and whips off a virtuoso cadenza of her own—flat-footed *pirouettes* that stop on a dime, a circle of the stage in leaps out of one turn into the next.

If, upon close listening, this concerto sounds long-winded, even bombastic—as it never does during the ballet—it is most likely because the material doesn't quite support its huge symphonic treatment, and because of the liberties Tchaikovsky takes with the piano cadenzas. According to classical form, the cadenza is the movement's climax, customarily positioned just after the recapitulation and before the coda. Other Romantic composers played with this convention (Brahms put the cadenza up front in his Second Piano Concerto, Rachmaninoff incorporated the recap in the cadenza in his Third), but the cadenza remained in their concertos the focal point. Here Tchaikovsky, however, scatters solo, cadenza-like passages throughout the first and third movements, and the effect is relentlessly climactic. Balanchine mitigates this by dealing a few of these passages to a soloist, the rest to the ballerina.

Tchaikovsky rather neatly links the three movements of this concerto thematically: the outer two, both *allegro*, are complementary. The first movement's main theme emphasizes the interval between the tonic and the dominant, and the main theme, the third, completes the scale from the dominant to the tonic. Balanchine treats the movements as three separate, but related, poems, as in a cycle. The cast of characters is the same—same ballerina, same cavalier, same corps, though the soloist and the men sit out the *Andante*—but the tone and the subject of each are quite different. As in the music, the third movement seems to pick up where the first left off; the second takes place outside time.

The opening, a march announced by the full orchestra and passed along to the piano, is the ballet's overture. The curtain rises on sixteen men and women in two facing lines. As a clarinet and a trumpet introduce a calm, all's-well theme, the men approach the women and bow. This ballet is full of these moments of acknowledgment, genuinely respectful. They are never cued by the music, as in Mozart, when the cadence so often begs a curtsy or a bow; in *Concerto No. 2* these gestures lend

the music human detail. This ballet seems, as Balanchine's works on a grand scale inevitably do, to be about a society. It looks like a nice, well-planned place to live. The first movement unfolds in a very public-spirited way, with the corps filing into a circle, then staking out a square. When the man escorts the ballerina on a tour of the stage to review the troops, the corps pays her homage with a deep reverence.

Balanchine, at his most literal, may seize on a figure or theme in the music and magnify it in the dancing, with steps that perfectly conform to it, so that in the ballet it takes on more significance than in the score. In *Concerto No. 2*, as Tchaikovsky pushes the music uphill in insistent three-note phrases, Balanchine assigns the soloist and corps a series of *pirouettes* that double back on themselves on the same spot, alternating outside-inside-outside. The agitation these turns make with the music builds until the soloist exits and dispels it, but not without having brought the entire ballet up to a new, higher pitch of energy—higher than the energy of the music itself.

Tchaikovsky brings the all-hail march of the opening back for the first-movement recap, but the ballet never flags: the theme, though familiar, seems fresh because it's only now that we see dance steps set to it. The soloist returns with a man on each arm, and, leaping, the men promenade her in *arabesque*. The dance and the music gather steam. The melody, in the piano part, is written to fall a sixteenth beyond the beat, so that the music lurches ahead, carrying everyone along with it in a coda full of jumps and beats, in unison. So vivacious and conclusive is this ending that it might otherwise signal the close of a whole ballet. Here, it seals the first movement.

BALANCHINE'S *CONCERTO NO. 2* is not the original score but a version abridged, rewritten, and rearranged in parts by the pianist Alexander Siloti. Tchaikovsky, when consulted, apparently agreed to a few of these emendations and disallowed the rest. Siloti published his version anyway, after the composer's death. For years, when this concerto was performed, it was according to Siloti. His revisions in the first and last movements are mostly pianistic, to fit the music better to the hand. But

the *Andante* is drastically altered—shorter by 191 bars and dominated by the piano, as the original is not. Tchaikovsky assigns the movement's main theme to a solo violin, then to a cello and violin in counterpoint, and finally to the piano; Siloti gives it over to the piano right off. (The violin and cello join in later, for the reprise.) Siloti deletes the contrasting material in the middle, a restless tossing-and-turning. It might be argued that by doing so, he weakens the movement structurally: by his own account, it consists of only the main theme, two times through, cadenza, coda. On the other hand, his version keeps to the subject, a single melody. (The movement is in *a b a* form, and he omits *b*.) It is one of the most beautiful melodies Tchaikovsky wrote—a long, sighing legato line that comes to rest in what sounds like a benediction. With this theme entrusted to a trio, the movement is set on an intimate, chamber-music scale.

Balanchine's second movement is accordingly as private as the first is public. He restores the original structure,

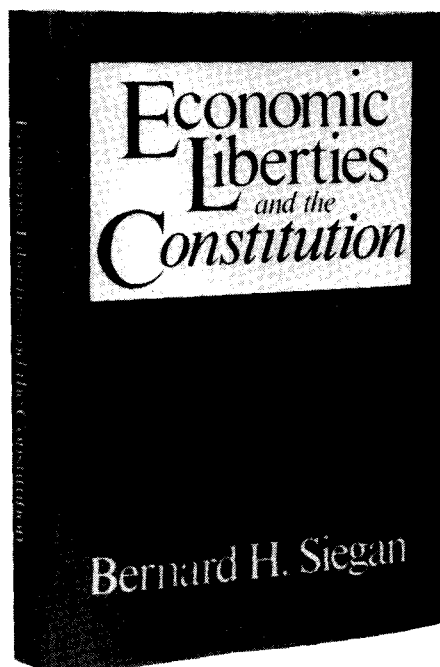
a b a, in the dancing. The course of events is this: The man takes hold of two lines of women who are holding hands, and gently waves them back and forth, like streamers. He swirls them one across the other, turns them inside out. The idea is playful, but the action is somehow grave: because the stage is so large and the lines are so long, they seem to swirl in slow motion, as if the air were very dense. The man rushes to the downstage corners, with the women at his back. He stops—whatever he was running toward has vanished. The two women flanking him stand lookout, poised in *arabesque*, their hands on his shoulders. Then, ceremoniously, the women return to lines on either side of the stage, the same columns that bracketed the *pas de deux* in the first movement. (This *Andante* is *Swan Lake* in a nutshell: the rows for the corps, the vision of a woman, and the male protagonist, searching.) The lines form a narrow alley down the center of the stage, and at the far end we see the ballerina. The man kneels. She comes to him, embraces him in a big *arabesque pen-*

chée, then disappears upstage, and the two lines of women, merging, cover her tracks for a moment. Next we penetrate to the heart of this ballet, a brief *pas de deux*, danced to the movement's main theme, this time shared by violin and cello, with elaborate piano accompaniment. Balanchine leads us back out along the route by which we came: the alley formed by the corps, the woman's entrance, embrace, exit. When the man goes looking for her, asking the women where she has gone, they look away—as in *Swan Lake*'s last act: the answer is unspeakable. He takes hold of the two lines of women, waves them back and forth again. They *bourrée* quietly away, leaving him alone. He kneels.

The final movement is back in broad daylight, but the sobriety of the opening is gone, the stately march has given way to a boisterous mazurka. The women jump in *arabesque*, and the men throw them into the air with a boost at the hip. Tchaikovsky here puts his thematic material, which is not very extensive, through a rigorous workout, and when the music stands on its own the

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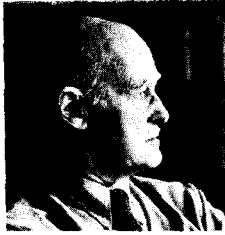
The result has been to give governments at all levels much greater power over the economic system and to harm society by inhibiting production, raising prices, curtailing competition and creating unemployment. Those most often harmed, concludes Siegan, are those who were supposed to be protected—people on the lowest rung of the economic ladder.

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themes begin to sound exhausted by so many key changes. Balanchine, however, borrows this harmonic momentum and, leaving Tchaikovsky to his own devices, pulls dance ideas out of the air instead of the score. Throwing conventional arrangement to the winds, he tips the stage, with the corps on the left side and the ballerina, by herself, on the right. Having assigned her a series of *fouettés*, ordinarily a scene-stealing technical feat, he then washes the corps back and forth in lines around and in front of her, obstructing the view. The melody again chafes at the beat, and dance and music rush together headlong to the ballet's close, another full-cast finale.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S MUSIC IS highly theatrical by nature: melodies come and go, little episodes that suggest eventful choreography. *Concerto No. 2* is astounding, because Balanchine has made so much happen in it—more than most choreographers bring about in a full evening with the help of a plot—and because he has built it all with so few steps: *sauté arabesque*, *cabriole*, *tour jeté*, *fouetté* in *arabesque*, *arabesque penchée*, *jeté* in *arabesque*, turns of various types. The extent of these steps is even more limited than this list suggests, because so many of them pass through or land in *arabesque*. Of course, an *arabesque* is probably the most familiar and the most fascinating position in all ballet. It is the image of a ballerina that comes most readily to mind, the pose held by those little doll dancers in music boxes. If *Concerto No. 2* seems somehow surreal, I think it's because Balanchine has taken this ballerina insignia and rubber-stamped it all over, everywhere. Like *Diamonds* (set to Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony) and *Theme and Variations* (to the last movement of his Suite No. 3), this ballet is redolent of the Maryinsky. But the picture it presents is heightened—a caricature of classical Russian ballet that fulfills an audience's most naive expectations or the choreographer's own memories.

For a composer of such Romantic inclinations, Tchaikovsky seems to have had a fundamentally classical conscience. He was preoccupied with sonata form. What had been simply common practice among eighteenth-century composers became in the nineteenth century a blueprint by which some Ro-

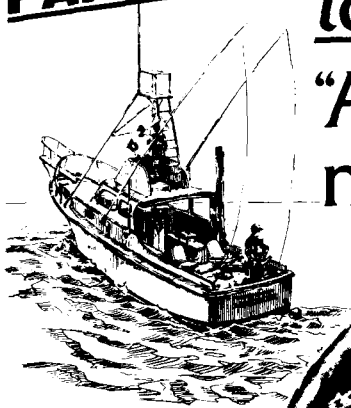
mantic composers structured their own music. Unfortunately, the plan was not very well suited to building materials like Tchaikovsky's free-flowing melodies, and he perpetually struggled to reconcile classical form with his content. "All my life," he admitted, "I have been much troubled by my inability to grasp and manipulate form in music."

Tchaikovsky worshipped Mozart, whom he called "the Christ of music." In Suite No. 4, or *Mozartiana*, he orchestrated four of the master's late opuses, in order to promote them. The transcription is faithful, and the music is charming, witty, and varied, in pieces of an ideal length for dance variations. Like Tchaikovsky, Mozart wrote music to dance by. (Balanchine has choreographed this suite twice—first in 1933 and again this season for the festival.)

But the serenity and the clear-sighted wisdom that pervade Mozart's work eluded Tchaikovsky, in music and in life. Mozart, in writing operas, kept his distance: what happens onstage is an illusion, make-believe to be taken seriously. We understand this by the music and agree to play along. But Tchaikovsky seems willing—eager, even—to suspend his disbelief once and for all: there is in his ballet scores an almost desperate longing to go and live inside the music. The overture to *The Sleeping Beauty* doesn't merely describe King Florimund's realm but sets us down smack in the middle of it. Tchaikovsky bridges the distance between the stage and the audience immediately, enfolding us in the music, convincing us that the ballet is real, is actually happening. To see *Così fan Tutte* is to be an accomplice; to see *Swan Lake* is to be a witness.

It is the forthright discontent in Tchaikovsky's music that makes some people uncomfortable, slightly embarrassed. Self-pity and sadness are not the same, but the difference is perhaps too subtle, too literal, to be clear in music. Tchaikovsky certainly composed melodies of dark despair. On the other hand, he could be sanguine and forbearing. In a confidential letter to Mme. von Meck, he described the finale of the Fourth Symphony, which he dedicated to her: "There still is happiness, simple naive happiness. Rejoice in the happiness of others—and you can still live." In the ballet scores, we hear a delight in the most mundane, everyday occur-

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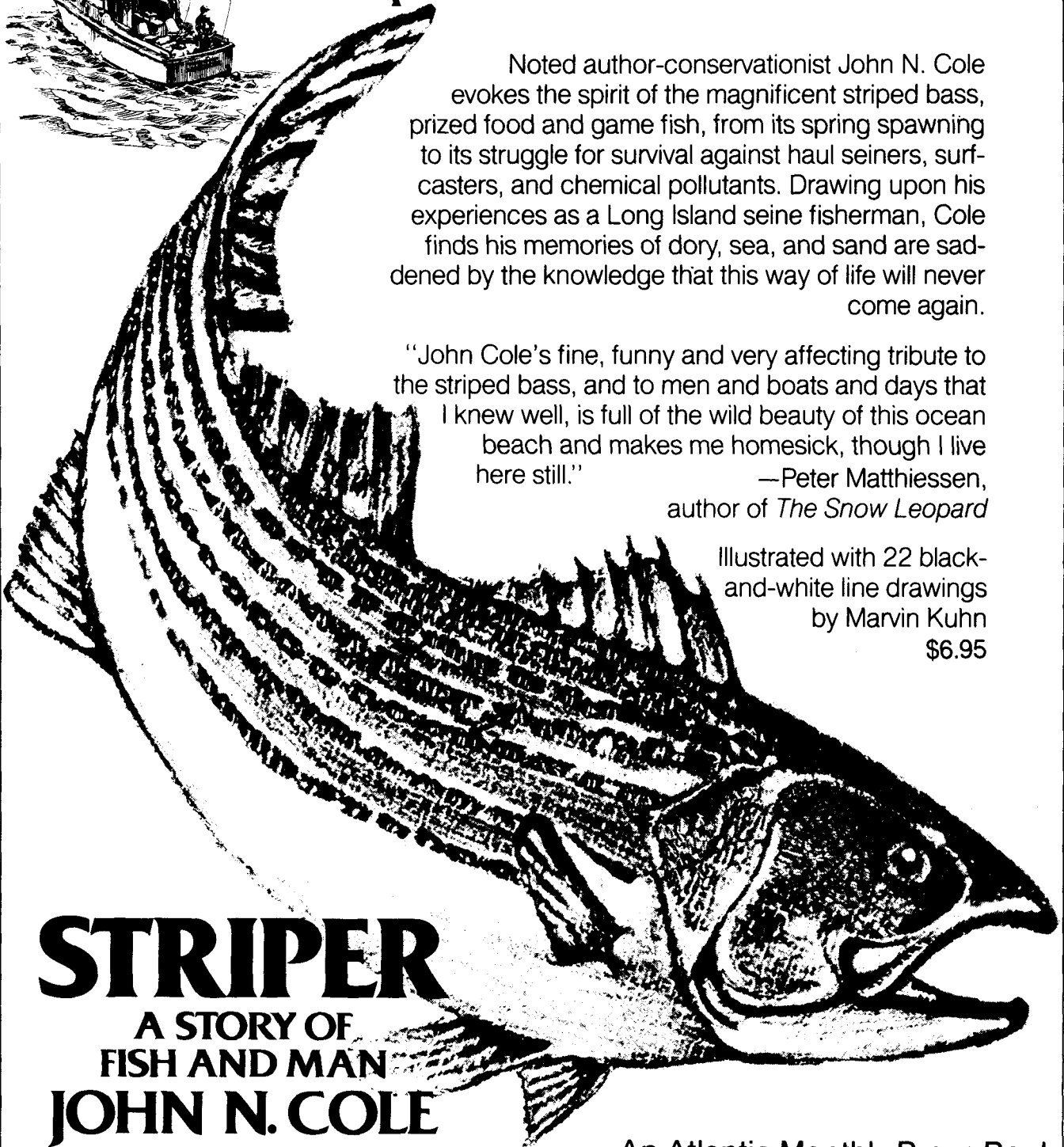
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rences; in *Nutcracker*, for instance, the guests arrive in the music, with a gust of cold air every time the front door opens. The polonaise the children dance at the party is immediately reprised, not louder but larger—given a broader instrumentation—for the adults' dance. And the snow, which by the end of the first act is a blizzard, begins with only a few flakes whorling in on the piccolos and flutes, drifting down through the registers of the orchestra to the bass. At the start of *The Sleeping Beauty's* first act, the busywork in the music informs us that the whole kingdom is making ready for Aurora's birthday party.

The legend surrounding Tchaikovsky's death—that during a cholera epidemic he drank a glass of unpurified water, came down with the disease, and died, an accidental suicide—has now come into question. According to the latest edition of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*: "In 1979, the Russian scholar Alexandra Orlova revealed some substantiation for the theory that the composer's death was suicide by poison, ordered by a private court of his former law-student colleagues to prevent revelation of a homosexual scandal involving the aristocracy."

In his letters, Tchaikovsky fiercely longed for a more conventional way of life; in his music, he persistently aspires to classical forms. It is when he circumvents these prescribed notions of the way music ought to be that he becomes a truly great composer—that is, in the ballet scores, fresh and unconstricted by pre-existing forms, and in his last symphony, the *Pathétique*, which the critic James Huneker in 1899 nicknamed "the Suicide Symphony," first performed nine days before Tchaikovsky's death. In it, he scraps the classical formula, which dictates that the *Adagio* fall as one of the middle movements; the *Pathétique's* *Adagio* comes last, draining the entire symphony of its vigor. He substitutes for a minuet, the requisite dance movement, a loping waltz in five beats to the measure (2+3), and that one beat short of true waltz time is like a missing leg. The suggestion of dancing is as pronounced in this last symphony as in the rest of Tchaikovsky's music. But here—there is no mistaking it—the dancing has the lurch and reel, the faltering step, of death. □

BOOKS

LESS IS LESS

BY JAMES ATLAS

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT LOVE
by Raymond Carver. Knopf, \$9.95.

LITERATURE IS SLOW to register its own historical moment. Only in the past few years has a literature announcing the end of the 1960s emerged. It isn't generally a literature about that decade; apart from the novels of Marge Piercy and a few scenes in Mary Gordon's *The Company of Women*, there isn't much description of the tableaux that represent the sixties: rock concerts, riots, campus demonstrations. Purposeful collective acts have given way to private anomie. The predominant mood in the novels and stories of Jayne Anne Phillips, Richard Ford, Mary Robison, Ann Beattie, and Raymond Carver—to mention five younger writers who have begun to command an audience—is indifference, depression, even criminality. Such is fiction's bleak requiem for that turbulent era.

In the midst of it, things were a lot more lively. The turmoil of the sixties provoked a certain despairing vitality in American literature. Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler, however fearful of the world's acceleration toward doom, was eloquent in his prophecies, and the volatile confessions of Philip Roth's Portnoy may well have been as inspired by the frantic, newly liberated world around him as by the memories of a claustrophobic Jewish childhood. The society generated agitation, and the novelists reflected it.

That agitation seems innocent beside the savage parables so prevalent in fiction now. The stories of Raymond Carver are rife with assault and murder, and fistfights break out with scarcely any provocation in Mary Robison's novel *Oh!* Jayne Anne Phillips's widely praised first collection of stories, *Black Tickets*, features among its characters a mass murderer, a man in a jail cell who dreams of beating up his lover, vicious drug addicts, and whores. In Richard Ford's *The Ultimate Good Luck*, three

young Americans find themselves entangled in the drug underworld of Mexico, and the bloodshed is profuse. So much for the old refrain "Give peace a chance."

What does all this violence mean? It is as if the revolutionary fervor of the sixties, thwarted in the reactionary period that ensued, had surfaced again in a different form. The blunt fury of the drifters, alcoholics, and psychopaths depicted in these works represents the same impulse once expressed in political demonstrations: a protest against a world perceived to be ever more impersonal, ever more out of control. Hostage to a volatile, dangerous technology, unnerved by the apparent randomness of fate, the bruised characters in a typical Robison or Carver story can articulate their misery only through brutal language and brutal deeds.

Still, why should characters in fiction be immune to a phenomenon one reads about in the newspaper every day? The conditions for an increased incidence of crime in fiction are the same as they are in life: a transient population, a shrinking of possibilities, the lack of a distinct cultural tradition. The lives Carver depicts are narrow, starved of context. One knows virtually nothing about these people: where they're from, what they look like, what they do for a living. They inhabit a featureless landscape. The only way for them to validate themselves is through the performance of some act—any act—that gives them the illusion of free will. In "A Serious Talk," a man visits his estranged wife and sits mutely at the kitchen table drinking vodka from a cup. "There were things he wanted to say, grieving things, consoling things, things like that"—but instead he cuts the telephone cord while his wife is on the phone. In "Tell the Women We're Going," two young married men get drunk and try to seduce a pair of girls, but end up stoning them to death. There is no motive, nothing to explain it—yet it seems plausible, a reminder that men

James Atlas, the author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet*, is at work on a new book.

are violent, primitive, given to murderous lust.

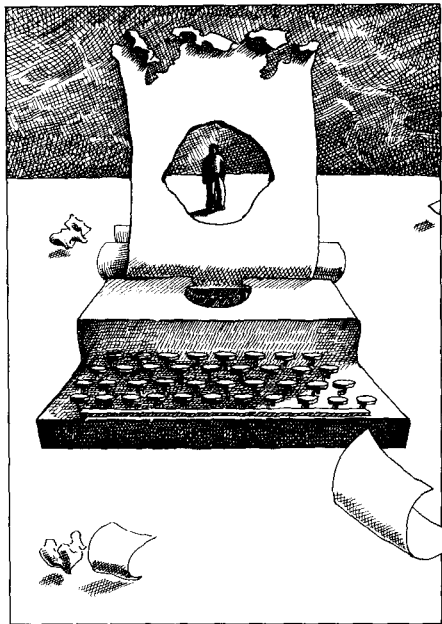
WHAT HAPPENED TO the conviction, so notable in American life and literature, that we create our own destinies? What happened to the cry of Bellos's Henderson, "*I want! I want! I want!*"—to the hunger for experience? "You know I'm not against sex," says a character in Mary Robison's novel. "Sex is all right. True, it's a lot of bother. It just means work—new underwear all the time, special perfume, legs perfectly shaved. When someone suggests an affair to me, I just think work." Gone are the protagonists who railed against any limitation with hectic, nervous verve; instead we have nameless characters who confine themselves to sullen, monosyllabic retorts. "I just want to say one more thing," declares a man about to walk out on his wife in Carver's "One More Thing." The story ends: "But then he could not think what it could possibly be."

This diffidence has given rise to a new literary idiom. Laconic and spare, devoid of lyricism, eloquence, imagery, it is a prose of declarative sentences and common nouns, of events described without comment. Dialogue appears to be unedited; everything is left in. Desultory conversations go on for pages. In Carver's first collection, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* (1976), even the title mimes the repetitiveness of speech; and his new book is largely about what it says it's about: talk. In a typical Carver story, the characters sit around the kitchen table or in front of their television sets—talking. They talk on the phone, they loll on motel beds talking, they sit in cocktail lounges and talk. "I could hear the human noise we sat there making," says the narrator of the title story; Carver's style is a precise record of that noise.

Yet his characters are hardly garrulous; their talk is groping, rudimentary. They have no wisdom to purvey. They talk past each other, and their failure to articulate their wishes ends up ruining their lives. In "The Calm," a man getting a haircut overhears a callous hunter describing how he abandoned a wounded deer to a painful death in the forest, and decides to leave his wife. In "Sacks," a salesman in a shabby airport lounge listens to his father's confession of adultery and knows that his own marriage is finished. Yet the causality

of these events is elusive. Language becomes just another misfortune, without our ever quite knowing why.

When this oblique approach works, Carver's stories gather dramatic tension from his disavowal of motive or interpretation; their very minimality gives them a certain bleak power. He has a masterly narrative sense, and supplies necessary information with unobtrusive care. At its best, his willfully simple style concentrates our attention, requires us to supply our own conclusions. And he manages to articulate the longings of inarticulate people,



people for whom language is intimidating, a hazard. In "After the Denim," an elderly couple at a Bingo game become obsessed with a younger couple in the uniform of the sixties—the boy's hair is long, the girl wears looped earrings—who have all the luck that night. When the older couple returns home, the woman alludes vaguely to some malady, and her husband thinks:

If only they had to sit with him in the waiting room! He'd tell them what to expect! He'd set those floozies straight! He'd tell them what was waiting for you after the denim and the earrings, after touching each other and cheating at games.

This is enough for us to know that the woman has a fatal disease. Fear of death, resentment of the young: with perfect economy, the story declares its theme.

For all his reticence, Carver is a ver-

satile mimic with a range of narrative voices, but his new collection is dominated by the same morose, taciturn voice one finds in Robison's work. Their characters are anhedonic, incapable of pleasure; and this depression is reflected in their grudging prose. Here is a conversation from a story in Robison's collection *Days*, in which a man who seems to be recovering from a nervous breakdown loiters around the house and nags his wife:

"What am I supposed to do?" Nancy said.

"You figure that out for yourself. I'm just working on me right now."

"I want you to come in," she said. "I don't want to eat alone. I want somebody to talk to while I eat."

"Okay. Here I come," Neal said. "You should have just told me that in the first place."

It is all very accurate. People *do* talk this way: haltingly, without eloquence or variety. But after a while the lackluster manner and eschewal of feeling become tiresome. There is nothing here to appease a reader's basic literary needs—no revelations, no epiphanies, nothing like the dramatic ripostes in a Forster novel or like Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, in the midst of a dispute with Father Deasy, hearing the cries of children and declaring, "That is god: a shout in the street." The rapid dialogue of these characters insists that the writer's responsibility is only to register what is true in a literal, documentary sense. Carver and Robison are so resolute about not saying any more than they have to in order to convey a story's import, so aggressive in the suppression of detail, that one is left with a hunger for richness, texture, excess, just as the cubed glass high-rises of Manhattan frustrate the eye's longing for nuance. Compare and contrast—as they say in exams—any passage in Robison or Carver with the opening paragraph of William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*:

Riding down to Port Warwick from Richmond, the train begins to pick up speed on the outskirts of the city, past the tobacco factories with their ever-present haze of acrid, sweetish dust and past the rows of uniformly brown clapboard houses which stretch down the

Was "the father of
the atomic bomb"
a Communist
sympathizer...
or another
tragic victim?

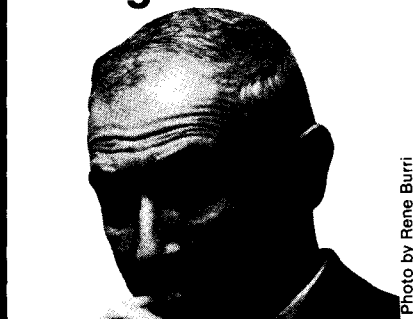


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hilly streets for miles, it seems, the hundreds of rooftops all reflecting the pale light of dawn; past the suburban roads still sluggish and sleepy with early morning traffic, and rattling swiftly now over the bridge which separates the last two hills where in the valley below you can see the James River winding beneath its acid-green crust of scum out beside the chemical plants and more rows of clapboard houses and into the woods beyond.

Written thirty years ago, when Styron was in his mid-twenties, that single breathless sentence seems as archaic as Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial*, the seventeenth-century treatise from which Styron appropriated his title.

What is curious is that Carver's first collection was more robust, more "literary," and displayed a mastery of colloquial American idioms reminiscent of Ring Lardner and Sherwood Anderson. This new book, perhaps half as long, seems thin, diminished; it recalls the landscape of Wallace Stevens's "Gubbinial," where "The world is ugly, / And the people are sad." There is the same subtlety, the same tactic of implication, but his reticence now seems stubborn, willed. "It doesn't need Tolstoy to tell it," says a woman in one of Carver's early stories, offering a writer a modest anecdote. No, but it needs some of his energy, his broad narrative strokes and exuberant sprawl.

"Get in, get out. Don't linger. Go on." Thus Carver described his method in "A Storyteller's Shoptalk" (the *New York Times Book Review*; February 15, 1981). In his most effective stories, though, Carver relaxes this stringent technique, becomes more anecdotal and leisurely. "Listen," says a woman to her husband as they sit in a hotel room sopping up Teacher's and trying to save their marriage:

You remember the time we drove out to that old farm place outside of Yakima, out past Terrace Heights? We were just driving around? We were on this little dirt road and it was hot and dusty? We kept going and came to that old house, and you asked if could we have a drink of water? Can you imagine us doing that now? Going up to a house and asking for a drink of water?

What she longs for is to be like the old people who came to the door: "Dignified. And in a place. And people would come to our door." Her wish seems haunting because it's so modest yet unobtainable; and her diffuse, groping soliloquy makes the scene more poignant still.

But too often Carver seems determined to limit himself, as if in obedience to some vow of simplicity. Robert Pinsky, in *The Situation of Poetry*, refers to the militantly plainspoken style fashionable among contemporary poets as "one-of-the-guys surrealism." Carver's observation, in "A Storyteller's Shoptalk," that "some writers have a bunch of talent" is one-of-the-guys literary criticism. I am a homespun fellow, it proclaims. He might as well be a farmer standing on his front porch, a wisp of straw between his teeth, speculating about the weather.

Why would a writer circumscribe his talent? Is it the fear of failing at something larger? A conviction that one has found one's limits? Then again, perhaps Carver and Robison have found just the right compass for their imaginations. Not everyone has to write the great American novel. But I suspect there is a more impersonal element in the evolution of this now-recognizable style: the anti-authoritarian temper of the sixties. Cries for "relevance" in literature are no longer heard, but there remains a suspicion of literary hierarchies, a longing to be free of what F. R. Leavis called "the great tradition." How many American writers still set out to measure themselves against that tradition—or against any tradition? The barren idiom of our time is an idiom of refusal, a repudiation of the idea of greatness. The literary finery of Updike and Styron, the new prose declares, is archaic; it belongs to a vanished era, like the bowler and the morning coat. □

SHORT REVIEWS



THE CHILD SAVERS: Juvenile Justice Observed by Peter S. Prescott. Knopf, \$12.95. No problem of modern urban life is more likely to produce a sense of horror and alarm than the phenomenon of

juvenile crime—of assault, robbery, rape, and murder committed by children. Nor, if Peter Prescott is to be believed, is any social problem less well served by the institutions designed to deal with it. Prescott spent nearly two years observing the arcane workings of New York City's Family Court, perhaps the most overburdened juvenile-justice system in the country. His conclusion is a simple one: the situation is a mess. Whether or not it is a hopeless mess he is reluctant to say; but this penetrating study offers few reasons for optimism.

As the virtual ghetto of the judicial system, the Family Court seems almost inevitably to spawn a dispiriting cruelty and incompetence. Many of its judges are people of unusual insensitivity, and even its most capable officers seem frequently to succumb to the perceived sense of futility. Its lawyers, a number of them able and dedicated men and women, are nevertheless an embattled and, it sometimes seems, reviled subspecies of their profession. Institutions designed for the rehabilitation of children are more often than not brutal and debilitating. And legislators, responding to public outrage and political pressure, act repeatedly to revise and strengthen the juvenile codes, adding layer upon layer of clumsy, unworkable legal restrictions onto a system that is already suffocating from its own complexity.

Yet if the Family Court is benumbing to those who must try to make it work, it is appallingly destructive to those whom it is meant to assist. A few of the children who appear before the court are the homicidal monsters of popular myth. Far more common are the confused and troubled victims of desperate family situations, children who badly need help yet who receive from the juvenile-justice system a terrifying experience in bureaucratic cruelty. It is difficult, after reading this book, to be sanguine about the prospects for either the miserably corrupted judicial system or the unhappy children subjected to it. But if there is any reason for hope, it is that a writer like Peter Prescott has cared enough about the problem to write a study that is intelligent and eloquent, and that expresses both outrage and compassion.

—Alan Brinkley

THE PURSUIT OF INEQUALITY by Philip Green. Pantheon, \$14.95. Nothing is

more vexing to a certain sort of public philosopher than arguments attesting to fundamental, irreducible differences between individuals. Such judgments directly offend the entirely worthy ideal of absolute equality—the goal toward which all of that stripe of public philosophers aspire. For a social scientist, therefore, to argue publicly that IQ is in some sense inherited, and may be beyond the reach of well-meaning intervention; and to argue further that a correlation may be seen between measurable IQ and certain vocational choices and rewards—that is to risk opposition of a formidable sort. Philip Green, a political scientist who teaches at Smith College, is the latest to rise in opposition to the hereditarian school among contemporary psychologists, and while his attack is substantive enough to warrant careful consideration, his *ad hominem* assaults and willful misrepresentations do little to improve the quality of the debate.

The argument that Green labels “pernicious,” “potentially vicious,” “intellectually corrupt,” and a repudiation “of the entire ethos of liberal democracy” is that some component of our measurable intelligence is genetically inherited, rather than a product of environmental conditioning. Though Green quarrels with definitions of “intelligence,” with the idea that intelligence can be satisfactorily measured, and with the motives he senses behind any interest in the subject, he eventually concedes that *some* component of something we might loosely call intelligence probably *is* inherited—but a much smaller component than geneticists and psychologists of the hereditarian school believe.

Why such an apparently arguable difference in interpretation of admittedly modest data warrants such vicious repudiation lies, sadly, in the politics of the question rather than in its “science.” And Green, as he makes clear at the end of his essay, has an *a priori* agenda (“a plausible general strategy for redistributing power, wealth, and privilege throughout the social order”) that plainly clouds his discussion. Hereditarians, of course, do not categorically or even philosophically object to such a strategy, but do disagree with many environmentalists about what is plausible and what is not.

For all his intemperateness, Green

touches on serious questions, and deals with many of them intelligently.

—C. Michael Curtis

A QUESTION OF AGE by Kathryn Martin. Thompson & Rutter, \$14.95. This unpretentious true story is commended to anyone who enjoys teenagers or unduly dreads old age: a shy, elderly bookworm becomes housemother to fifty rackety girls—and their innumerable boyfriends—at a New England junior college. “Wadleigh” is one of those “in-between places” where the not-terribly-bright are sent to grow up, and the time is 1969–1970, the year of Cambodia and Kent State, when the generation gap yawned widest. Much that shocks Mrs. Martin at first is old hat now: girls stoned, girls drunk, girls promiscuous. Much was never news: girls endearing, girls silly, girls in and out of love and trouble. But rarely since *Little Women* have plain, everyday girls been so closely and kindly observed. If anybody still needs to know “what a woman wants,” at any age, Mrs. Martin’s sensitive account has the answer: growth, purpose, and a climate of affection.

—Esther S. Yntema

THE HEYDAY OF NATURAL HISTORY by Lynn Barber. Doubleday, \$17.95. In 1844, when Charles Darwin was first outlining the data that were to support his revolutionary *Origin of Species*, the Victorian passion for natural history was nearing its prolonged climax. Almost every seaside pool and woodland glade in England was subject to the ravages of enthusiasts bent on collecting new and unusual specimens with which to adorn their drawing rooms. Ladies of every class pressed or grew ferns, painted flowers, and gathered ammonites; gentlemen, being of a more rugged disposition, generally shot the objects of their study. In the United States, where Audubon had recently published his luminous *Birds of America*, would-be ornithologists tracked down species still unknown to science; in Oxfordshire, a teenaged boy named Frank Buckland explored the gustatory possibilities of the animal world by boiling elephants’ trunks and roasting field mice in batter. It was an age in which the amateur could, and did, excel, and in which eccentrics were as prevalent as passenger pigeons.

Delightfully and amply illustrated

with contemporary prints and photographs, Lynn Barber's survey examines most of the major developments of the era in a readable, witty prose that always favors anecdote over theory. Nevertheless, Barber provides some interesting ideas about why the craze grew so quickly (Linnaeus's classification system enabled respectable people to pursue a "rational amusement" without upsetting their religious beliefs) and why Darwin's work so rapidly put it to rest.

DAD by William Wharton. Knopf, \$12.95. Whatever its flaws, *Birdy*, William Wharton's first novel, does lift you out of your own humdrum world and give you a good look at things from a different perspective. *Dad*, his second novel, is considerably more earthbound, not to say pedestrian. Concerned with the touchy relations between aging parents and their children, it smothers its subject with clichés and pomposity.

The narrator is Jack Tremont, a fifty-two-year-old artist who is unaccountably able to support his family in Paris, one of the most expensive cities in the world, by painting landscapes. Summoned to Los Angeles because of his mother's first heart attack, he finds his father nearly catatonic with suppressed fear and anger. This is not the Dad that Jack remembers, and Jack wants his old Dad back. So he embarks on a program of intensive care, bullying uncooperative doctors, taking Dad for motorcycle rides, and generally trying to overcome years of abusive treatment by Mom.

The plan works: Dad achieves an ebullient second adolescence despite being proclaimed a schizophrenic and a misunderstood genius. But Mom is not about to give up her power, and eventually Jack realizes that he has to withdraw.

Dad could have been an affecting book if Wharton had succeeded in conveying some of the pain of such situations. Instead, he has merely recycled elements of his best seller: the interior monologue, which here makes no sense; and the casual, colloquial style, which in this case is simply sloppy use of the language. He has also thrown in for prurient interest an aggressively sexy black nurse, a visit to a whorehouse, and some dope-smoking hippies. Perhaps he just wasn't up to more subtle writing; after all, as Jack tells his own

son, "Inner searching can be more tiring than you think."

—Elizabeth Duvall

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY by Carol Bly. Harper & Row, \$9.95. This is an odd and personal book—"madly expressive," as its author says. It is at once desperate, judgmental, and softly comprehending. Carol Bly, who farms, writes short stories for *The New Yorker*, and has raised a family, wrote these thirty-one "letters" for Minnesota Public Radio's monthly magazine. Her subject is the dismalness and decline that has come to rural life—its blandness, the departure of the self-trust that once made country people especially likely to act well on behalf of family and community.

Bly develops with keen perception the connections between spiritual malaise and dullness of character and culture. And she delineates, with exquisite accuracy, her neighbors' shared sense of the sacredness of family, of holidays, of country, a sense that seems to paralyze their evaluative instincts. Only in the VFW bar does she find truth having its way. "They have come to recover suppressed knowledge which their wives or their town won't let them uncover elsewhere, not for a moment. They have come to say the damned things."

The book has a constant and stern moral mission. Its author's persistence in trying to help out, in spite of knowing the thousand-mile stretches of bleak prairie life, seems oddly grandiose. She keeps on offering awkward suggestions, such as: sending more farmers than bureaucrats to overnight rural conferences; having each town's American Legion Post officers participate in a discussion of defense budgets with local members of Common Cause; forming a committee to reach out annually in praise of current national heroes; and having her town paper cover church meetings that concern the possibility of firing the incompetent preacher.

It's true—nothing less than such a spading up of settled order has a prayer of helping a whole regional spirit to optimism and straightforwardness. Within the special world of Carol Bly's letters, grace and naive rationality might prevail over a malaise inspired by real-world economic power and self-protective religiosity. She offers the hope of her own exploring spirit in the face of evidence of intricately stabilized

hatreds, neglect, uncaringness, all spelled out, all resisted.

—Mark Kramer

LOITERING WITH INTENT by Muriel Spark. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$11.95. Fleur Talbot, Ms. Spark's narrator, describes her association, as a beginning novelist, with a group of odd people who are trying to write their autobiographies, although they have done nothing worthy of record and have not an atom of literary skill among the lot of them. The events that ensue are funny and ultimately sinister, but Fleur sails through them quite happily; in her view, anything that happens is justified because of its potential usefulness in her fiction. The novel-writer's mind is the real subject of the tale. Fleur is coolly detached, inquisitive, deceitful, ruthless—a quite alarming creature.

XPD by Len Deighton. Knopf, \$12.95. Three national intelligence services, two groups of amateur meddlers, and several innocent bystanders become entangled in a search for old Nazi documents that lie in the hands of some American scalawags. The scalawags are rather appealing. The plotting by all parties is intricate. The carnage is general and the reader must stay on the hop simply to keep track of who has killed whom and why and whether it was done by mistake. Mr. Deighton's spy stories reveal a formidably devious imagination.

RAILWAYS OF THE RAJ by Michael Sattow & Ray Desmond. New York University Press, \$29.95, distributed by Columbia University Press. When the British brought the railway to India in 1853, they encountered problems in construction but virtually none in acceptance. India adored railways, and by the late nineteenth century, a great variety of equipment was chugging around its vast and varied landscape. Steelwork was prefabricated abroad, stonework and wood were local. The engineers spanned enormous gorges, bridged shifting rivers, switchbacked over mountains, and dug tunnels that were masterpieces of molework. The authors, both railway experts, explain these feats, describe the hazards and occasional pleasures of train travel before 1914, and provide photographs that will make any railroad buff yearn madly for

the Rail Transport Museum at Delhi. Foreword by Paul Theroux.

EDITH SITWELL by *Victoria Glendinning*. Knopf, \$17.95. Edith Sitwell's reputation as a poet has been high for her early experimental work, low during an unproductive middle period, high again for her poems of World War II, and now appears to be unsettled. Perhaps her standing will always be disputed because her poetry has exceptional power to arouse admiration in some readers and repulsion in others. However one reacts to her poems, Sitwell's life story is interesting. She was encumbered with eccentric and unsympathetic parents, an erratic education, an unfashionable style of beauty, and a chronic shortage of money. She had reason, in Edwardian England, to subside into rural melancholy and vicarage teas. Instead, she wrote, and fought her way to literary recognition with wit, japery, lawsuits, disorganized bun fests, and the power of language without which all the other devices would have been mere foolishness. She was always an outsider in the everyday world, not necessarily unhappy, but lonely. Ms. Glendinning is shrewd and sympathetic in describing what Dame Edith did and what the achievement cost her. Illustrations, notes, index.

TWELVE YEARS by *Joel Agee*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$15.95. Because his stepfather was a writer in good Communist standing, Mr. Agee spent most of his youth in East Germany. His memoir of those years tells a great deal about adolescent sexual fumbblings and bumbblings and surprisingly little about East Germany. Its chief effect is to arouse sympathy for the author's assorted schoolmasters, which can hardly be what Mr. Agee had in mind.

JOSEPH CONRAD: Times Remembered by *John Conrad*. Cambridge University Press, \$19.95. Some years ago, Borys Conrad, the novelist's older son, published reminiscences of JC that were deeply affectionate, highly amusing, and rather suggestive of Clarence Day. The book might well have been titled *Cars and My Father*. John, the younger son, is less adroit as a writer but now offers a wider range of recollections. The cars are present—with Conrad bellying, "Hang on aft! We're going about," as he takes a curve on two

wheels and runs her aground on a gate—but they do not dominate the text. Mr. Conrad recalls the family houses in which the kitchen was always the galley, the distinguished or exasperating visitors who came aboard, the crew, the uncontrollable pets, the neighbors—all those items, in fact, that would be noticed by an observant small boy with no juvenile playmates. Young John's playmates were an army of cats and Conrad himself. JC, as his son called him, read Edward Lear aloud, supervised the fleet of toy ships, and shared young John's passion for engines of all descriptions. He drew ships and explained rigging. Eventually, he set about to make young John a sailor. This involved a trip to Deal, where JC discovered an old shipmate in charge of pleasure boats and asked to be taken out to a sailing ship that was anchored offshore, waiting for a change of wind. When the boat-owner protested that it was blowing a gale, Conrad said, "... if the lifeboat had to be launched you'd be the first man aboard. I want to be rescued from dry land." They went. No wonder his sons adored the man. Illustrations.

THE COMET IS COMING! by *Nigel Calder*. Viking, \$12.95. Having dismissed comets as mere cosmic debris, unworthy of serious astronomical attention, Mr. Calder provides a comprehensible summary of what is known or assumed about them at present and an irreverent history of the notions they have inspired in the past. Halley's Comet will shortly be upon us, presumably accompanied by the ominous prophecies and ingenious swindles that it has stimulated on earlier visits. Mr. Calder's well-illustrated book is a sound early warning against comet pills and enthusiasms, for the comet will be too far off for any spectacular display. Index, bibliography.

THE MEETING AT TELGTE by *Günter Grass*. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$9.95. Mr. Grass imagines that writers from various German states gathered in a battered town at the end of the Thirty Years War to discuss their art, the German language, and the disastrous state of the world. Since his seventeenth-century authors are all historical figures (identified in a glossary by Professor Leonard Forster), Mr. Grass has counted on a German audi-



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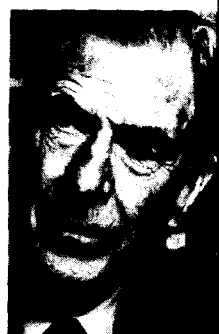


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MARY JO SALTER

of Baltimore, Maryland.

ence's familiarity with them to fill out his quick, simplified characterizations. American readers, barring German specialists, may have some trouble distinguishing one of these hymn writers from another but will have no trouble enjoying their activities. Their critical debates are a wonderful muddle of disinterested aesthetics and self-serving maneuver, and there is much comic irony in the contrast between their high moral principles and the illegal activities that enable them to survive at Telgte. In a short space, Mr. Grass says a great deal about the cultural importance of literature and about its practical limitations. Translated by Ralph Manheim.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S BOOKE OF COOKERY with an introduction and commentary by Karen Hess. Columbia University Press, \$19.95. The handwritten booke was actually a Custis property. It came to Martha on her marriage to Daniel Custis in 1749 and was passed on to their granddaughter in 1799. By that time it had become, fortunately, a family heirloom, and was spared any future splashes or scorches. Ms. Hess's careful study of the neatly arranged and indexed little volume establishes that it was written in the late seventeenth century but contains recipes dating back to Tudor times. The recipes—many of which look delicious—are given in their original form and followed by Ms. Hess's lively explanation of terms, quantities, and methods, which were far from simple. Fireplace cooking must have called for the thigh muscles of a baseball catcher, but the seventeenth-century cook had access to portable braziers of differing heights and an array of sophisticated pots. She also had splendid materials. Ms. Hess's instructions for duplicating the luxurious Custis dishes are always clear but occasionally overstrict. It is not absolutely necessary to cultivate a friend with a Jersey cow. A Guernsey cow will do.

ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND by Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95.

THREE LEVELS OF TIME by Harold T. P. Hayes. Dutton, \$13.50.

The Stolen Jew by Jay Neugeboren. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$14.95.

Portions of these books originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers
to the
May
Puzzler,
"MEN OF ART"

1	S	2	H	3	A	4	P	5	B	6	W	7	A	8	T	9	A	10	P	11	E	12	S
13	T	14	O	15	P	16	C	17	O	18	A	19	T	20	P	21	E	22	D	23	E	24	V
25	R	26	O	27	O	28	S	29	T	30	S	31	M	32	O	33	R	34	D	35	R	36	E
37	O	38	K	39	D	40	A	41	H	42	A	43	W	44	S	45	E	46	R	47	I	48	N
49	L	50	A	51	N	52	C	53	E	54	L	55	O	56	T	57	S	58	B	59	O	60	R
61	L	62	H	63	T	64	C	65	R	66	T	67	68	P	69	L	70	A	71	72	73	74	75
76	S	77	O	78	R	79	E	80	B	81	R	82	E	83	E	84	D	85	S	86	I	87	N
88	S	89	L	90	I	91	N	92	G	93	E	94	R	95	O	96	I	97	K	98	C	99	M
100	P	101	O	102	S	103	T	104	A	105	P	106	E	107	R	108	C	109	I	110	V	111	A
112	A	113	P	114	T	115	T	116	W	117	O	118	B	119	I	120	T	121	N	122	M	123	R
124	C	125	A	126	R	127	C	128	A	129	S	130	S	131	G	132	A	133	R	134	E	135	T
136	E	137	L	138	A	139	N	140	I	141	E	142	P	143	E	144	T	145	U	146	N	147	I
148	R	149	E	150	M	151	A	152	N	153	D	154	S	155	N	156	E	157	F	158	U	159	N

Unclued entries are Arthur's men, knights of the Round Table.

Across. 1. SHAW (homophone of *pshaw*) 6. WA(TAPE)S 12. TO(P[CO]A)T 13. DE-VA 14. ROO(SY)TS 16. HAWSER (anag.) 18. PLAUDIT (anag.) 19. SORE (homophone) 20. B-REED 23. SIN-G 24. S-LINGER 27. POST (double def.) 29. TW(O-B)IT 31. CAR-C-ASS 32. ELAN(d) 33. PETUNIA (anag.) 34. RE(MAN)DS 35. FUN-D Down. 1. S(TROLL)S 2. HOOK-A-H 3. A-POD 4. POTHER-B (oils) 5. BASAL-T 7. A-PO(ST)LE 8. TERESA (anag.) 9. PERIODIC (anag.) 10. EVEN (double def.) 11. SAD(IS)-T 15. AC-CENT 17. BU(U)-SKIN 21. RE(POS)ED (rev.) 22. DICTATE (anag.) 24. SPACER (anag.) 25. ORIGEN (anag.) 26. MARTIN(i) 28. PALE (double def.) 30. MEN-(b)U(s)

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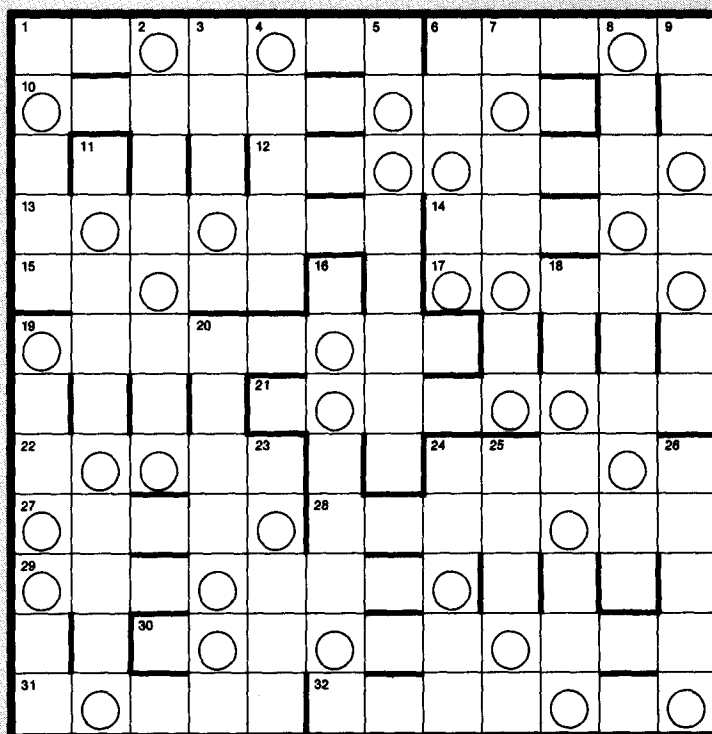
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

BREAKING IN

When two words cross in a puzzle, their common square naturally contains a letter belonging to each word. But in this puzzle, there are 36 instances (marked with circles) in which the letter in such a square belongs to only *one* of the two words; in the other word it is an intruder. These circled letters, starting in the square numbered 2 and reading left to right, form a 6-word quote and its author. Lengths of answers (which include three proper nouns) have been withheld. Punctuation may be used deceptively.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 102.



ACROSS

1. Associate haziness with fortune teller
6. Request quiet on field
10. Ultimately becoming rude, trite pest
12. Stand in shower, holding letter
13. Commotion concerning worship
14. Study pipe's partly hollowed stem
15. Tilt and roll
17. Scottish county instrument
19. Hurry back—rye's spilled in kids' room
21. Cleverly amused monster
22. Decides starting score?
24. Workshop starts with feminine excess weight

27. No man's land
28. Payment includes fifty in kitty
29. Grabbing some brew, rest in grogshop
30. Holler "Bee," tossing flower
31. Season's last out
32. Government workers sat around Latin king's back

DOWN

6. Apes having mixed vegetables
7. Reverse time in actual future
8. Using stratagem, punishes by taking money to confess
9. Riders dead and gone
11. Check for cable's limits, and strengthen
16. Advantage of seer pronounced
18. A coif's terrible flop
19. Street full of needy driven back with soldiers
20. Sale about to follow
23. Stetson's forbear? The original is OK
24. Contract little spots in the ear
25. Fertilizer for fruit tree
26. \$1000 in vegetable produce

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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